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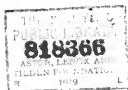


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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE ONCE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THERE are so many points of interest to attract the attention to what were once the United States of North America, and there are so many social, political, and religious problems involved in its progress, its disruption, and its future destiny, that we shall extend our discussion from Virginia, on this occasion, to the States generally. The manner in which the country was colonised, the peculiarities of the original European inhabitants, and of the emigrant population since superadded, the rupture with the mother country, the war that ensued, the form of government adopted when first independence was declared, the features of the country, the progress of population, the revenue, the vast and rapidly increasing commerce, the manners and customs, the prevailing characteristics of social life, the variety of surface, soil, and climate, the moral character of American progress, education and literature, religion, and the influence of slavery as an institution in the Southern States, have all to be considered before we can arrive at any definite ideas as to the causes of the rapid advancement and prosperity of the United States, before we can form even an approximative opinion as to the dangers of the existing crisis, and still more so before we can thoroughly understand and appreciate in all its bearings the duty of England and America in relation to each other.

Previous to her disruption, the government of the United States exercised dominion over a country which came next to that of Great Britain and Russia, in point of extent and of the number of inhabitants that it was capable of supporting. We place Great Britain before Russia because its colonies are most populous, but accidental populations which may any day detach themselves from the mother country can scarcely be placed in the same category as the system of colonisation and aggrandisement pursued in Russia, and whose only danger is the natural incoherence of wide-spread dominion.

With respect to the United States, from the Atlantic in the east to the Pacific in the west, from the lake countries in the north to the Gulf of Mexico in the south; her shores thus washed by the great ocean; her lakes, and seas, and rivers, the most majestic that water the earth; her commerce whitening every sea; her railroads and canals, like great arteries, intersecting nearly her whole surface, carrying life and activity to the very borders, and in some places into the nooks and corners of the Great Desert Plains, and then again beyond these into the great valleys of the Rocky Mountains, down to the shores of the Pacific; and whose more densely populated surface is overspread with a network of magnetic wires; this colossal

empire, embracing every character of soil and every degree of climate, had extended within the last half century, and filled the untrodden forest, the uninhabited plain, and the bleak hills with commerce, increasing towns, and a numerous population. The sun was four hours in its passage from the time when it first shone on the eastern shores of Maine till it struck the waters of the Pacific, and it was about four months in passing through the degrees of latitude of the once United States, in its northern and southern declination embracing six varieties of climate.—(The Climate of the United States, &c. By Samuel Forry, M.D. New York. 1842.)

North America was first really settled in Virginia in the reign of James I.; and at James Town, which occupies a peninsula projecting from the northern shore of James River, may still be seen the ruins of the first church of North America; and this, with the surrounding burial-ground, is now almost the only memorial to be found of the original colony. This town was established two years before the settlement of Canada by the French, seven years before the founding of New York by the Dutch, and thirteen before the landing of the Puritans at Plymouth Rock. Subsequently, and at different intervals, the territory was peopled along parts of the coast of the Atlantic, as far as Plymouth, by the English, Dutch, French, Swedes, and Finns. New York was colonised by the Dutch in 1614. The Swedes, Finns, and Germans settled in Delaware and New Jersey in 1683. Plymouth—the general name applied to New England—was established in December, 1620, by the Puritans who arrived in the *May Flower*. These devoted men—the “Pilgrim Fathers”—found the country a bowling wilderness, inhabited by wild and savage beasts, and by men more savage still; in the dead of winter, with no place of abode, their trust was alone in God. Before the opening of the ensuing spring, out of the one hundred and one who landed on the dreary shore, forty-six had died.

These several settlements, as arranged by the British government, consisted of thirteen states, which long existed as provinces of Great Britain, each state containing from ten to twenty thousand inhabitants. But parliament, pushed by the expenses incurred in defending the colony against the French, attempted to tax the colonists without the intervention of their legislative assemblies; and this, added to some irritating circumstances previously existing, such as the refusal of government to sanction an extension of the colonies into the interior, the forcible deportation of the French population of Nova Scotia—commemorated by Longfellow’s beautiful poem “*Evangeline*”—together with other assumptions of power considered equally arbitrary and unjust, all contributed to produce an alienation of the colonies from the English rule. A civil war ensued, which, commenced at Lexington, near Boston, Massachusetts, in 1775, soon raged all over the limits of the States, from Concord, Bunker’s Hill, the Lakes, and Saratoga, Lexington, in the Delaware, Schuylkill, the Chesapeake, and other scenes, to Charleston and New York in Virginia, where, the colonists having been powerfully assisted by France, and to some extent by Spain and Holland, the grand termination was effected by the surrender of Lord Cornwallis. The colonists thus successful, Great Britain acknowledged their independence by the peace of 1783, after a calamitous and unnatural struggle of seven years’ duration.

"Astonishing deeds throughout the world," says Bancroft, "attended these changes. Armies fought in the wilderness for rule over the solitudes which were to be the future dwelling-place of millions. Navies hunted each other in every sea, engaging in battle, now near the region of the icebergs, now amongst the islands of the tropics. Inventive art was summoned to make war more destructive, and to signalise sieges by new miracles of ability and daring."

By this struggle the Confederate States released themselves from the exactions of a distant dominancy; they gained not only their independence but their liberty. And though the whole country was impoverished, the Union dissolving, its seaports desolate, its ships decayed, and the flower of its youth withered in the prison-ship or on the battlefield, it awoke to an almost instantaneous and marvellous display of enterprise and energy, and suddenly sprang into the rank of the mightiest of the nations, shining, till the fatal moment of disseverance and civil war, as a star of the first magnitude in the constellation of earthly kingdoms, and almost sharing with her former mistress the dominion of the sea.

Though England, in her contest with the United States, had neither the support of popular sympathy nor the dignity of military success, she retired from the field of her disasters with some consolation. She had laid the broad foundation of a nation gifted with her own courage, intelligence, and enterprise, an imperishable population, however divided or subdivided, or however ruled, possessing her arts, her morals, her literature, and her religion; and although it was severed from her dominion, men of experience soon began to see that future commercial intercourse with the States would be more advantageous to the mother country than it could have been if they had remained in colonial subjection.

It has, indeed, been now long since shown that the States have infinitely more benefited England by becoming independent, in consuming the manufactures of the parent State, than could ever have been the case had she continued a colonial appendage. The importations of English products into the States are more than equal to those into all the colonies of Great Britain put together.

The census of the United States, published in 1851, estimated the entire population at 25,000,000; of which about one-third were slaves, Indians, and free persons of colour. The Free States were found to contain between 13,000,000 and 14,000,000, the Slave States between 6,000,000 and 7,000,000 free, and about 3,000,000 slaves. The population may be now estimated, according to its great average ratio of increase, which has been of 3,929,827 in 1790, to 23,191,876 in 1856, at 28,000,000; but the relations of the populations as between the Free States and the Slave States may be supposed to have remained the same. The growth of the population is without a parallel in the history of man. The emigration from Europe was calculated at 1000 per day. In 1850 Lord John Russell showed that 223,078 had sailed from the mother country for the States in that single year. Full 2,500,000 of the population of England, it is estimated, have gone within the last forty years to swell the population of the States.

The Irish emigrants settle in the commercial towns and along the great thoroughfares; the Germans settle mostly in the country; the English in the neighbourhood of towns, on cultivated lands; the Scotch largely

in New England and New York ; the French in cities ; and the Welsh in the neighbourhood of woods and mines.

In whatever direction you proceeded, from the centre of every city or town to its various outlets, rows and piles of new buildings were in progress of erection, and green fields and fruitful gardens were being rapidly converted into streets and squares, with magnificent edifices. The flood of population, doubling itself every twenty years, has swept over the Alleghanies, crossed the blue Ohio and the father of waters, has followed the shores of the Great Lakes, has rolled up the Missouri to the far west ; its advancing tide has already enlivened the coasts of Florida and Texas, settled in New Mexico and the Utah wilderness, and pushed across the Rocky Mountains to the shores of California and Oregon, the very lines by which the Atlantic was to be united to the Pacific had been laid down, when this great Anglo-Saxon empire was by the fiat of Providence in all human probability broken up for ever.

The particular form of government of the United States was, as is well known, a federative republic, or representative democracy, designated "the Congress of the United States," and, like the constitution of England, it provided for three branches of government, only that these branches were all elective, and that by a widely diffused suffrage. Such a government assured to the people the grand principles of freedom, liberty of conscience in matters of religion, liberty of the press, trial by jury, and the right of choosing and being chosen to office. Democracy was in the United States a palpable existence in full operation—an active principle, demonstrating man's capability to govern himself, and to determine between right and wrong, in all political as well as civil and religious affairs.

But every Federal system contains defects which baffle the efforts of the legislator. De Tocqueville, in his well-known work on "Democracy in America," long ago pointed out the relative weakness of the government of the Union as a defect inherent in the Federal system, that the sovereignty of the separate States was apparently weaker, but in reality stronger, than that of the Union, and that, above all, war was the main peril of confederations.

"The most important occurrence which can mark the annals of a people," said De Tocqueville, "is the breaking out of a war. In war a people struggles with the energy of a single man against foreign nations, in the defence of its very existence. The skill of a government, the good sense of the community, and the natural fondness which men entertain for their country, may suffice to maintain peace in the interior of a district, and to favour its internal prosperity ; but a nation can only carry on a great war at the cost of more numerous and more painful sacrifices ; and to suppose that a great number of men will of their own accord comply with these exigencies of the state, is to betray an ignorance of mankind. All the peoples which have been obliged to sustain a long and serious warfare have, consequently, been led to augment the power of their government. Those which have not succeeded in this attempt have been subjugated. A long war almost always places nations in the wretched alternative of being abandoned to ruin by defeat, or to despotism by success. War, therefore, renders the symptoms of the weakness

of a government most palpable and most alarming ; and I have shown that the inherent defect of Federal government is that of being weak."

If this was the case with regard to foreign war, still more so would it be the case in civil war. The Federal system was not only deficient in every kind of centralised administration, but the central government itself was and is imperfectly organised, and this would just as much be an influential cause of incapability when opposed to another batch of confederated States nearly similarly circumstanced, but united for purposes of self-defence or opposition, as it would when opposed to other countries which might be governed by a single authority.

The revenue of the general Federal government has been hitherto derived almost exclusively from the sale of lands, and from duties on imports and tonnage, or foreign merchandise ; and it could create no other. The necessity for direct taxation and internal levies on the people, now rendered so imperiously necessary, may be borne for a time under the impulse of excitement, but can scarcely be expected to last without entailing new relations between the governing power and the people. There are no tithes, no church-rates, no poor-rates, yet under such a system the receipts into the treasury had increased from 26,000,000 to over 49,000,000 dollars, and the Californian trade—the commercial phenomenon of this commercial age—has also added 100,000,000 dollars to the national commerce, and more than any event in the last forty years, has invigorated the navigating interest of the country, exerting a powerful influence over the commercial marine of the world by swelling the internal trade of the United States, and enabling her to own more than two-fifths of the tonnage of the world. The government has hitherto extracted nothing more from the pockets of the people than has been absolutely necessary to meet the expenses. It, above all, extracted nothing from the miseries of the people. Expenditure was reduced to the utmost, without detriment to the public service. No taxes were levied on local manufacturing industry. The practice seemed to accord more with the theory of Sismondi than with that of Adam Smith. The restriction of cash payments having proved fatal to the progress of the doctrines of the latter, they have viewed political economy as a science of proportions ; they appear to have recognised the principle that income must increase with capital, that population must not go beyond the income upon which it has to subsist, that consumption should increase with population, and that reproduction should be proportioned to the capital which produces and to the population which consumes it. The form of government has been objected against, repudiated, and even ridiculed by Captains Marryat, Hall, and others, on account of its admitted deficiencies and evils ; but although it has never pretended to be a standard of pure integrity and uncorrupted political principle, it has hitherto eminently subserved the security of property, honesty, and public feeling (with some few exceptions, more especially latterly) in public functionaries, the sanctity of moral obligation, and the faithful execution of simple and equitable laws. Above all, it made no invidious distinctions : there was little or no partiality—no respect of persons. Its spirit and genius have been hitherto those of perfect political and civil equality. Always excepting its monstrous and anomalous treatment of the slave

population and of people of colour, the natural punishment for which it is now first beginning to feel, and its mania for territorial aggrandisement, government has been hitherto ever based on principles of equal rights and privileges.

Although, however, equality among its citizens was so universally recognised and enjoyed under the laws of the United States, it must not be understood that it is equality of property and power; it must not be supposed that there were no gradations in society. The equality was not so much equality of social position as of political, civil, and religious right. From the settlement of the republic, notwithstanding the abjuration of all aristocracy, there has been an upper, a middle, and a lower class. There are distinctions of property, diversity of condition, subordination of rank, and a variety of occupations. Equality before the law is no more synonymous in the United States of personal independence than in any other country. The annals of the world conclusively demonstrate the impossibility of perfect social equality, or of complete personal independence in communities of human beings. So there has also existed for now some time back in the United States, two parties—the Federal or Aristocratic, and the Democratic. "One party," said Jefferson, "fears most the ignorance of the people; the other, the selfishness of rulers independent of them."

Strange that in a government so constituted its advantages should be invidious and partial. While the roar of her cannon on every anniversary of her independence was heard from a thousand hills, and the air was filled with her shouts and huzzas for liberty, three millions of her subjects were denied the precious boon, and doomed—their lives and their posterity—to drag out their lives in perpetual bondage. Though Congress had solemnly declared, in the face of the world and before the God of Heaven, that freedom was the rightful inheritance of every son and daughter of Adam, yet have they continued in the true spirit of Pagan tyranny to withhold it from those upon whom the wickedness of their ancestors riveted the fetters of slavery.

The "domestic institution," as it is called, has been at the bottom of everything questionable in the policy of the government—everything wicked, everything foolish, everything impolitic, everything mischievous, done by the Congress of the United States for a long course of years. Every political change, every unaccountable new law, must be studied by the baleful light of this institution, and all will be intelligible. It is an institution—itsself a disastrous remnant of barbarism—that has made the whole nation barbaric in many of its aspects. Events long foreseen have been brought to a crisis by the abominations of the Fugitive Slave Law and by the insatiate ambition of the South for increased slave domination by adding two other slave States, Kansas and Nebraska, to the number of the stripes and stars, and a long-tolerated evil has worked out its necessary results of corrupting the whole body politic and involving the whole confederation in internecine strife and war, the upshot of which it would be difficult at the present moment to predict.

In public, as in private matters, there is no possible, durable, permanent and ultimate success where all principle, morality, and uprightness are set at naught. De Tocqueville, among others, foreshadowed the results of slavery as upheld by democracy long ago. After making the

remark that the dangers which threaten the American Union do not originate in the diversity of interests or of opinions, but in the various characters and passions of the Americans, and after pointing out the differences which climate and slavery have gradually introduced between the British settler of the Southern States and the British settler of the North, he goes on to say that the greatest peril to which the Union is exposed by its increase arises from the continual changes which take place in the position of its internal strength. The city of Washington was founded in 1800, in the very centre of the Union; but such are the changes which have taken place, that it now stands at one of the extremities, and the delegates of the most remote Western States are already obliged to perform a journey as long as that from Vienna to Paris.

All the states have been borne onwards at the same time in the path of fortune, but they have not all increased and prospered in the same proportion. To the north of the Union, the detached branches of the Alleghany chain, which extend as far as the Atlantic Ocean, form spacious roads and ports, which are constantly accessible to vessels of the greatest burden. But from the Potomac to the Mississippi the coast is sandy and flat. In this part of the continent, and which constitutes the territory of the confederated Southern States, the mouths of almost all the rivers are obstructed, and the few harbours which exist amongst these lagunes afford much shallower water to vessels, and much fewer commercial advantages, than those of the North. The North is, therefore, superior to the South both in commerce and manufacture; the natural consequence of which is, the more rapid increase of population and of wealth within its borders. But, again, the States situate upon the shores of the Atlantic are already half peopled. These districts cannot, therefore, receive so many emigrants as the Western States, where a boundless field is still open to their exertions. The valley of the Mississippi is far more fertile than the coast of the Atlantic Ocean. This reason, added to all the others, contributes to drive Europeans westward. It is found that the sum total of the population of all the United States has about tripled in the course of forty years; but in the recent States adjacent to the Mississippi the population has increased thirty-one-fold within the same space of time.

The relative position of the central Federal power is thus continually displaced. Forty years ago the majority of the citizens of the Union was established upon the coast of the Atlantic, in the environs of the spot upon which Washington now stands; but the great body of the people has been now some time past advancing inland and to the North, so that in De Tocqueville's time that writer was enabled to predict that the majority would, in twenty years' time, be unquestionably on the western side of the Alleghanies. This is precisely what has occurred, and, more than that, the extreme north-west provinces, which by their character and position are more hostile to slavery than the north-east provinces, or even the central north, have been able to determine the presidential election, and thus sway for a time, at all events, the fortunes of a country for which we have not any precise name, but which was lately the United States in North America.

"If the Union goes on to exist," De Tocqueville also predicted, "the basin of the Mississippi is evidently marked out, by its fertility and its extent, as the future centre of the Federal government." But any pro-

longed severance between the North and South States would materially affect the fortunes of the north-west, of the Mississippi States, and of the States bordering the Pacific. "The inhabitants of the United States," says the same writer, "talk a great deal of their attachment to their country; but I confess that I do not rely upon that calculating patriotism which is founded upon interest, and which a change in the interests at stake may obliterate. Nor do I attach much importance to the language of the Americans, when they manifest, in their daily conversation, the intention of maintaining the Federal system adopted by their forefathers. A government retains its sway over a great number of citizens, far less by the voluntary and rational consent of the multitude than by that instinctive, and to a certain extent involuntary, agreement which results from similarity of feelings and resemblances of opinion. I will never admit that men constitute a social body, simply because they obey the same head and the same laws. Society can only exist when a great number of men consider a great number of things in the same point of view; when they hold the same opinions upon many subjects, and when the same occurrences suggest the same thoughts and impressions to their minds."

Again, elsewhere, he says: "Whatever faith I may have in the perfectibility of man, until human nature is altered, and men wholly transformed, I shall refuse to believe in the duration of a government which is called upon to hold together forty different peoples, disseminated over a territory equal to one half of Europe in extent; to avoid rivalry, ambition, and struggles between them; and to direct their independent activity to the accomplishment of the same designs."

And then on the point now in question: "It is difficult to imagine a durable union of a people which is rich and strong with one which is poor and weak, even if it were proved that the strength and wealth of the one are not the causes of the weakness and the poverty of the other. But union is still more difficult to maintain at a time at which one party is losing strength, and the other is gaining it. This rapid and disproportionate increase of certain States threatens the independence of the others. New York might, perhaps, succeed, with its two millions of inhabitants and its forty representatives, in dictating to the other States in congress. But even if the more powerful States make no attempt to bear down the lesser ones, the danger still exists, for there is almost as much in the possibility of the act as in the act itself. The weak generally mistrust the justice and the reason of the strong. The States which increase less rapidly than the others, look upon those which are more favoured by fortune with envy and suspicion. Hence arise the deep-seated uneasiness and ill-defined agitation which are observable in the South, and which form so striking a contrast to the confidence and prosperity which are common to other parts of the Union. The inhabitants of the Southern States are, of all the Americans, those who are most interested in the maintenance of the Union; they would, assuredly, suffer most from being left to themselves; and yet they are the only citizens who threaten to break the tie of Federation. But it is easy to perceive that the South, which has given four presidents—Washington, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe—to the Union, which perceives that it is losing its Federal influence, and that the number of its representatives in congress is diminishing from year to year, whilst those of the Northern and Western

States are increasing; the South, which is peopled with ardent and irascible beings, is becoming more and more irritated and alarmed. The citizens reflect upon their present position, and remember their past influence, with the melancholy uneasiness of men who suspect oppression. If they discover a law of the Union which is not unequivocally favourable to their interests, they protest against it as an abuse of force; and if their ardent remonstrances are not listened to, they threaten to quit an association which loads them with burdens whilst it deprives them of their due profits.

“ ‘The tariff,’ said the inhabitants of Carolina as far back as in 1832, ‘enriches the North and ruins the South; for if this were not the case, to what can we attribute the continually increasing power and wealth of the North, with its inclement skies and arid soil; whilst the South, which may be styled the garden of America, is rapidly declining.’ ”

If the changes which are here alluded to were gradual, so that each generation at least might have time to disappear with the order of things under which it had lived, the danger would be less; but the progress of society in America is precipitate, and almost revolutionary. The same citizen may have lived to see his State take the lead in the Union, and afterwards become powerless in the Federal assemblies; and an Anglo-American republic has been known to grow as rapidly as a man, passing from birth and infancy to maturity in the course of thirty years.

It must not be imagined, however, that the States which lose their preponderance, also lose their population or their riches: no stop is put to their prosperity, and they even go on to increase more rapidly than any kingdom in Europe. But they believe themselves to be impoverished because their wealth does not augment as rapidly as that of their neighbours; and they think that their power is lost, because they suddenly come into collision with a power greater than their own: thus they are more hurt in their feelings and their passions, than in their interests. But this is amply sufficient to endanger the maintenance of the Union. If kings and peoples had only their true interests in view ever since the beginning of the world, the name of war would scarcely be known among mankind.

Whilst the standing army (such being considered incompatible with a republican government) is estimated at about seventeen to eighteen thousand men of all arms, including about eight hundred commissioned officers, twelve thousand of whom are engaged, some as far off as is New Mexico, in protecting the so-called frontiers against the depredations of the Indians, the militia was calculated when the States were united at upwards of two millions. It may be said, indeed, that every man in the republic is a trained soldier disciplined to arms. Every year calls out a new army of local soldiery from among the peasantry; they thus train the entire rustic population. “America,” as the once United States were pompously designated, could, it was said, if necessary, bring three million of men into the field. The call of the president upon congress for four hundred thousand men is then a mere nothing, were it not for two drawbacks: firstly, what is good of the North is just the same with regard to the South, where the profession of arms is not merely the profession of the few, but the practice, the pride, and the pastime of the many; and secondly, it is admitted, notwithstanding this love of arms,

that the States have not the qualities of a military nation—rather those of an agricultural and commercial, of an industrial and colonising people. As De Tocqueville justly pointed out, the patriotism of the statesmen is a mere matter of interest, and as the interests of each State are local, and those of every individual peculiar to himself, it is almost impossible to expect civil war to be prolonged under such circumstances. A nation may unite to a man in self-defence, and yet not fight for a week for an abstract cause, for which he has to undergo fatigue, privation, and loss, to pay, fight, and shed his blood, without any personal, or sometimes even State interest in the question at issue. Hence it is that, from the onset, malingering on a scale perhaps never witnessed in the history of armies, a wholesale and unblushing desertion, aggravated into a national stampede, has been the characteristic of the civil war and the subject of popular jesting.

War was a game which, if the dominant party in congress, or the irascible party of the South had been wise, they would neither have ever played at. It is rare that nations, like England, come out of a civil war unscathed; and even then the experiment is a bad one, and not worthy of being repeated. Prompt and eager to settle every petty quarrel by invading and annexing her neighbour's territory, Rome played out her game and lost her empire. Had the Romans yielded to the Italians rather than drive them to revolt, and to have to arm the Numidians and Gauls against them, no inevitable fate would have quenched Rome, and freedom and civilisation, beneath the feet of Germany. Had Pericles made any moderate concessions to save Spartan honour, instead of at once rushing recklessly to arms, he would have saved Greece from Macedonian despotism and spoliation.

"It appears to me unquestionable," said De Tocqueville, nigh a quarter of a century ago, "that if any portion of the Union seriously desired to separate itself from the other States, they would not be able, nor, indeed, would they attempt, to prevent it; and that the present Union will only last as long as the states which compose it choose to continue members of the Confederation." The error in this is not if they were able, but that they would not attempt it. The North has proceeded to treat the South separating, as the South in rebellion; and it will remain to be seen even if the successes of war, or the holding the main places and strongholds of the South, would subject states voluntarily dissolved: certainly not without the creation of a military despotism upon the ruins of Federal democracy. A compromise is the only alternative that can yet save the once United States.*

* The Earl of Shaftesbury remarked: "That with regard to the struggle now going on, there was no sympathy in this country for either one side or the other, simply because we believed there was no sincerity in either of them." But admitting that the Federal party are open to a compromise, the rebellion is still, to a certain extent, a pro-slavery rebellion, the Fugitive Slave Bill has become almost a nonentity, and it is utterly impossible that the struggle can go on for any length of time without affecting the interests of the down-trodden coloured population, or involving them in the tumults and disorders of an impossible position of things. It has been before remarked (*New Monthly*, p. 392), "That if the Slave States act wisely, and will yield quietly to what is inevitable, the curse of slavery may be gradually removed within the Union, without bloodshed or convulsions, or any material injury to them. We believe that President Lincoln, to

Then, again, while the United States are not free from foes within her territories, there is hardly one line of her frontier that is not beset with enemies. Her insane love of aggrandisement has rendered her southern frontier a hornets'-nest. She has, in reality, scarcely a foot in New Mexico and New California, and while her slave population burns to avenge years of tyranny, the red race would be but too ready to avail themselves of civil dissensions to exterminate the whites, where far separated from their fellow-men. This would be a most fearful and terrible catastrophe, which may Heaven avert! The blustering, domineering spirit of the Yankee has made him equally disliked in the North. Arrogance in the Bay of Fundy was not calculated to conciliate the Nova Scotians and the New Brunswickers; open and repeated threats of invasion and annexation, have only added to a host of grievances with the Canadians, while not content with driving the Columbians from the river Oregon to Vancouver's Island and Frazer's River, the attempt to take forcible possession of an island nearly in mid-channel between the two, so as thus to obtain a command over both, has not left an impression of esteem or cordiality in the far north-west. But these have now become questions of little import, for if the once United States do not pursue a wiser and more peaceful policy they will soon crumble to pieces, and while threatening Canada and fighting for San Juan they will lose both Oregon and California.

Add to all this, what would be the effect of disunion among the more compact, civilised, and highly-populated States? Here, again, we will refer to De Tocqueville. "If," says that intelligent and philosophical writer, "the States were to split, they would not only diminish the strength which they are now able to display towards foreign nations, but

stop bloodshed, would gladly accept a compromise based on the gradual extirpation of slavery, though he would not even have asked for that had not the Southern States acted so foolishly and placed themselves in a false position. The hour in which secession was declared, was also the date of the abolition of the 'peculiar institution.'"

The early and important successes of the Secessionists cannot, however, fail to exercise a most serious influence upon the future. They at once put the off-hand subjugation of the South, so vauntingly anticipated, out of the question, and render the chances of the Union ever being again solidly cemented more remote than ever. On the other hand, there has always been a party which has from the commencement blamed the North for not having at once cut the ground from under the feet of the South, and at the same time earned the sympathies of all European nations and of most European governments, by announcing the entire abolition of slavery in the Union, and taking all possible legislative means to put an end to it. This party has long maintained that nothing would drive the Federals to this course but serious reverses. These have now occurred, and abolitionists do not hesitate to express their gratification and predict that the blood of the North will be so violently heated by these disasters, that all questions connected with slavery will be at once swept away, and the whole force and wealth of the Free States brought to bear like an avalanche upon the Secessionists. There is, however, against this the consideration how strong the slave interest is on the side of the North? Opinion is powerful, but dollars are still far more so. We know it ourselves, for how much more demonstrative would the tone have been throughout the liberal manufacturing party in England, were it not that a clew of cotton connects the South, New York, Boston, Manchester, and Liverpool! There is also the equally important consideration, whether all such ideas are not now mere vanity, and whether the North has the power to force any one of its ideas upon the South.

they would soon create foreign powers upon their own territory. A system of inland custom-houses would then be established, the valleys would be divided by imaginary boundary lines, the courses of the rivers would be confined by territorial distinctions, and a multitude of hindrances would prevent the Americans from exploring the whole of that vast continent which Providence has allotted to them for a dominion. At present they have no invasion to fear, and, consequently, no standing armies to maintain, no taxes to levy. If the Union were dissolved, all these burdensome measures might, ere long, be required. The Americans are, then, very powerfully interested in the maintenance of the Union."

It is not only that civil war entails burdensome taxes, and at the onset 400,000,000 dollars were asked for, with four hundred thousand men, but the president was obliged, from the weakness inherent in government, to also ask for what was designated as a large accession of confidence in himself and his cabinet. It is a grievous fact, the more so as hitherto the United States have set a great example of enlightenment, liberality, and prosperity under free institutions to the wise and the good in the world; but most certain it is that any prolonged civil war would be found to be totally incompatible with the existence of those institutions. Either a rapid conquest or a compromise must be effected, or power will be concentrated in the hands of the one who shall have strength or intelligence enough to wield the majority, even against their own inclinations, to subject the minority, and upon such subjection, and upon the means used to bring it about, will be raised, as in all past history, a dictatorship of one kind or another.

The two extremes, severance or despotism, are the more to be regretted, as the United States have admittedly taken the precedence, not in actual amount, but in comparative amount, with respect to time and population of all the nations of the world in regard to commerce. They equal England and excel most other countries in their magnificent lines of river and ocean steamers, in their canals, railroads, and electric telegraphs, in their naval architecture and shipping, in their agricultural products, in their manufactories and manufactures, in their reaping-machines and daguerreotypes—in fact, in all strictly industrial and agricultural arts.

But the country has not yet been distinguished by any large amount of industrial splendour, nor are luxuries, though common, either abundant or wide-spread. Nor may the once United States have ever been considered so rich and dignified, so luxurious and refined, as the old courts and their appanages in Europe; but this was a mere matter of time, and in the interval it was always pleasant to reflect that what was far more charming existed—the whole mass of the population shared and participated alike in all the blessings that it had pleased Providence to bestow upon the country. In no region, indeed, since the fall of the Roman Empire have the masses of the people been placed in so advantageous a position as in the United States, not only as to the enjoyment of civil rights, but also as to a command of the material necessities and comforts of life. Contentment and happiness were participated in by the million.

The general absence of beggars, such as infest all the old countries, was proverbial. The Duc de Liancourt affirmed that he saw but one beggar in the United States; and the testimony of the Earl of Carlisle, of Captains Hall, Hamilton, and Marryat, of Charles Dickens and of Miss

Martineau, are pretty nearly to the same effect. "Through the whole prodigious expanse of this country," said Miss Martineau, in her volume on "Society in America," "I saw no poor men, except a few intemperate ones. I saw some very poor women. I saw no beggars but two professional ones, who were making their fortunes in the streets of Washington. I saw no table spread in the lower order of houses that had not meat and bread spread upon it. Every factory child carried his umbrella, and drivers wear spectacles." The Earl of Carlisle says: "In America they really have no poor amongst them; a beggar is what you never see."

All through the free States of America there is an absence of that visible wretchedness and degradation to be everywhere seen mingled with the wealth and splendour of European cities. The whole mass of the working classes are better dressed, and appear more cleanly in their persons and attire. As far as the necessities of life and even material comforts are concerned, even the backwoodsman is in circumstances of comfort amid the affluent solitudes of nature. And these remarks apply with still greater force to personal acquirements. Having mostly to live by their own exertion, and debarred from expensive pleasures, the lower classes are induced to improve themselves with unremitting assiduity; and for this they possess the most ample opportunities.

In a word, the United States have hitherto been a country in which every human being has been profitably employed in business and not in the destruction of human life. His energies have been stimulated by required labour, every branch of industry has flourished, and every industrious man has had it in his power to be prosperous and happy. Everywhere, till recently, were heard, in her cities and remotest villages, the joyful sounds of enterprising industry, the ringing music of the workman's tools and the anvil, and the ceaseless hurry of commercial occupation.

Nor has the progress of this great country been exclusively of a material character. Benevolent and philanthropic societies have increased; literature and education, and the means of religious teaching, have advanced step by step with the progress made in commerce and in national wealth. Most of those institutions, indeed, by which the civilisation of the Old Country is distinguished, exist also in the New; they have their Sabbath observance societies, their societies for the abolition of war and promotion of universal peace and brotherhood, their Bible and tract societies, their temperance and anti-tobacco societies, their home and foreign missions, their asylums, schools, and hospitals, but the result has been pretty nearly the same as elsewhere, and nothing is left at present but hope for the future.

The causes of the rapid advancement and prosperity of the United States up to the present time may be traced to the qualities of government, freedom of commerce, of speech, and of action, religious as well as civil and political liberty, exemption from old habits and prejudices, superior enterprise and energy of her people, freedom of institutions, facilities of locomotion, stimulus applied to agricultural labour, number of small proprietors, superior domestic economy, general self-reliance and independent spirit of the people, great economy of the government, prevalence of education, the character of the first settlers, the general diffusion of Protestant Christianity over the land, and the prevalent conviction of the

final evangelisation of America, or, in other words, the strong religious spirit on the national character.

Almost all these advantages, all these great and praiseworthy grounds of progress and advancement, have for the time being been sacrificed before the withering, blighting curse of slavery. When President Lincoln devotes the major portion of his address at an extra session of congress to prove that there is no such thing as Sovereignty of States, that the Union existed before the States, or the body before its members, and that it is not in the power of one State to separate from another, he breaks with the past, and dissipates with the wand of a budding despotism all the traditions and legends of American independence, however much he may be justified by the necessity of circumstances. The time has come when every patriot must feel that the Anglo-American must rise or fall by the Union. But President Lincoln himself attests to the shallowness of the reasons upon which this necessarily despotic mode of procedure is founded, by averring that there is not, he believes, a majority of the legally qualified voters of any State, except, perhaps, South Carolina, in favour of disunion.

There is much reason to believe that the Union men are the majority in many, if not in every other one of the so-called seceded States. The contrary has not been demonstrated in any one of them. It is ventured to affirm this even of Virginia and Tennessee, for the result of an election held in military camps, where the bayonets are all on one side of the question voted upon, can scarcely be considered as demonstrating popular sentiment. At such an election all that large class who are at once for the Union and against coercion would be coerced to vote against the Union.

Thus in one paragraph he denies the right to secession, and in another he would concede the right to a majority of voters, by denying that that majority has been fairly tested.

That the movement forced upon the government of the United States by the disruption of the South is of a despotic tendency, is still more strongly evidenced by the president's own words: "Must a government of necessity be too strong for the liberties of its own people, or too weak to maintain its own existence?" There is no sophistry here; President Lincoln openly avows what has long been foreshadowed of the American government, that it is not strong enough to coerce the people, and that it must be stronger in order to enforce the Union and to maintain its own existence!

Nothing but the imperious force of circumstances, which historically rules all things, could justify the free States going to war with the slave States, in order to force them into union with them. But such coercion must be put in force, or the whole Union breaks to pieces, and with it all its existing and much-vaunted institutions, and hence it is that war became a justifiable and imperious necessity. But coercion having once taken the place of liberty of action, it is not at all likely that, notwithstanding the president's assurances to the contrary, the executive once strengthened, once armed, once victorious, and once habituated to trample upon law, institutions, and precedents, will ever return precisely to what it was. The chief causes of the rapid advancement and prosperity of the United States, the qualities of her government, freedom of action, civil and political liberty, exemption from old habits and prejudices,

economy of governments, and freedom of institutions, are all placed in jeopardy by a curse that was sure eventually to entail a retributive punishment—the upholding of slavery on one hand, and its toleration on the other.

There are many who have long regarded the so-called United States as an aggregate of inharmonious parts, brought together by chance, without any organised centre—a confederacy founded on principles necessarily producing the wild convulsions of popular fanaticism—a mode of government deemed impracticable in the present imperfect state of human society by many even of its friends.

To this it has been answered, that the republic of the United States, as it exists, is a Union of several States for mutual advantage and strength, each possessing the most ample and absolute power within itself to regulate every particular relating to mere local necessities; and no new State loses its distinctiveness, it may be said its “nationality,” by joining the Union, but that, however weak the new comer into the Federal family, the other States, for their own sake, protect its independence. Thus, while all enjoy the benefit, no partiality exists; while each pays but a mite, as it were, towards the general good, the good is enjoyed in common. The interest of each is, therefore, so interwoven with the prosperity of the commonwealth, that none would willingly attempt the injury of the smallest part. “The individuality of the States is the very life of the Union.” “If ever this principle of admission to a perfect equality of privileges, and to a complete participation of government, is replaced by the subjection of conquered or voluntarily annexed territories to the whole Federal Union, or to one particular State, or even by the least subservience to the parent republic, then, indeed, serious danger would arise.”

There cannot be the least doubt as to the truth of the last prophecy. If one portion of the Union was to conquer another, a permanent subjection, if possible, would be intolerable, and it would at the same time be utterly incompatible with the existing form of government. The very principles laid down as those upon which that government was formed, and as constituting the vitality of the Union, have been already superseded by the statement that the States have neither more nor less power than that reserved to them in the Union by the constitution, no one of them ever having been a state out of the Union!

The original States (quoth President Lincoln) passed into the Union even before they cast off their British colonial dependence, and the new ones came into the Union directly from a condition of dependence, excepting Texas; and even Texas, in its temporary independence, was never designated as a State. The new ones only took the designation of States on coming into the Union, while that name was first adopted for the old ones in and by the Declaration of Independence. Therein the United Colonies were declared to be free and independent states. But even then the object plainly was not to declare their independence of one another or of the Union, but directly the contrary, as their mutual pledge and their mutual action before, at the time, and afterwards, abundantly show.

The express plighting of faith by each and all of the original thirteen States, in the Articles of Confederation, two years later, that the Union shall be perpetual, is most conclusive, having never been States either in substance or in name outside of the Union. Whence this magical omnipotence of state rights,

asserting a claim of power to lawfully destroy the Union itself? Much is said about the sovereignty of the States; but the word, even, is not in the national constitution, nor, as is believed, in any of the State constitutions. What is a sovereignty, in the political sense of the term? Would it be far wrong to define it, a political community without a political superior? Tested by this, no one of our States, except Texas, was a Sovereignty; and even Texas gave up the character on coming into the Union, by which act she acknowledged the constitution of the United States, and the laws and treaties of the United States, made in pursuance of States which have their status in the Union, made in pursuance of the constitution, to be for her the supreme law. The States have their status in the Union, and they have no other legal status. If they break from this, they can only do so against law and by revolution. The Union, and not the States separately, procured their independence and their liberty, by conquest or purchase; the Union gave each of them whatever of independence and liberty it has. The Union is older than any of the States, and in fact it created them as States. Originally some dependent colonies made the Union, and in turn the Union threw off their old dependence for them, and made them States such as they are. Not one of them ever had a State constitution independent of the Union. Of course it is not forgotten that all the new states formed their constitutions before they entered the Union, nevertheless dependent upon and preparatory to coming into the Union. Unquestionably, the States have the powers and rights reserved to them in and by the national constitution. But among these, surely, are not included all conceivable powers, however mischievous or destructive, but at most such only as were known in the world at the time as governmental powers. And certainly a power to destroy the government itself had never been known as a governmental or as a merely administrative power. This relative matter of national power and State rights, as a principle, is no other than the principle of generality and locality. Whatever concerns the whole should be confined to the whole general government; while whatever concerns only the State should be left exclusively to the State. This is all there is of original principle about it. Whether the national constitution, in defining boundaries between the two, has applied the principle with exact accuracy, is not to be questioned.

The principles here expounded are diametrically opposed to all that has ever been understood of the constitution of the United States. The form of government had its origin in the principle of the sovereignty of the people, which predominates over the whole of society in that portion of America. Hence arose the so-called Sovereignty of the States, even if the word is not in the constitution. There are twenty-four small "sovereign nations," says De Tocqueville, "whose agglomeration constitutes the body of the Union." "Whenever," says the same writer, "the political laws of the United States are to be discussed, it is with the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people that we must begin." "In America, the principle of the sovereignty of the people is not either barren or concealed, as it is with some nations; it is recognised by the customs and proclaimed by the laws; it spreads freely, and arrives without impediment at its most remote consequences. If there be a country in the world where the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people can be fairly appreciated, where it can be studied in its application to the affairs of society, and where its dangers and its advantages may be foreseen, that country is assuredly America." "I have already observed that, from their origin, the sovereignty of the people was the fundamental principle of the greater number of British colonies in America." It therefore existed before they cast off their British colonial independence. "The American revolution broke

out, and the doctrine of the sovereignty of the people, which had been nurtured in the townships, took possession of the state; every class was enlisted in its cause; battles were fought, and victories obtained for it, until it became the law of laws." It existed, therefore, before the Union; and it is absurd, therefore, to assert that the Union gave to each of the States whatever of independence and liberty it now has.

"To examine the Union," says De Tocqueville, "before we have studied the States, would be to adopt a method filled with obstacles. The form of the Federal government of the United States was the last which was adopted, and it is, in fact, nothing more than a modification or a summary of those republican principles which were current in the whole community before it existed, and independently of its existence. Moreover, the Federal government is the exception; the government of the States is the rule." "The great political principles which govern American society at this day, undoubtedly took their origin and their growth in the State." Alluding again to the consolidation of the States at the time of the War of Independence, De Tocqueville says: "No sooner was peace concluded than the faults of legislation became manifest, and the State seemed to be suddenly dissolved. Each colony became an independent republic, and assumed an absolute sovereignty." That at the first constitution of the Federal government the government of the states remained the rule, and that of the Confederation became the exception. (See the Amendment to the Federal Constitution; *Federalist*, No. 32; *Story*, p. 711; *Kent's Commentaries*, vol. i. p. 364.) "The powers delegated by the constitution," says the *Federalist* (No. 45), "are few and defined. Those which remain in the state government are numerous and indefinite."

It is amusing, but it is not surprising, to hear President Lincoln, in defiance of all past facts connected with the history of the Declaration of Independence, the formation of the Federal Union, and the adoption of the constitution framed by Washington, Madison, Hamilton, Jay, and others, of which the independence and sovereignty of the government of each State constitutes the essential basis, declaring that the States have no legal status except in the Union, that they have no liberty or independence save in the Union, and that there is no such a thing as sovereignty of the people or of the States. This leads us to anticipate that we may some day hear where sovereignty does lie!

It has been the fashion with some to appeal to the history of the ancient republics as confirmatory of their prophecies of the impracticable character of the government of the United States. This, again, has been met with by pointing out that there is an important distinction between the material of American strength and that of the republics of old. Those republics, unlike America, had neither sufficient territory nor large enough population to give them a permanent existence. They were more particularly destitute of an agricultural population, the class most essential to permanent power. Lastly, it has been said that the tendency of society in the ancient world, even in republics, was to personify itself in great despotisms; whilst the tendency of society in America has ever been towards equality of rank and power among its members. But what is here declared to be an element of permanent strength, has by others been looked upon as a source of weakness; and the immense

agricultural interest so rapidly springing up in the valley of the Mississippi has long been deemed incompatible with the manufacturing interests of the seaboard States, while the tendency of all republics to despotism has not failed to manifest itself at the very first moment that the independent action of separate States came to threaten the permanency of the Union.

Still, with all the influence on society of the now disavowed principle of the sovereignty of the people, and of the long-cherished sovereignty of the States, there is no doubt but that the preservation of the Union in its integrity is one of the strongest points of American nationality. "This," said Captain M'Kinnon, "renders the maintenance of the present form of government, for some time to come, more certain than that of any government on the face of the earth!" And "no one," remarked Miss Bremer, "who has lived for any length of time in the United States, with leisure to study their life, can fail to perceive that they are within themselves possessed of a common creative principle of life which is vital in the highest degree, and that this is their civil and religious consciousness."

Pity for such anticipations that there should have been all the time a hideous sore, a sloughing ulcer at the extremities of the body politic, which was inevitably hurrying the whole to an inevitable catastrophe.

"Yonder, upon a throne made of the affections of the slave-master," wrote the Rev. T. M'Connell, "in the face of an indignant nation and of an offended God, sits slavery, horrible as a hag of hell; her face is brass, her heart is stone, her hand is iron; with that iron hand she wrings from the multiplied sufferings and labours of the hapless, hopeless children of Africa the wealth by which she is clothed in purple and fine linen, and fareth sumptuously every day; watching with unslumbering jealousy every ray that would enlighten the darkness of her kingdom, and frowning indignantly on every finger that would disturb the stability of her throne."

The States, when united, possessed, it is estimated, 3,500,000 slaves, and 433,648 persons of colour nominally free, the latter also occupying a socially degraded position. The presence of such an immense population, alien in blood and aspect, in the midst of 350,000 of their immediate oppressors, in the Southern States has ever been an awkward and a dangerous feature in their condition. It is now a hundred-fold more so.

Slavery exists in about fifteen States, while two more have been sought to be added—the wild steppe lands of Nebraska and Kansas, a district of country where the western Missouri pours its turbid waters along its perilous course, forming the eastern boundary of the savage western land of the Indian tribes, and extending eastward to the gigantic Mississippi, where heathendom still contends for dominion with Christianity.

"Slavery," said Lord Stanley, "cannot be permanent in the United States; the reason is, it is unjustifiable, contrary to the universally accredited and honoured rules of morality, and it must, therefore, come to an end, not only in America, but in Cuba, Brazil,—everywhere."

Every year the institution of slavery has been becoming more difficult to preserve. The slaves themselves, in spite of every effort to keep them back, are becoming more enlightened, and, therefore, more difficult to keep in subjection; even the difference in race and colour—the great bulwark of slavery—is gradually breaking down. The two races are, in

fact, being amalgamated; there are now 500,000 mulattoes in the Union, and they are increasing in a corresponding ratio from year to year. Serious as this question is, there is another still more so. Are the slaves to go on increasing in a geometrical ratio?—500,000 on the first establishment of the government; 700,000 in 1790; 3,200,000 in 1850; 6,000,000 in 1875; 12,000,000 in 1900; and so on, doubling themselves every quarter of a century through an infinitude of years?

What is to be done with the slaves if they are set at liberty, despised and down-trodden by almost the entire nation? Are they to grow up as a powerful alien people in a confederation of States, or a forced Union, dangerous in their numbers, and doubly dangerous in their consciousness of wrong, and in the passions which might excite them to acts of vengeance?

Yet, on the other hand, what will become of them in the event of an indefinite postponement of freedom to the slave? Before the rupture of the slave States with the free States, the whole southern frontier, from Maryland to Louisiana, as the natural consequence of the violence and oppression inseparable from that unnatural and iniquitous system, indicated a social system in the last stage of decrepitude, a soil irrecoverably impoverished, and a proprietary fast verging towards bankruptcy. Already in Virginia, naturally rich and beautiful, there was a growing impoverishment, notwithstanding that large sums were realised by the individuals who reared human stock for the more southern plantations. In the partially deteriorated state of that fine old domain, and its apparent incapability of keeping pace with the more prosperous communities of the North, it may be said to approximate to the physical and moral condition which disfigured Italy in the second century.

Both public and private interests and honour have been hitherto powerless to destroy the fascination or to inflict the death-blow on the demon that has preyed on the very vitals of the republic. The curse has involved a separation of the Union into two halves, and has entailed civil war between brethren;* yet if the united power of the commonwealth

* We have already had occasion to explain the causes of secession, and the results to which such an act on the part of the slave States may possibly lead, and we must, at the risk of a little repetition, refer to them here.

The reason why the slave States seceded has been erroneously explained by writers in this country; it was not the election of President Lincoln, because he would have been unable to attack the "peculiar institution," since more than one-half the Senate are democrats, and the Supreme Court is entirely in the hands of that party. Hence the Federal States would not have dreamed of attacking slavery, for the republican party did not possess the power to prohibit the extinction of slavery in territories, repeal the slave imprisonment law, or abolish the institution in the district of Columbia; all that it could do in the matter was limited to moral working and moral pressure, for Congress has no right to interfere in a legislative way in the laws and institutions of the individual States. Moreover, President Lincoln would never have thought of assailing the South, because he belongs to the moderate faction of the republican party. What was it, then, that really led to the secession of the slave States?

It was the certainty that the election of a republican president would prove an epoch in the history of American development: it was the certainty that the predominance of the slaveholders was for ever broken, that the Federal administration was permanently torn from their hands, and the legislature and justice would soon be also taken from them; lastly, it was the consciousness that slavery must, sooner or later, cease—a certainty to which the haughty "negro barons" would

was impotent to protect it against the danger of annihilation, how much greater these dangers, whether of permanency of slavery or of its abolition, will be to a confederation of Southern States, suppose their independence to be maintained? What will free States or slave States do to avert the danger? The highest intellects in Europe are looking with breathless wonder at the sad and anomalous position of the once United States, and for the solution of this great problem.

God is pre-eminently a God of providence, even in the minutest circumstances of life directing and controlling the government of the world, and that Providence never permits the laws of nature to be outraged with impunity: the free States will pay with their blood and their money for the sin of a long toleration of an iniquitous system, the slave States will probably rue in utter ruin and desolation, if not in some more terrific catastrophe, their upholding a system of crime which has entailed sorrow and suffering on others as well as on themselves.

But America is not like her native aloe, that blooms not till the end of life, and blossoms but to die. Great as has been her progress, she is still, as it were, in an infantine and transitory state of being. Even society is in childhood—education in morals and politics may be said to have only just commenced; two centuries only have elapsed since all her dominions were a pathless wilderness.

She has still, to use the words of one of her ablest writers, many a dark, silent, untrodden forest of unknown extent, where the hardy settler has never yet awoke the slumbering echoes with the ringing blow of the axe; many a rolling prairie whose virgin soil the ploughshare has never yet disturbed; many woods and forests through which agricultural pro-

never give way. Such was the reason, we believe, why the South threw down the gauntlet and rashly determined to precipitate the crisis.

If we regard slavery as the point on which the whole question turns, the slightest consideration shows us how madly the Southern States behaved in seceding. Now that war is declared, the North will not hesitate to do all in its power to root out slavery. Insurrections and desertions, fostered by the North, will very speedily ruin the South and the slaveowners. The human property will rapidly sink in price, and the Southerners will be compelled to employ all their activity and resources in defending themselves against a servile revolt. The commerce, trade, and navigation of the slave States will be utterly destroyed, and, in order to save themselves from ruin, nothing will be left to the Confederation but to abolish slavery under very unfavourable circumstances, and sue for readmission to the Union. While they belonged to the Union the slave States had none of these heavy misfortunes to apprehend; as members of the Federation they enjoy all its privileges, even the protection of their institutions against violent attacks from within and without, should their own resources not prove sufficient.

If the slave States act wisely, and will yield quietly to what is inevitable, the curse of slavery may be gradually removed within the Union, without bloodshed or convulsions, or any material injury to them. We believe that President Lincoln, to stop bloodshed, would gladly accept a compromise based on the gradual extirpation of slavery, though he would not even have asked for that had not the Southern States acted so foolishly, and placed themselves in a false position. The hour in which secession was declared was also the date of the abolition of the "peculiar institution."

At the same time that we so far concur in these deductions, it is to be observed that the conquest of the Southern States by the Northern is an easier matter than their subjugation, and their subjugation is still easier than their tenure. That the well-known antagonism of the North-West to slavery, brought to a crisis by the election of President Lincoln, had also something to do with the secession, is also shown by the breaking out of hostilities on the borders of Missouri and Illinois and Iowa contemporaneously with the crossing of the Potomac in the east.

duce has never yet been hurried on the railroad car ; and many a lake where the water-fowl has never yet been startled by the sails of commerce. She has still vast deserts where alternate deluge and drought are forming the basis of a future region of fertile ground ; forest-hidden rivers are still waiting the hand of man to reduce them to practical uses, and which the geological processes are daily materially altering and improving. Her innate elements of strength and progress, as also the genius of her people to turn them to profitable account, are comparatively undeveloped, while her long line of insular and continental coast, broken and penetrated by gulfs and bays, which form harbours of every degree of capacity and security, from the open roadstead to the land-locked port in which the navies of the world might ride in safety, is still comparatively unoccupied.

The climate of the once United States is, throughout, splendid ; it is adapted to every constitution, and seems fitted for every description of vegetation and of animal life. The geographical position and extent of what we must persist in designating as the Sovereign States, their mighty appliances of steam-boat navigation and railroad travelling, their already vast and still rapidly increasing population, placed under circumstances of such rapid intercommunication as to be equal, perhaps, to half as many more in some other kingdoms, while growing civilisation is combining many conflicting forces, are all still bringing out beneficial issues ; the public mind advancing to a better understanding of the elements of national prosperity and the laws of national life, and the increasing discovery, discussion, and propagation of true principles of all kinds, preparing the way, let us hope, for a still more happy condition of the masses—all point out America as destined to play an important part in the history of the world.

And European power, in passing into her hands, goes to one people, for the hundreds of millions that must one day inhabit her vast regions will be one, having one language, one literature, one religion, one common soul. This is a unity that secession, separation, civil war, nor any amount of political divisions—the predominance of the free States or that of the slave States, the permanent antagonism of the two, the antagonism of the agricultural centre of the Mississippi with the commercial and industrial centre of New England, the seclusion of religious fanaticism on the borders of the Great Salt Lake, the rising up of new generations of Highlanders in the fertile plains and valleys of the Rocky Mountains, or the progressive march of prosperity and power on the Pacific—cannot affect and cannot destroy. That a people thus situated, no matter under what form of government they live, or what number of political divisions they may be led to constitute, must exert a dominant influence on the world, is unavoidable. Their facilities for the acquisition of wealth, for intercourse with all parts of the globe, and the restless enterprise of her population, are all so many means by which America will be brought to influence the character and the destinies of other sections of the world.

Thus, although the disunited States may no longer be so formidable an enemy to England as the once United States were, still, if higher principles did not guide us, mere interests should dictate the necessity of promoting, by every practicable expedient, the development of the resources of all separate Confederate or Federal States, amid unbroken peace, amity, and intercourse. The value of our imports from America have

been about thirty millions; while our exports somewhat exceed twenty-two millions. This trade far surpasses that existing separately with British India and Australia; and it is even more extensive than that of England with the whole continent of Europe. The imports of large cotton alone in 1854 amounted to 17,274,677*l*. The articles of import next in value are wheat-meal, 2,763,793*l*; after that, maize, 1,971,280*l*; and corn, 1,487,725*l*.

While, therefore, we encourage as a matter of duty and caution the cultivation of cotton in Queensland and India, and open new cotton countries to the capitalist, the colonist, and the planter in Africa and other regions, we must not forget that America has been hitherto our customer for manufactured cottons to the value of 3,500,000*l*. and upwards; for woollens, upwards of 3,000,000*l*.; slops, nearly 1,500,000*l*.; and for iron, 7,000,000*l*. and upwards; not to mention the traffic existing between the mainland and the West India Islands. The consumption of sugar in America has been amazing; and she has been in main part dependent for such on the West Indies. The consumption averages nine hundred and fifty millions, or forty pounds for every man, woman, and child in the Union. It will be thus seen that, while America grows cotton for England, England manufactures her goods for America. While America buys from six or seven millions' worth of iron from England, England expends an almost equal sum with America in the purchase of the necessaries of life—in flour, grain, salted provisions, tobacco, and furs, proving the fallacy of the old idea that what is one man's gain is another man's loss. It may, indeed, be said that America feeds England as the Roman daughter fed her parent. Fifteen hundred ships traverse the ocean between England and America, measuring upwards of a million of tons, exclusive of steamers; while two mail steamers leave both countries every week, if not one every alternate day, from New York and Boston, and Liverpool and Southampton. What immense interests in peace, on both sides of the Atlantic, are represented by these figures and considerations! We have whole populations in mutual dependence, bound up together for weal or woe.

There must also ever be many fond ties and sympathies between the two nations, founded on ancient memories and a brotherhood of ages, which hours of passion are not lightly to dissolve; and the personal pride of each, in whatever the other shall achieve that is great and glorious, is a motive of attachment which neither of the two nations should be so covetous and ambitious as to disregard.

Interested as we undoubtedly are in the abolition of slavery, the more especially as the existence of such an institution has been the sole cause that the understanding between the two countries has not as yet been perfect, still there was no more reason that the slave States should coerce England into war with the free States in defence of their mere moneyed interests, than there was that the free States should compel her to war in their interest upon a matter of sentiment and morality. The knowledge that Great Britain can have no other possible object in view than the cultivation and improvement of friendship and good understanding with all the States of America, will do more to stay the belligerent powers, and bring about a compromise, than any other step that could have been taken. The whole of the causes of disagreement and misunderstanding are matters of arrangement, not of mutual destruction

War only does violence to all the sentiments of humanity, and never yet effected anything really good. On the other hand, it has been the prolific source of all the misfortunes and calamities that have befallen the world.

Among other pleasing evidences of harmony and of co-operation in the accomplishment of the benevolent objects of peace, were the recent reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada, which inaugurated a new era in the history of the relations of the States with the British colonies, and the benefits of which, it is to be hoped, will one day be extended to Great Britain. Already, indeed, a bill had passed Congress for reducing the duty on imports, and trading interests gave promise of being less and less fettered. Among such evidences may also be noticed the preservation of the Greenwich meridian for navigation, and the publicity attending Lieutenant Maury's observations.

That a feeling of amity and hearty good will, notwithstanding several local displays of cupidity overruling principle, towards the States generally exists throughout England, admits not of a question, and that this feeling is reciprocated by the wisest and best men in the United States is equally evident. The unprincipled and reckless among the public journals in England do not represent the mass of the population nor the thinking portion of the community, still less do similar prints express the public sentiment of America. The sympathy of race and religious feeling, quite irrespective of their national greatness, should make Englishmen proud of the American people, and induce them to regard them as an object of study and of interest rather than of satire and abuse, of emulation rather than of envy. A rupture between the two countries, for any cause whatsoever, save the absolute sacrifice of faith and national honour, or the periling national rights and liberties, would be the saddest affliction which could befall our race in either hemisphere. And our American brethren may collect from the most patriotic and best organs of public opinion in England how much such a collision would be deplored here.

This feeling does not arise from any low, sordid apprehension of the consequences in a mere pecuniary point of view, but from a humane dread of the horrors and insanity which such a fratricidal war would evoke, while it itself could lead to no possible or tangible good. As Providence leaves not the innocent unprotected nor the guilty unpunished, and as all injustice terminates, sooner or later, in revolution, we must leave the question of freedom and slavery, of union or disunion, to be settled amongst the States themselves by the sword or by mutual arrangement. The disruption concerns us so far as it for the time being interrupts trade and intercommunication, and arouses strong passions, but we have nothing to do with the results, which it remains with the Americans themselves to determine. We can afford to wish them well out of a trouble that was inevitable, so long as the plague-spot remained in her side. It has been long foreseen, and better that the crisis should come, and the curse and the shame be removed, it is to be hoped for ever. It will only tend to strengthen the ties already existing, for exclusive nationalities differ little from sects distinguished for their bigotry; while true patriotism, like true religion, the more faithful is its devotion to its great object of love and worship, the more largely and freely does it breathe the spirit of charity and good will to all mankind.

EAST LYNNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

PART THE TWENTY-FIRST.

I.

LORD VANE DATING FORWARDS.

To the burial of William Carlyle came Lord Mount Severn and his son. Wilson had been right in her surmises as to the resting-place. The Carlyle vault was opened for him: and an order went forth to the sculptor, for an inscription to be added to their marble tablet in the church. "William Vane Carlyle, eldest son of Archibald Carlyle, of East Lynne." Amongst those who attended the funeral as mourners, went one more notable in the eyes of gazers than the rest; Richard Hare the younger.

Lady Isabel was ill. Ill in mind, and ominously ill in body. She kept her room; and Joyce attended on her. The household set down madame's illness to the fatigue of having attended upon Master William: it was not thought of seriously by any one, especially as she declined to see a doctor. All her thoughts now were directed to the getting away from East Lynne, for it would never do to remain there to die; and she knew that death was on his way to her, and that no human power or skill, not all the faculty combined, could turn him back again. The excessive dread of detection was not upon her as it had been formerly: I mean, she did not dread the consequences so much, if detection came. In nearing the grave, all fears and hopes, of whatever nature, relating to this world, lose their force; and fears, or hopes, regarding the next world, take their place. Our petty feelings here are lost in the greater.

In returning to East Lynne, Lady Isabel had entered upon a daring act: and she found, in the working, that neither strength nor spirit was equal to it. Presuming upon the extraordinary change which had taken place in her appearance, and which, with her own care, rendered detection next door to an impossibility, she had suffered it to blind her judgment, and lead her upon a course that could only end badly. Let people talk as they will, it is impossible to drive out human passions from the human heart. You may suppress them, deaden them, keep them in subjection, but you cannot root them out. The very best man that attains to the greatest holiness on earth has need constantly to strive and pray, if he would keep away evil from his thoughts, passions from his nature. His life must be spent in self-watchfulness; he must "pray always," at morning, at evening, at mid-day: and he cannot do it then. One of the greatest of our living divines, grey now with years and infirmities, said in a memorable sermon, preached in Worcester cathedral in the zenith of his fame and power, that the life, even of a good man, was made up of daily sinning and repenting. So it is. Human passions and tempers were brought with us into this world, and they can only quit us when we bid it farewell to enter upon immortality in the next.

When Lady Isabel was Mr. Carlyle's wife, she had never wholly loved him. The very utmost homage that esteem, admiration, affection could give, was his: but that mysterious passion called by the name of love (and which, as I truly and heartily believe, cannot in its refined etherealism be known to many of us) had not been given to him. It was now. I told you, some papers back, that the world goes round by the rules of contrary—conter-rary, mind you, the children have it in their game—and we go round with it. We despise what we have, and covet that which we cannot get. From the very night she had come back to East Lynne, her love for Mr. Carlyle had burst forth with an intensity never before felt. It had been smouldering almost ever since she quitted him. "Reprehensible!" groans a moralist. Very. Everybody knows that, as *Afy* would say. But her heart, you see, had *not* done with human passions: and they work ill, and conterariness (let the word stand, critic, if you please), and precisely everything they should not.

I shall get in for it, I fear, if I attempt to defend her. But it was not exactly the same thing, as though she had suffered herself to fall in love with somebody else's husband. Nobody would defend *that*. We have not turned Mormons yet, and the world does not walk upon its head. When Queen Eleanor handed the bowl of poison to Fair Rosamond, she challenged the execrations of posterity, and they have been liberally bestowed upon her from that hour to this. The queen gets all the blame, the lady all the sympathy. Putting the poison out of view, I think the judgment should be reversed. Had Lady Isabel fallen in love with—say—Mr. Crosby, she would have deserved a little judicious chastisement at Mrs. Crosby's hands. Perhaps an hour or two spent in some agreeable pillory (why were they done away with!) might have proved efficacious. But this was a peculiar case. She, poor thing, almost regarded Mr. Carlyle as *her* husband. The bent of her thoughts was only too much inclined to this. (That evil human heart again!) Many and many a time did she wake up from a reverie, and strive to drive this mistaken view of things away from her, taking shame to herself. Ten minutes afterwards, she would catch her brain revelling in the same rebellious vision. Mr. Carlyle's love was not hers now; it was Barbara's: Mr. Carlyle did not belong to her; he belonged to his wife. It was not only that he was not hers; he was another's: you may therefore, if you have the pleasure of being experienced in this sort of thing, guess a little at what her inward life was. Had there been no Barbara in the case, she might have lived and borne it: as it was, it had killed her before her time; that, and the remorse together.

There had been other things, too. The reappearance of Francis Levison at West Lynne, in fresh contact, as may be said, with herself, had struck terror to her heart; and the dark charge brought against him augmented awfully her remorse. Then, the sharp lances perpetually thrust upon her memory—the Lady Isabel's memory—from all sides, were full of cruel sting, unintentionally though they were hurled. And there was the hourly chance of discovery, and the never-ceasing battle with her conscience for being at East Lynne at all. No wonder that the chords of life were snapping: the wonder would have been had they remained whole.

"She brought it upon herself! she ought not to have come back to

East Lynne!" groans our moralist again. Don't I say so? Of course she ought not. Neither ought she to have suffered her thoughts to stray, in the manner they did, towards Mr. Carlyle. She ought not; but she did. If we all did just what we "ought," this lower world would be worth living in; and the proverb, touching fruit defendu, would go out as a dead letter. You must just sit down and abuse her, and so cool your anger. I agree with you that she ought never to have come back; that it was an act little short of madness: but are you quite sure that you would not have done the same, under the facility and the temptation? And now you can abuse me for saying it, if it will afford you any satisfaction.

She was nearer to death than she imagined. She knew—judging by her declining strength, and her inner feelings—that it could not be far off; but she did not deem it was coming so very soon. Her mother had died in a similar way. Some said of consumption—Dr. Martin did, you may remember; some said of "waste;" the earl, her husband, said of a broken heart—you heard him say so to Mr. Carlyle in the first chapter of this history. The earl was the one who might be supposed to know best. Whatever may have been Lady Mount Severn's malady, she—to give you the phrase that was in people's mouths at the time—"went out like the snuff of a candle." It was now the turn of Lady Isabel. She had no more decided disorder than the countess had had; yet death had marked her. She felt that it had: and in its approach she dreaded not, as she had once done, the consequences that must ensue, did discovery come. Which brings us back to the point whence ensued this long digression. I dare say you are chafing at it, but it is not often I trouble you with one.

But she would not willingly let discovery come; neither had she the least intention of remaining at East Lynne to die. Where she should take refuge, was quite a secondary consideration: only let her get smoothly and plausibly away. Joyce, in her dread, was for ever urging it. Of course the preliminary step was, to arrange matters with Mrs. Carlyle, and in the afternoon of the day following the funeral, Lady Isabel proceeded to her dressing-room, and craved an interview.

Mr. Carlyle quitted the room as she entered it. Barbara, fatigued with a recent drive, was lying on the sofa. She would scarcely take the notice.

"We shall be so sorry to lose you, Madame Vine! You are all we could wish for Lucy: and Mr. Carlyle feels truly grateful for your love and attention to his poor boy."

"To leave will give me pain also," Madame Vine answered, in a subdued tone. Pain? Ay. Mrs. Carlyle little guessed at its extent. All she cared for on earth, she should leave behind her at East Lynne.

"Indeed you must not leave," resumed Barbara. "It would be unjust to allow you to do so. You have made yourself ill, waiting upon poor William, and you must remain here and take holiday until you are cured. You will soon get well, if you will only suffer yourself to be properly waited on and taken care of."

"You are very considerate. Pray do not think me insensible if I decline. I believe my strength is beyond getting up: that I shall never be able to teach again."

"Oh, nonsense," said Barbara, in her quick way. "We are all given to fancy the worst when we are ill. I was feeling terribly weak, only a few minutes ago, and said something of the same sort to Archibald. He talked and soothed me out of it. I wish you had your dear husband living, Madame Vine, to support you and love you; as I have him."

A tinge of scarlet streaked Madame Vine's pale face, and she laid her hand upon her beating heart.

"How could you think of leaving? We should be glad to help re-establish your health, in any case, but it is only fair to do it now. I felt sure, by the news brought to me when I was ill, that your attention upon William was overtaking your strength."

"It is not the attendance upon William that has brought me into this state," was the quick answer. "I *must* leave; I have well considered it over."

"Would you like to go to the sea-side?" exclaimed Barbara, with sudden energy. "I am going there on Monday next: Mr. Carlyle insists upon it that I try a little change. I had intended only to take my baby; but we can make different arrangements, and take you and Lucy. It might do you good, Madame Vine."

She shook her head. "No: it would make me worse. All that I want is perfect quiet. I must beg you to understand that I shall leave. And I should be glad if you could allow the customary notice to be dispensed with, so that I may be at liberty to depart within a few days."

"Look here, then," said Barbara, after a pause of consideration; "you remain at East Lynne until my return—which will be in a fortnight. Mr. Carlyle cannot stay with me, so I know I shall be tired in less time than that. He and his office are quite overwhelmed with business, after his long sojourn in London. I did not care to go until August or September, when he will be at leisure, but he would not hear of it, and says we can go again then. I do not want you to remain to teach, you know, Madame Vine: I do not wish you to do a single thing. Lucy shall have holiday, and Mr. Kane can come up for her music. Only, I could not be content to leave her, unless under your surveillance: she is getting of an age, now, not to be consigned to servants, even to Joyce. Upon my return, if you still wish to leave, you shall then be at liberty to do so. What do you say?"

Madame Vine said "Yes." Said it eagerly. To have another fortnight with her children, Lucy and Archibald, was very like a reprieve, and she embraced it. Although she knew, as I have said, that grim Death was on his way, she did not think he had drawn so near the end of his journey. Her thoughts went back to the time when *she* had been ordered to the sea-side after an illness. It had been a marvel if they had not. She remembered how he, her husband, had urged the change upon her: how he had taken her, travelling carefully; how tenderly anxious he had been in the arrangements for her comfort, when settling her in the lodgings; how, when he came again to see her, he had met her in his passionate fondness, thanking God for the visible improvement in her looks. That one injunction, which she had called him back to give him, as he was departing for the boat, was bitterly present to her now: "Do not get making love to Barbara Hare." All this care, and love, and tenderness, belonged now of right to Barbara. And were given to her.

But now Barbara, although she pressed Madame Vine to remain at East Lynne, and indeed would have been glad that she should do so, did not take her refusal to heart. Barbara could not fail to perceive that she was a thoroughly refined gentlewoman, far superior to the generality of governesses. That she was also truly fond of Lucy, and most anxious for her welfare in every way, Barbara also saw. For Lucy's sake, therefore, she would be grieved to part with Madame Vine, and would raise her salary to anything in reason, if she would but stay. But, on her own score, Barbara had as soon Madame Vine went, as not; for, in her heart of hearts, she had never liked her. She could not have told why. Was it instinct? Very probably. The birds of the air, the beasts of the field, the fishes of the sea have their instincts; and so does man have his. Perhaps it was the unaccountable resemblance that Madame Vine bore to Lady Isabel. A strange likeness! Barbara often thought: but whether it lay in the face, the voice, or the manner, she could never decide. A suspicion of the truth did not cross her mind. How should it? And she never spoke of it: bad the resemblance been to any one but Lady Isabel, she would have talked of it freely. Or, it may have been that there was now and then a tone in Madame Vine's voice that grated on her ear: a wrung, impatient tone, wanting in respect, savouring of *bauteur*, which Barbara did not understand, and did not like. However it may have been, certain it is that Mrs. Carlyle would not shed tears after the governess. Only for Lucy's sake did she regret parting with her.

These different remembrances and reflections were separately passing through the minds of the two ladies, when their conference was over. Madame Vine at length rose from her chair to depart.

"Would you mind holding my baby for one minute?" cried Barbara.

Madame Vine quite started. "The baby there!" she uttered. Barbara laughed.

"It is lying by my side, under the shawl, quiet little sleeping thing."

Madame Vine advanced and took the sleeping baby. How could she refuse? She had never had it in her arms before: had, in fact, scarcely seen it. One visit of ceremony she had paid Mrs. Carlyle, as in politeness bound, a day or two after the young lady's arrival, and had been shown a little face, nearly covered with lace, in a cradle.

"Thank you. I can get up now. I might have half smothered it, had I attempted before," continued Barbara, still laughing. "I have been here long enough, and am quite rested. Talking about smothering children, what accounts we have in the registrar-general's weekly returns of health. So many children 'overlaid in bed;' so many children 'suffocated in bed.' One week there were nearly twenty; and often there are as many as eight and ten. Mr. Carlyle says he knows they are smothered on purpose."

"Oh, Mrs. Carlyle!"

"I exclaimed, just as you do, when he said it, and laid my hand over his lips. He laughed, and told me I did not know half the wickedness of the world. Thank you," again repeated Mrs. Carlyle, taking her child from Lady Isabel. "Is she not a pretty baby? Do you like the name: Anna?"

"It is a simple name," replied Lady Isabel. "And simple names are always the most attractive."

"That is just what Archibald thinks. But he wanted this child's to be Barbara. I would not have had it Barbara for the world. I remember his once saying, a long, long while ago, that he did not like elaborate names; they were mouthfuls; and he instanced mine, and his sister's, and his own. I recalled his words to him, and he said he may not have liked the name of Barbara then, but he loved it now. So we entered into a compromise: Miss Bahy was named Anna Barbara, with an understanding that the first name is to be for use, and the last for the registers."

"It is not christened," said Lady Isabel.

"Only baptised. We should have had it christened before now, but for William's death. Not that we give christening dinners; but I waited for the trial at Lynneborough to be over, that my dear brother Richard might stand to the child."

"Mr. Carlyle does not like christenings made into festivals," Lady Isabel dreamily observed, her thoughts hurried in the past.

"How did you know that?" exclaimed Barbara, opening her eyes. And poor Madame Vine, her pale face flushing, had to stammer forth some confused words that she "had heard so somewhere."

"It is quite true," said Barbara. "He has never given a christening dinner for any of his children, and generally gets out of attending, if invited to one. He cannot understand the analogy between a solemn religious rite, and the meeting together afterwards to eat and drink and make merry, according to the fashion of this world."

As Lady Isabel quitted the room, young Vane was careering through the corridor, throwing his head in all directions, and calling out.

"Lucy! I want Lucy."

"What do you want with her?" asked Madame Vine.

"Il m'est impossible de vous le dire, madame," responded he. Being, for an Eton boy, wonderfully up in French, he was rather given to show it off, when he got the chance. He did not owe thanks for it to Eton: Lady Mount Severn had taken better care than that. Better care? What *could* she want? There was one whole real live French tutor—and he an Englishman!—for the eight hundred boys. Very unreasonable of her ladyship to disparage that ample provision!

"Lucy cannot come to you just now. She is practising."

"Mais, il le faut. J'ai le droit de demander après elle. Elle m'appartient, vous comprenez, madame, cette demoiselle-là."

Madame could not forbear a smile. "I wish you would speak English sense, instead of French nonsense."

"Then the English sense is, that I want Lucy, and I must have her. I am going to take her for a drive in the pony-carriage if you must know. She said she'd come, and John's getting it ready."

"I could not possibly allow it," said Madame Vine. "You'd be sure to upset her."

"The idea!" he returned, indignantly. "As if I should upset Lucy! Why, I am one of the great whips at Eton! I care for Lucy too much not to drive steadily. She is to be my wife, you know, *ma bonne dame*."

At this juncture, two heads were pushed out from the library, close by: those of the earl and Mr. Carlyle. Barbara also, attracted by the talking, appeared at the door of her dressing-room.

"What's that about a wife?" asked my lord of his son.

The blood mantled in the young gentleman's cheek, as he turned round and saw who spoke. But he possessed all the fearlessness of an Eton boy, the honour of a right mind; and he disdained to equivocate.

"I intend Lucy Carlyle to be my wife, papa. I mean, in earnest—when we shall both be grown up. If you will approve, and Mr. Carlyle will give her to me."

The earl looked somewhat impassible: Mr. Carlyle, amused. "Suppose," said the latter, "we adjourn the discussion to this day ten years?"

"But that Lucy is so very young a child, I should reprove you seriously, sir," said the earl. "You have no right to bring Lucy's name into any such absurdity."

"I mean it, papa: you'll all see. And I intend to keep out of scrapes—that is, of nasty dishonourable scrapes—on purpose that Mr. Carlyle shall find no excuse against me. I have made up my mind to be what he is—a man of honour. I am right glad you know about it, sir. And I shall let mamma know it, before long."

The last sentence tickled the earl's fancy, and a grim smile passed over his lips. "It will be war to the knife, if you do."

"I know that," laughed the viscount. "But I am getting a better match for mamma in our battles than I used to be."

Nobody saw fit to prolong the discussion. Barbara put her veto upon the drive in the pony-carriage, unless John sat behind to look after the driver, which Lord Vane's skill resented as an insult. Madame Vine, when the corridor became empty again, laid her hand upon the boy's arm, as he was moving away, and drew him to the window.

"In speaking, as you do, of Lucy Carlyle, do you forget the disgrace reflected on her through the conduct of her mother?"

"Her mother is not Lucy."

"It may prove an impediment, that, with Lord and Lady Monnt Severn."

"Not with his lordship. And I must do—as you heard me say—battle with my mother. Conciliatory battle, you understand, madame; bringing the enemy to reason."

Madame Vine was agitated. She held her handkerchief to her mouth, and the boy noticed how her hands trembled.

"I have learnt to love Lucy. It has appeared to me, in these few months' sojourn with her, that I have stood to her in the light of a mother. William Vane," she solemnly added, keeping her hold upon him, "I shall soon be where earthly distinctions are no more; where sin and sorrow are wiped away. Should Lucy Carlyle indeed become your wife in after years, never cast upon her, by so much as the lightest word of reproach, the sin of Lady Isabel."

Lord Vane threw back his head, his honest eyes flashing in their indignant earnestness.

"What do you take me for?"

"It would be a cruel wrong upon Lucy. She does not deserve it. That unhappy lady's sin was all her own: let it die with her. Never speak to Lucy of her mother."

The lad dashed his hand across his eyes, for they were filling. "I shall. I shall speak to her often of her mother—that is, you know, after she's my wife. I shall tell how I loved Lady Isabel—that there's nobody

I ever loved so much in the world, but Lucy herself. I cast a reproach to Lucy on the score of her mother!" he hotly added. "It is through her mother that I love her. You don't understand, madame."

"Cherish and love her for ever, should she become yours," said Lady Isabel, wringing his hand. "I ask it of you as one who is dying."

"I will. I promise it. But, I say, madame," he continued, dropping his fervent tone, "what do you allude to? Are you worse?"

Madame Vine did not answer. She glided away without speaking.

Later, when she was sitting by twilight in the grey parlour, cold and shivering, and wrapped up in a shawl, though it was hot summer weather, somebody knocked at the door.

"Come in," cried she, apathetically.

It was Mr. Carlyle who entered. She rose up, her pulses quickening, her heart thumping against her side. In her wild confusion, she was drawing forward a chair for him. He laid his hand upon it, and motioned her to her own.

"Mrs. Carlyle tells me that you have been speaking to her of leaving. That you find yourself too much out of health to continue with us."

"Yes, sir," she faintly replied, having a most imperfect notion of what she did say.

"What is it that you find to be the matter with you?"

"I—think—it is chiefly weakness," she stammered.

Her face had grown as grey as the walls. A dusky, livid sort of hue, not unlike William's had worn, the night of his death, and her voice sounded strangely hollow. It—the voice—struck Mr. Carlyle, and awoke his fears.

"You cannot—you never can have caught William's complaint, in your close attendance on him!" he exclaimed, speaking in the impulse of the moment, as the idea flashed across him. "I have heard of such things."

"Caught it from him!" she rejoined, carried away also by impulse. "It is more likely that he——"

She stopped herself just in time. "*Inherited it from me,*" had been the destined conclusion. In her alarm, she went off volubly, something to the effect that "it was no wonder she was ill; illness was natural to her family."

"At any rate, you have become ill at East Lynne, in attendance on my children," rejoined Mr. Carlyle, decisively, when her voice died away; "you must therefore allow me to insist that you allow East Lynne to do what it can towards renovating you. What is your objection to see a doctor?"

"A doctor could do me no good," she faintly answered.

"Certainly not—so long as you will not consult one."

"Indeed, sir, doctors could not cure me. Nor—as I believe—prolong my life."

Mr. Carlyle paused. "Are you believing yourself to be in danger?"

"Not in immediate danger, sir. Only in-so-far as that I know I shall not live."

"And yet you will not see a doctor! Madame Vine, you must be aware that I could not permit such a thing to go on in my house. Dangerous illness, and no advice!"

She could not say to him, "My malady is on the mind; it is a break-
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ing heart, and therefore no doctor of physie could serve me." That would never do. She had sat with her hand across her face, between her spectacles, and her wrapped-up chin. Had Mr. Carlyle possessed the eyes of Argus, backed by Sam Weller's patent magnifying microscopes of double hextra power, he could not have made anything of her features in the broad light of day. But *she* did not feel so sure of it. There was always an undefined terror of discovery when in his presence, and she wished the interview at an end.

"I will see Mr. Wainwright, if it will be any satisfaction to you, sir."

"Madame Vine, I have intruded upon you here, to say that you *must* see him. And, should he deem it necessary, Dr. Martin also."

"Oh, sir," she rejoined, with a curious smile, "Mr. Wainwright will be quite sufficient. There will be no need of another. I will write a note to him to-morrow."

"Spare yourself the trouble. I am going into West Lynne, and will send him up. You will permit me to urge that you spare no pains or care—that you suffer my servants to spare no pains or care to re-establish your health. Mrs. Carlyle tells me that the question of your leaving remains in abeyance until her return——"

"Pardon me, sir. The understanding with Mrs. Carlyle was, that I should remain here until her return, and should then be at liberty at once to leave."

"Exactly. That is what Mrs. Carlyle said. But I must express a hope that by that time you may be feeling so much better as to reconsider your decision, and continue with us. For my daughter's sake, Madame Vine, I trust it will be so."

He rose as he spoke, and held out his hand. What could she do but rise also, drop hers from her face, and give it him in answer? He retained it, clasping it warmly.

"How shall I repay you; how thank you for your love to my poor lost boy?"

His earnest, tender eyes were on her blue double-spectacles; a sad smile mingled with the sweet expression of his lips, as he bent towards her—lips that had once been hers! A faint exclamation of despair; a vivid glow of hot crimson; and she caught up her new black silk apron, so deeply bordered with crape, in her disengaged hand, and flung it up to her face. He mistook the sound; mistook the action.

"Do not grieve for him. He is at rest. Thank you, thank you greatly for all your sympathy."

Another wring of her hand, and Mr. Carlyle had quitted the room. She laid her head upon the table, and thought how merciful would be death when he should come.

II.

IT WON'T DO, AFY!

MR. JIFFIN was in his glory. Mr. Jiffin's house was the same. Both were in apple-pie readiness to receive Miss Afy Hallijohn, who was, in a very short period indeed, to be converted into Mrs. Jiffin.

Mr. Jiffin had not seen Afy for some days: had never been able to come across her since the trial at Lynneborough. Every evening had he danced attendance at her lodgings, but could not get admitted. "Not at home; not at home," was the invariable answer, though Afy might be sunning herself at the window in his very sight. Mr. Jiffin, throwing off as he best could the temporary disappointment, was in an ecstasy of admiration, for he set it all down to Afy's retiring modesty on the approach of the nuptial day. "And they could try to calumniate her!" he indignantly breathed.

But now, one afternoon, when Mr. Jiffin, and his shopman, and his shop, and his wares, were all set out to the best advantage, and very tempting they looked as a whole, especially the spiced bacon, Mr. Jiffin, happening to cast his eyes to the opposite side of the street, beheld his beloved sailing by. She was got up in the fashion. A mauve silk dress with eighteen flounces, and about eighteen hundred steel buttons that glittered your sight away; a "zouave" jacket, worked with gold; a black turban perched on the top of her skull, garnished in front with what court milliners are pleased to term a "plume de coq," but which, by its size and height, might have been taken for a "coq" himself, while a white ostrich feather was carried round and did duty behind, and a spangled hair-net hung down to her waist. Gloriously grand was Afy that day; and if I had but a photographing machine at hand—or whatever may be the scientific name for the thing—you should certainly have been regaled with the sight of her. Joyce would have gone down in a fit, had she encountered her by any unhappy chance. Mr. Jiffin, dashing his apron anywhere, tore across.

"Oh, is it you?" said Afy, freezingly, when compelled to acknowledge him, but his offered hand she utterly repudiated. "Really, Mr. Jiffin, I should feel obliged if you would not come out to me in this offensive and public manner."

Mr. Jiffin grew cold. "Offensive! Not come out!" gasped he. "I do trust I have not been so unfortunate as to offend you, Miss Afy!"

"Well—you see," said Afy, calling up all her impudence to say what she had made up her mind to say, "I have been considering it well over, Jiffin, and I find that to carry out the marriage will not be for my—for our happiness. I intended to write and inform you of this; but I shall be spared the trouble—as you have come out to me."

The perspiration, cold as ice, began to pour off Mr. Jiffin in his agony and horror. You might have wrung every thread he had on. "You—don't—mean—to—imply—that—you—give—me—up—Miss Afy?" he jerked out, unevenly.

"Well; yes I do," replied Afy. "It's as good to be plain; and then there can be no misapprehension. I'll shake hands now with you,

Jiffin, for the last time; and I am very sorry that we both made such a mistake."

Poor Jiffin looked at her. His gaze would have melted a heart of stone. "Miss Afy, you *can't* mean it! You'd never, sure, crush a fellow in this manner, whose whole soul is yours; who trusted you entirely! There's not an earthly thing I would not do, to please you. You have been the—the light of my existence."

"Of course," returned Afy, with a lofty and indifferent air, as if to be the "light of his existence" was only her due. "But it's all done, and over. It is not at all a settlement that will suit me, you see, Jiffin. A butter and bacon factor is so very—so very—what I have not been accustomed to! And then, those aprons! I never could get reconciled to them."

"I'll discard the aprons altogether," cried he, in a fever. "I'll get a second shopman, and buy a little gig, and do nothing but drive you out. I'll do anything if you will but have me still, Miss Afy. I have bought the ring, you know."

"Your intentions are very kind," was the distant answer. "But it's a thing impossible: my mind is fully made up. So farewell for good, Jiffin: and I wish you better luck in your next venture."

Afy, lifting her capacious dress, for the streets had just been watered, minced off. And Mr. Joe Jiffin, wiping his wet face as he gazed after her, insanely wished that he could be nailed up in one of his pickled pork barrels, and so be put out of his misery.

"That's done with, thank goodness!" soliloquised Afy. "Have *him*, indeed! after what Richard Hare let out on the trial. As if I should now look after anybody less than Dick! I shall get him, too. Telling to the judge's face that he only wanted to make me his honourable wife. I always knew Dick Hare loved me above everything on earth: and he does still, or he'd never have said what he did, in open court. It's better to be born lucky than rich. Won't West Lynne envy me! 'Mrs. Richard Hare, of the Grove!' Old Hare is on his last legs, and then Dick comes into his own. Mrs. Hare must have her jointure honso elsewhere, for we shall want the Grove for ourselves. I wonder if Madame Barbara will condescend to recognise me? And that blessed Corny? I shall be a sort of cousin of Corny's then. I wonder how much Dick comes into?—three or four thousand a year. And to think that I had nearly escaped this by tying myself to that ape of a Jiffin! What sharks do get in our unsuspecting paths, in this world!"

On went Afy, through West Lynne, till she arrived close to Mr. Justice Hare's. Then she paced slowly. It had been a frequent walk of hers, since the trial. Luck favoured her to-day. As she was passing the gate, young Richard Hare came up from the direction of East Lynne. It was the first time Afy had obtained speech of him.

"Good day, Mr. Richard. Why! you never were going to pass an old friend?"

"I have so many friends," said Richard. "I can scarcely spare time for them, individually."

"But you might for me. Have you forgotten old days?" continued she, hridling and flirting, and altogether showing herself off to advantage.

"No, I have not," replied Richard. "And I am not likely to do so," he pointedly added.

"Ah, I felt sure of that. My heart told me so. When you went off, that dreadful night, leaving me to anguish and suspense, I thought I should have died. I have never had, so to say, a happy moment, until this, when I meet you again."

"Don't be a fool, Afy!" was Richard's gallant rejoinder, borrowing the favourite reproach of Miss Carlyle. "I was young and green once: you don't suppose I have remained so. We will drop the past, if you please. How is Mr. Jiffin?"

"Oh, the wretch!" shrieked Afy. "Is it possible you can have fallen into the popular scandal that I have anything to say to him? You know I'd never demean myself to it. That's West Lynne all over! nothing but inventions in it from week's end to week's end. A man who sells cheese! who cuts up bacon! Well, I am surprised at you, Mr. Richard!"

"I have been thinking what luck you were in, to get him," said Richard, with composure. "But it is your business; not mine."

"Could you bear to see me stooping to him?" returned Afy, dropping her voice to the most insinuating whisper.

"Look you, Afy. What ridiculous folly you are nursing in your head, I don't trouble myself to guess: but, the sooner you get it out again, the better. I was an idiot once, I don't deny it: but you cured me of that; and cured me with a vengeance. You must pardon me for intimating that from henceforth we are strangers; in the street, as elsewhere. I have resumed my own standing again; which I periled when I ran after you."

Afy turned faint. "How can you speak these cruel words?" gasped she.

"You have called them forth. I was told yesterday that Afy Halli-john, dressed up to a caricature, was looking after me again. *It won't do, Afy.*"

"Oh-o-o-o-oh!" sobbed Afy, growing hysterical, "and is this to be all my recompense for the years I have spent, pining after you? keeping single for your sake!"

"Recompense! Oh, if you want that, I'll get my mother to give Jiffin her custom." And with a ringing laugh, which, though it had nothing of malice in it, showed Afy that he took her reproach for what it was worth, Richard turned in at his own gate.

It was a deadly blow to Afy's vanity. The worst it had ever received: and she took a few minutes to compose herself, and smooth her ruffled feathers. Then she turned and sailed back towards Mr. Jiffin's, her turban up in the skies and the plume de coq tossing, to the admiration of all beholders, especially of Miss Carlyle, who had the gratification of surveying her from her window. Arrived at Mr. Jiffin's, she was taken ill exactly opposite his door, and staggered into the shop in a most exhausted state.

Round the counter flew Mr. Jiffin, leaving the shopman, staring, behind it. What *was* the matter? What *could* he do for her?

"Faint—heat of the sun—walked too fast—allowed to sit down for five minutes!" gasped Afy, in disjointed sentences.

Mr. Jiffin tenderly conducted her through the shop to his parlour. Afy

cast half an eye round, saw how comfortable were its arrangements, and her symptoms of faintness increased. Gasps and hysterical sobs came forth together. Mr. Jiffin was as one upon spikes.

"She'd recover better there than in the public shop—if she'd only excuse his bringing her in, and consent to stop in it a few minutes. No harm could come to her, and West Lynne could never say it. He'd stand at the far end of the room, right away from her: he'd prop open the two doors and the window: he'd call in the maid—anything she thought right. Should he get her a glass of wine?"

Afy declined the wine by a gesture, and sat fanning herself, Mr. Jiffin looking on from a respectful distance. Gradually she grew composed; grew herself again. As she gained courage, Mr. Jiffin lost it, and he ventured upon some faint words of reproach, of remonstrance, touching her recent treatment of him.

Afy burst into a laugh. "Did I not do it well?" she exclaimed. "I thought I'd play off a joke upon you, so I came out this afternoon and did it."

Mr. Jiffin clasped his hands. "Was it a joke?" he returned, trembling with agitation, uncertain whether he was in paradise or not. "Are you still ready to let me call you mine?"

"Of course it was a joke," said Afy. "What a soft you must have been, Mr. Jiffin, not to see through it! When young ladies engage themselves to be married, you can't suppose they run back from it, close upon the wedding-day!"

"Oh, Miss Afy!" And the poor little man actually burst into delicious tears, as he caught hold of Afy's hand and kissed it.

"A great green donkey!" thought Afy to herself, bending on him, however, the sweetest smile.

Rather. But Mr. Jiffin is not the only green donkey in the world.

Richard Hare, meanwhile, had entered his mother's presence. She was sitting at the open window, the justice opposite to her, in an invalid-chair, basking in the air and the sun. This last attack of the justice's had affected the mind more than the body. He was brought down to the sitting-room that day for the first time; but, of his mind, there was little hope. It was in a state of half imbecility: the most wonderful characteristic being, that all its self-will, its surliness, had gone. Almost as a little child in tractability, was Justice Hare.

Richard came up to his mother, and kissed her. He had been to East Lynne. Mrs. Hare took his hand and fondly held it. The change in her was wonderful: she was a young and happy woman again.

"Barbara has decided to go to the sea-side, mother. Mr. Carlyle takes her on Monday."

"I am glad, my dear. It will be sure to do her good. Richard"—bending over to her husband, but still retaining her son's hand—"Barbara has agreed to go to the sea-side. It will set her up."

"Ay, ay," nodded the justice, "set her up. Sea-side? Can't we go?"

"Certainly, dear, if you wish it: when you shall be a little stronger."

"Ay, ay," nodded the justice again. It was his usual answer now.

"Stronger. Where's Barbara?"

"She goes on Monday, sir," said Richard, likewise bending his head.

"Only for a fortnight. But they talk of going again later in the autumn."

"Can't I go too?" repeated the justice, looking pleadingly in Richard's face.

"You shall, dear father. Who knows but a month or two's bracing would bring you quite round again? We might go all together, ourselves and the Carlyles. Anne comes to stay with us next week, you know, and we might go when her visit is over."

"Ay, all go together. Anne coming?"

"Have you forgotten, dear Richard? She comes to stay a month with us, and Mr. Clitheroe and the children. I am so pleased she will find you better," added Mrs. Hare, her gentle eyes filling. "Mr. Wainwright says you may go out for a drive to-morrow."

"And I'll be coachman," laughed Richard. "It will be the old times come round again. Do you remember, father, my breaking the pole, one moonlight night, and your not letting me drive for six months afterwards?"

The poor justice laughed in answer to Richard, laughed till the tears ran down his face, probably not knowing in the least what he was laughing at.

"Richard," said Mrs. Hare to her son, almost in an apprehensive tone, her hand pressing his, nervously, "was not that Afy Hallijohn I saw you speaking with at the gate?"

"Did you see her? What a spectacle she had made of herself! I wonder she is not ashamed to go through the streets in such a guise! Indeed, I wonder she shows herself at all."

"Richard, you—you—will not be drawn in again?" were the next whispered words.

"Mother!" There was a sternness in his mild blue eyes as he cast them upon his mother. Those beautiful eyes! the very counterpart of Barbara's, both his and hers the counterpart of Mrs. Hare's. The look had been sufficient refutation without words.

"Mother mine, I am going to belong to you in future, and to nobody else. West Lynne is already busy for me, I understand, pleasantly carving out my destiny. One, marvels whether I shall lose myself again with Miss Afy; another, that I shall set on, off-hand, and court Louisa Dobede. They are all wrong: my place will be with my darling mother—at least, for several years to come."

She clasped his hand to her bosom in her glad delight.

"We want happiness together, mother, to enable us to overget the past: for, upon none did the blow fall, as upon you and upon me. And happiness we shall find, in this our own home, living for each other, and striving to amuse my poor father."

"Ay, ay," complacently put in Justice Hare.

So it would be. Richard had returned to his home, had become, to all intents and purposes, its master: for the justice would never be in a state to hold sway again. He had reassumed his position; had regained the favour of West Lynne, which, always in extremes, was now wanting to kill him with kindness. A happy, happy home from henceforth: and Mrs. Hare lifted up her full heart in thankfulness to God. Perhaps Richard's went up also.

One word, touching that wretched prisoner in the condemned cell at Lynneborough. As you may have anticipated, the extreme sentence was not carried out. And—little favourite as Sir Francis is with you and with me—we can but admit that justice did not demand that it should be. That he had wilfully killed Hallijohn, was certain; but the act was committed in a moment of wild rage; it had not been premeditated. The sentence was commuted to transportation. A far more disgraceful one in the estimation of Sir Francis: a far more unwelcome one in the eyes of his wife. It is of no use to mince the truth. One little grain of comfort had penetrated to Lady Levison: the anticipation of the time when she and her ill-fated child should be alone, and could hide themselves in some hidden nook of the wide world: *he*, and his crime, and his end gone; forgotten. But it seems he was not to go, and be forgotten: *she* and the boy must be tied to him still: and she was lost in horror and rebellion.

He envied the dead Hallijohn, did that man, as he looked forth on the future. A cheering prospect, truly! The gay Sir Francis Levison working in chains with his gang! Where would his diamonds and his perfumed handkerchiefs and his white hands be then? After a time he might get a ticket of leave. He groaned in agony as the turnkey suggested it to him! A ticket of leave for *him*! Oh, why did they not hang him? he wailed forth as he closed his eyes to the dim light. The light of the cell, you understand: he could not close them to the light of the future. No; never again: it shone out all too plainly, dazzling his brain as with a flame of living fire.

III.

UNTIL ETERNITY.

BARBARA was at the sea-side; and Lady Isabel was in her bed, dying. You remember the old French saying, "*L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose.*" An exemplification of it was here.

She, Lady Isabel, had consented to remain at East Lynne during Mrs. Carlyle's absence, on purpose that she might be with her children. But the object was frustrated: for Lucy and Archibald had been removed to Miss Carlyle's. It was Mr. Carlyle's arrangement. He thought the governess ought to have entire respite from all charge: and, that poor governess dared not say, *Let them stay with me.* Lady Isabel had also purposed to be safely away from East Lynne before the time came for her to die: but that time had advanced with giant strides, and the period for removal was past. She was going out as her mother had done, rapidly, unexpectedly, "*like the snuff of a candle.*" Wilson was in attendance on her mistress: Joyce remained at home.

Barbara had chosen a watering-place near, not thirty miles off, so that Mr. Carlyle went there most evenings, returning to his office in the mornings. Thus he saw little of East Lynne, paying it one or two flying visits only. From the Saturday to the Wednesday in the second week, he did not come home at all; and it was in those few days that Lady Isabel had changed for the worse. On the Wednesday he was expected home, to dinner and to sleep.

Joyce was in a state of frenzy—or next door to it. Lady Isabel was dying, and what would become of the ominous secret? A conviction, born of her fears, was on the girl's mind that, with death, the whole must become known: and, who was to foresee what blame might not be cast upon her, by her master and mistress, for not having disclosed it? She might be accused of having been an abettor in the plot from the first! Fifty times it was in Joyce's mind to send for Miss Carlyle, and tell her all.

The afternoon was fast waning, and the spirit of Lady Isabel seemed to be waning with it. Joyce was in the room, in attendance upon her. She had been in a fainting state all day, but felt better now. She was partially raised in bed by pillows, a white Cashmere shawl over her shoulders, her nightcap off, to allow as much air as possible to come to her, and the windows stood open.

Footsteps sounded on the gravel, in the quiet stillness of the summer air. They penetrated even to her ear, for all her faculties were keen yet. Beloved footsteps: and a tinge of hectic rose to her cheeks. Joyce, who stood at the window, glanced out. It was Mr. Carlyle.

"Joyce!" came forth a cry from the bed, sharp and eager.

Joyce turned round. "My lady?"

"I should die happier if I might see him."

"See him!" uttered Joyce, doubting her own ears. "My lady! See him? Mr. Carlyle?"

"What can it signify? I am already as one dead. Should I ask it, or wish it, think you, in rude life? The yearning has been upon me for days, Joyce: it is keeping death away."

"It could not be, my lady," was the decisive answer. "It must not be. It is as a thing impossible."

Lady Isabel burst into tears. "I can't die for the trouble," she wailed. "You keep my children from me. They must not come, you say, lest I should betray myself. Now, you would keep my husband. Joyce, Joyce, let me see him!"

Her husband! Poor thing! Joyce was in a maze of distress, though not the less firm. Her eyes were wet with tears: but she believed she should be infringing her allegiance to her mistress, did she bring Mr. Carlyle to the presence of his former wife: altogether it might be productive of nothing but confusion.

A knock at the chamber door. Joyce called out, "Come in." The two maids, Hannah and Sarah, were alone in the habit of coming to the room, and neither of them had ever known Madame Vine as Lady Isabel. Sarah put in her head.

"Master wants you, Mrs. Joyce."

"I'll come."

"He is in the dining-room. I have just taken down Master Arthur to him."

Mr. Carlyle had got "Master Arthur" on his shoulder when Joyce entered. Master Arthur was decidedly given to noise and rebellion, and was already, as Wilson expressed it, "sturdy upon his pins."

"How is Madame Vine, Joyce?"

Joyce scarcely knew how to answer. But she did not dare equivocate

as to her precarious state. And, where the use, when a few hours would probably see the end of it?

"She is very ill indeed, sir."

"Worse?"

"Sir, I fear she is dying."

Mr. Carlyle, in his consternation, put down Arthur. "Dying!"

"I hardly think she will last till morning, sir."

"Why, what has killed her?" he uttered, in amazement.

Joyce did not answer. She looked pale and confused.

"Have you had Dr. Martin?"

"Oh no, sir. It would be of no use."

"No use!" repeated Mr. Carlyle, in a sharp accent. "Is that the way to treat dying people? Assume it is of no use to send for advice, and so, quietly let them die! If Madame Vine is as ill as you say, a telegraphic message must be sent off at once. I had better see her," he cried, moving to the door.

Joyce, in her perplexity, dared to place her back against it, preventing his egress. "Oh, master!—I beg your pardon, but—but—it would not be right. Please, sir, do not think of going into her room!"

Mr. Carlyle thought Joyce was taken with a fit of prudery. "Why can't I go in?" he asked.

"Mrs. Carlyle would not like it, sir," stammered Joyce, her cheeks scarlet now.

Mr. Carlyle stared at her. "Some of you take up odd ideas," he cried. "In Mrs. Carlyle's absence, it is necessary that some one should see her. Let a lady die in my house, and never see after her! You are out of your senses, Joyce. I shall go in after dinner; so prepare Madame Vine."

The dinner was being brought in then. Joyce, feeling like one in a nervous attack, picked up Arthur and carried him to Sarah, in the nursery. What on earth was she to do?

Scarcely had Mr. Carlyle begun his dinner, when his sister entered. Some grievance had arisen between her and the tenants of certain houses of hers, and she was bringing the dispute to him. Before he would hear it, he begged her to go up to Madame Vine, telling her what Joyce had said of her state.

"Dying!" ejaculated Miss Corny, in disbelieving derision. "That Joyce has been more like a simpleton, lately, than like herself. I can't think what has come to the woman."

She took off her bonnet and mantle, and laid them on a chair, gave a twitch or two to her cap, as she surveyed it in the pier-glass, and went up-stairs. Joyce answered her knock at the invalid's door: and Joyce, when she saw who it was, turned as white as any sheet.

"Oh, ma'am! you must not come in!" she blundered out, in her confusion and fear, as she put herself right in the doorway.

"Who is to keep me out?" demanded Miss Carlyle, after a pause of surprise, her tone one of quiet power. "Move away, girl. Joyce, I think your brain must be softening. What will you try at, next?"

Joyce was powerless, both in right and strength, and she knew it. She knew there was no help, that Miss Carlyle would, and must, enter. She

stood aside, shivering, and passed out of the room as soon as Miss Carlyle was within it.

Ah! there could no longer be concealment now! There she was, her pale face lying against the pillow, free from its disguising trappings. The band of grey velvet, the spectacles, the wraps for the throat and chin, the huge cap, all were gone. It was the face of Lady Isabel: changed, certainly, very very much; but still hers. The silvered hair fell on either side her face, like the silky curls had once fallen; the sweet, sad eyes were the eyes of yore.

"Mercy be good to us!" uttered Miss Carlyle.

They remained gazing at each other, both panting with emotion: yes, even Miss Carlyle. Though a wild suspicion had once crossed her brain that Madame Vine might be Lady Isabel, it had died away again, from the sheer improbability of the thing, as much as from the convincing proofs offered by Lord Monnt Severn. Not but what Miss Carlyle had borne in mind the suspicion, and had been fond of tracing the likeness in Madame Vine's face.

"How could you dare come back here?" she abruptly asked, her tone one of sad, soft wailing; not of reproach.

Lady Isabel humbly crossed her attenuated hands upon her chest. "My children," she whispered: "how could I stay away from them? Have pity, Miss Carlyle! Don't reproach me! I am on my way to God, to answer for all my sins and sorrows."

"I do not reproach you," said Miss Carlyle.

"I am so glad to go," she continued to murmur, her eyes full of tears. "Jesus did not come, you know, to save the good, like you: he came for the sake of us poor sinners. I tried to take up my Cross, as he bade us, and bear it bravely for his sake; but its weight has killed me."

The good, like you! Humbly, meekly, deferentially was it expressed, in all good faith and trust, as though Miss Corny were a sort of upper angel. Somehow the words grated on Miss Corny's ear; grated fiercely on her conscience. It came into her mind, then, as she stood there, that the harsh religion she had, through life, professed, was not the religion that would best bring peace to her dying bed.

"Child," said she, drawing near to and leaning over Lady Isabel, "had I anything to do with sending you from East Lynne?"

Lady Isabel shook her head and cast down her gaze, as she whispered: "You did not send me: you did not help to send me. I was not very happy with you, but that was not the cause of—of my going away. Forgive me, Miss Carlyle, forgive me!"

"Thank God!" inwardly breathed Miss Corny. "Forgive me," she said, aloud and in agitation, touching her hand. "I could have made your home happier, and I wish I had done it. I have wished it ever since you left it."

Lady Isabel drew the hand in hers. "I want to see Archibald," she whispered, going back, in thought, to the old time and the old name. "I have prayed Joyce to bring him to me, and she will not. Only for a minute! just to hear him say he forgives me! What can it matter, now that I am as one lost to this world? I should die easier."

Upon what impulse, or grounds, Miss Carlyle saw fit to accede to the request, cannot be told. Possibly she did not choose to refuse a death-

bed prayer, possibly she reasoned, as did Lady Isabel—what could it matter? She went to the door. Joyce was in the corridor, leaning against the wall, her apron up to her eyes. Miss Carlyle beckoned to her.

"How long have you known of this?"

"Since that night in the spring, when there was an alarm of fire. I saw her then, with nothing on her face, and knew her; though, at the first moment, I thought it was her ghost. Ma'am, I have just gone about since, like a ghost myself, from the fear."

"Go and request your master to come up to me."

"Oh, ma'am! Will it be well to tell him?" remonstrated Joyce.

"Well that he should see her?"

"Go and request your master to come to me," unequivocally repeated Miss Carlyle. "Are you mistress, Joyce, or am I?"

Joyce went down. And brought Mr. Carlyle up from the dinner-table.

"Is Madame Vine worse, Corcoran? Will she see me?"

"She wishes to see you."

Miss Carlyle opened the door as she spoke. He motioned to her to pass in first.

"No," she said, "you had better see her alone."

He was going in, when Joyce caught his arm. "Master! master! you ought to be prepared. Ma'am, won't you tell him?"

He looked at them, thinking they must be moonstruck, for their conduct seemed inexplicable. Both were in evident agitation; an emotion Miss Carlyle was not given to. Her face and lips were twitching, but she kept a studied silence. Mr. Carlyle knitted his brow, and went into the chamber. They shut him in.

He walked gently at once to the bed, in his straightforward manner. "I am grieved, Madame Vine——"

The words faltered on his tongue. He was a man as little given to show emotion as man can well be. Did he think, as Joyce had once done, that it was a ghost he saw? Certain it is, that his face and lips turned the hue of death, and he backed a few steps from the bed. The falling hair, the sweet, mournful eyes, the hectic which his presence brought to her cheeks, told too plainly of the Lady Isabel.

"Archibald!"

She put out her trembling hand. She caught him ere he had drawn quite beyond her reach. He looked at her, he looked round the room, as does one awaking from a dream.

"I could not die without your forgiveness," she murmured, her eyes falling before him as she thought of her past sin. "Do not turn from me! bear with me a little minute! Only say you forgive me, and I shall die in peace."

"Isabel?" he spoke, not knowing in the least what he said. "Are you—are you—were you Madame Vine?"

"Oh, forgive, forgive me! I did not die. I got well from that accident, but it changed me dreadfully: nobody knew me, and I came here as Madame Vine. I could not stay away. Archibald, forgive me!"

His mind was in a whirl, his ideas had gone wool-gathering. The first clear thought that came thumping through his brain, was, that he must be a man of two wives. She noticed his perplexed silence.

"I could not stay away from you and from my children. The longing for you was killing me," she reiterated wildly, like one talking in a fever.

"I never knew a moment's peace after the mad act I was guilty of, in quitting you. Not an hour had I departed, when my repentance set in; and, even then, I would have retracted and come back, but I did not know how. See what it has done for me!" tossing up her grey hair, holding out her attenuated wrists. "Oh, forgive, forgive me! My sin was great, but my punishment was greater. It has been as one long scene of mortal agony."

"Why did you go?" asked Mr. Carlyle.

"Did you not know?"

"No. It has always been a mystery to me."

"I went, out of love for you."

A shade of disdain crossed his lips. Was she equivocating to him on her death-bed?

"Do not look in that way," she panted. "My strength is nearly gone; you must perceive that it is; and I do not, perhaps, express myself clearly. I loved you dearly, and I grew suspicious of you. I thought you were false and deceitful to me; that your love was all given to another; and, in my sore jealousy, I listened to the temptings of that bad man, who whispered to me of revenge. It was not so, was it?"

Mr. Carlyle had regained his calmness; outwardly, at any rate. He stood by the side of the bed, looking down upon her, his arms crossed upon his chest, and his noble form raised to its full height.

"Was it so?" she feverishly repeated.

"Can you ask it?—knowing me as you did then; as you must have known me since? I never was false to you, in thought, in word, or in deed."

"Oh, Archibald, I was mad, I was mad! I could not have done it in anything but madness. Surely you will forget and forgive!"

"I cannot forget. I have already forgiven."

"Try and forget the dreadful time that has passed since that night!" she continued, the tears falling on her cheeks, as she held up to him one of her poor hot hands. "Let your thoughts go back to the days when you first knew me; when I was here, Isabel Vane, a happy girl with my father. At times I have lost myself in a moment's happiness in thinking of it. Do you remember how you grew to love me, though you thought you might not tell it me?—and how gentle you were with me when papa died?—and the hundred-pound note? Do you remember coming to Castle Marling, and my promising to be your wife?—and the first kiss you left upon my lips? And oh, Archibald! do you remember the loving days, after I was your wife?—how happy we were with each other?—do you remember, when Lucy was born we thought I should have died; and your joy, your thankfulness that God restored me? Do you remember all this?"

Ay. He did remember it. He took that poor hand into his, and unconsciously played with its wasted fingers.

"Have you any reproach to cast to me?" he gently said, bending his head a little.

"Reproach to you! To you, who must be almost without reproach in the sight of Heaven! you, who were ever loving to me, ever anxious for my welfare! When I think of what you were, and are, and how I requited you, I could sink into the earth with remorse and shame. My

own sin I have surely expiated: I cannot expiate the shame I entailed upon you, and upon our children."

Never. He felt it as keenly now, as he had felt it then.

"Think what it has been for me!" she resumed; and he was obliged to bend his ear to catch her gradually weakening tones. "To live in this house with your wife; to see your love for her; to watch the envied caresses that once were mine! I never loved you so passionately as I have done since I lost you. Think what it was, to watch William's decaying strength; to be alone with you in his dying hour, and not be able to say, He is my child as well as yours! When he lay dead, and the news went forth to the household, it was *her* petty grief you soothed; not mine, his mother's. God alone knows how I have lived through it all: it has been to me as the bitterness of death."

"Why did you come back?" was the response of Mr. Carlyle.

"I have told you. I could not *live*, wanting you and my children."

"It was wrong. Wrong in all ways."

"Wickedly wrong. You cannot think worse of it than I have done. But the consequences and the punishment would be mine alone, so long as I guarded against discovery. I never thought to stop here to die: but death seems to have come on to me with a leap, like it came to my mother."

A pause of laboured breathing. Mr. Carlyle did not interrupt it.

"All wrong, all wrong," she resumed: "this interview, with you, amongst the rest. And yet—I hardly know: it cannot hurt the new ties you have formed, for I am as one dead now to this world, hovering on the brink of the next. But you *were* my husband, Archibald; and, the last few days, I have longed for your forgiveness with a fevered longing. Oh! that the past could be blotted out! that I could wake up and find it but a hideous dream; that I were here, as in the old days, in health and happiness, your ever-loving wife! Do *you* wish it?—that the dark past had never had place?"

She put the question in a sharp, eager tone, gazing up to him with an anxious gaze, as though the answer must be one of life or death.

"For your sake I wish it." Calm enough were the words spoken; and her eyes fell again, and a deep sigh came forth.

"I am going to William. But Lucy and Archibald will be left. Oh, do you be ever kind to them! I pray you, visit not their mother's sin upon their heads! do not, in your love for your later children, lose your love for them!"

"Have you seen anything in my conduct that could give rise to fears of this?" he returned, reproach mingling in his sad tone. "The children are dear to me as you once were."

"As I once was. Ay! And as I might have been now."

"Indeed you might," he answered, with emotion. "The fault was not mine."

"Archibald, I am on the very threshold of the next world. Will you not bless me—will you not say a word of love to me before I pass it? Let what I am, I say, be blotted for the moment from your memory: think of me, if you can, as the innocent, timid child, whom you made your wife. Only a word of love! my heart is breaking for it."

He leaned over her, he pushed aside the hair from her brow with his

gentle hand, his tears dropping on her face. "You nearly broke mine when you left me, Isabel," he whispered. "May God bless you, and take you to His Rest in Heaven! May He so deal with me, as I now fully and freely forgive you!"

What was he about to do? Lower and lower bent he his head, until his breath nearly mingled with hers. To kiss her? He best knew. But, suddenly, his face grew red with a scarlet flush, and he lifted it again. Did the form of one, then in a felon's cell at Lynneborough, thrust itself before him? or that of his absent and unconscious wife?

"To His Rest in Heaven," she murmured, in the hollow tones of the departing. "Yes, yes: I know that God has forgiven me. Oh, what a struggle it has been! Nothing but bad feelings; rebellion, and sorrow, and repining; for a long while after I came back here: but Jesus prayed for me and helped me; and you know how merciful he is to the weary and heavy-laden. We shall meet again, Archibald, and live together for ever and for ever. But for that great hope, I could hardly die. William said mamma would be on the banks of the river, looking out for him: but it is William who is looking for me."

Mr. Carlyle released one of his hands; she had taken them both; and, with his own handkerchief, wiped the death-dew from her forehead.

"It is no sin to anticipate it, Archibald. For there will be no marrying or giving in marriage in heaven: Christ has said so. Though we do not know how it will be. My sin will be remembered no more there, and we shall be together with our children for ever and for ever. Keep a little corner in your heart for your poor lost Isabel."

"Yes, yes," he whispered.

"Are you leaving me?" she uttered, in a wild tone of pain.

"You are growing faint, I perceive. I must call assistance."

"Farewell, then; farewell, until eternity," she sighed, the tears raining from her eyes. "It is death, I think; not faintness. Oh! but it is hard to part! Farewell, farewell, my once dear husband!"

She rose her head from the pillow, excitement giving her strength; she clung to his arm; she lifted her face, in its sad yearning. Mr. Carlyle laid her tenderly down again, and suffered his wet cheek to rest upon hers.

"Until eternity," he whispered.

She followed him with her eyes as he retreated, and watched him from the room; then turned her face to the wall. "It is over. Only God now."

Mr. Carlyle took an instant's counsel with himself, stopping at the head of the stairs to do it. Joyce, in obedience to a sign from him, had already gone into the sick-chamber: his sister was standing at its door.

"Cornelia."

She followed him down into the dining-room.

"You will remain here to-night? With her."

"Do you suppose I shouldn't?" crossly responded Miss Corny. "Where are you off to now?"

"To the telegraph office, at present. To send for Lord Mount Severn."

"What good can he do?"

"None. But I shall send for him."

"Can't one of the servants go just as well as you? You have not finished your dinner: hardly begun it."

He turned his eyes on the dinner-table, in a mechanical sort of way, his mind wholly preoccupied, made some remark in answer, which Miss Corny did not catch, and went out.

On his return his sister met him in the hall, drew him inside the nearest room, and closed the door. Lady Isabel was dead. Had been dead about ten minutes.

"She never spoke after you left her, Archibald. There was a slight struggle at the last, a fighting for breath, otherwise she went off quite peacefully. I felt sure, when I first saw her this afternoon, that she could not last till midnight."

IV.

L. M. V.

LORD MOUNT SEVERN, wondering greatly what the urgent summons could be for, lost no time in obeying it, and was at East Lynne the following morning, early. Mr. Carlyle had his carriage at the station; his close carriage; and, shut up in that, he made the communication to the earl as they drove to East Lynne.

The earl could with difficulty believe it. Never had he been so utterly astonished. At first he really could not understand the tale.

"Did she—did she—come back to your house to die?" he blundered. "You never took her in? I don't understand."

Mr. Carlyle explained further. And the earl at length understood. But he could not recover his perplexed astonishment.

"What a mad act!—to come back here! Madame Vine! How on earth did she escape detection?"

"She did escape it," said Mr. Carlyle. "The strange likeness Madame Vine possessed to my first wife did often strike me as being marvellous, but I never suspected the truth. It was a likeness, and not a likeness; for every part of her face and form was changed. Except her eyes: and those I never saw but through those disguising glasses."

The earl wiped his hot face. The news had ruffled him in no measured degree. He felt angry with Isabel, dead though she was, and thankful that Mrs. Carlyle was away.

"Will you see her?" whispered Mr. Carlyle, as they entered the house.

"Yes."

They went up to the death-chamber, Mr. Carlyle procuring the key. It was the only time that he entered it. Very peacefully she looked now, her pale features so composed under her white cap and bands. Miss Carlyle and Joyce had done all that was necessary: nobody else had been suffered to approach her. Lord Mount Severn leaned over her, tracing the former looks of Isabel: and the likeness grew upon him in a wonderful degree.

"What did she die of?" he asked.

"She said, a broken heart."

"Ah!" said the earl. "The wonder is, that it did not break before. Poor thing! poor Isabel!" he added, touching her hand, "how she

marred her own happiness! Carlyle, I suppose this is your wedding-ring?"

Mr. Carlyle cast his eyes upon the ring. "Very probably."

"To think of her never having discarded it!" remarked the earl, releasing the cold hand. "Well, I can hardly believe the tale now."

He turned and quitted the room as he spoke. Mr. Carlyle looked steadfastly at the dead face for a minute or two, his fingers touching the forehead: but, what his thoughts or feelings may have been, none can tell. Then he replaced the sheet over the face, and followed the earl.

They descended in silence to the breakfast-room. Miss Carlyle was seated at the table waiting for them. "Where *could* all your eyes have been?" exclaimed the earl to her, after a few sentences, referring to the event, had passed.

"Just where yours would have been," retorted Miss Corny, with a touch of her old temper. "You saw Madame Vine as well as we did."

"But not continuously. Only two or three times in all. And I do not remember ever to have seen her without her bonnet and veil. That Carlyle should not have recognised her is almost beyond belief."

"It *seems* so, to speak of it," said Miss Corny; "but facts are facts. She was young, gay, active, when she left here, upright as a dart, her dark hair drawn from her open brow and flowing on her neck, her cheeks like crimson paint, her face altogether beautiful. Madame Vine arrived here a pale, stooping woman, lame of one leg, *shorter* than Lady Isabel—and her figure stuffed out under those sacks of jackets. Not a bit, scarcely, of her forehead to be seen, for grey velvet and grey bands of hair; her head smothered under a close cap, large blue double spectacles hiding the eyes and their sides, and the throat tied up; the chin partially. The mouth was entirely altered in its character, and that upward scar, always so conspicuous, made it almost ugly. Then she had lost some of her front teeth, you know, and she lisped when she spoke. Take her for all in all," summed up Miss Carlyle, "she looked no more like the Isabel who went away from here than I look like Adam. Just get your dearest friend damaged and disguised as she was, my lord, and see if you'd recognise him."

The observation came home to Lord Mount Severn. A gentleman whom he knew well, had been so altered by a fearful accident, that little resemblance could be traced to his former self. In fact, his own family could not recognise him: and he used no artificial disguises. It was a case in point: and—reader!—I assure you that it is a true one.

"It was the *disguise* that we ought to have suspected," quietly observed Mr. Carlyle. "The likeness was not sufficiently striking to cause suspicion."

"But she turned the house from that scent as soon as she came into it," struck in Miss Corny. "Telling of the 'neuralgic pains' that afflicted her head and face, rendering the guarding them from exposure necessary. Remember, Lord Mount Severn, that the Ducies had been with her in Germany, and had never suspected her. Remember also another thing: that, however great a likeness we may have detected, we could not and did not speak of it, one to another. Lady Isabel's name is never so much as whispered amongst us."

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■

"True; all true," nodded the earl. And they sat themselves down to breakfast.

On the Friday, the following letter was despatched to Mrs. Carlyle:

"MY DEAREST,—I find I shall not be able to get to you on Saturday afternoon, as I promised, but will leave here by the late train that night. Mind you don't sit up for me. Lord Mount Severn is here for a few days: he sends his regards to you.

"And now, Barbara, prepare for news that will prove a shock. Madame Vine is dead. She grew rapidly worse, they tell me, after our departure, and died on Wednesday night. I am glad you were away.

"Love from the children. Lucy and Archie are still at Cornelia's; Arthur wearing out Sarah's legs in the nursery.

"Ever yours, my dearest,

"ARCHIBALD CARLYLE."

Of course, as Madame Vine, the governess, died at Mr. Carlyle's house, he could not in courtesy do less than follow her to the grave. So decided West Lynne, when they found which way the wind was going to blow. Lord Mount Severn followed also, to keep him company, being on a visit to him. And very polite indeed of his lordship to do it! Condescending also! West Lynne remembered another funeral at which those two had been the only mourners—that of the late earl. By some curious coincidence, the French governess was buried close to the earl's grave. As good there as anywhere else, quoth West Lynne: there happened to be a vacant spot of ground.

The funeral took place on the Saturday morning. A plain, respectable funeral. A hearse and pair, and mourning coach and pair, with a chariot for the Reverend Mr. Little. No pall-bearers, or mutes, or anything of that show-off kind, and no plumes on the horses, only on the hearse. West Lynne looked on with approbation, and conjectured that the governess had left sufficient money to bury herself: but of course that was Mr. Carlyle's affair, not West Lynne's. Quiet enough lay she in her last resting-place.

They left her in it, the earl and Mr. Carlyle; and entered the mourning-coach to be conveyed back again to East Lynne.

"Just a little upright stone of white marble, two foot high by a foot and a half broad," remarked the earl, on their road, pursuing a topic they were speaking upon. "With the initials, I. V. and the date of the year. Nothing more. What do you think?"

"I. M. V.," corrected Mr. Carlyle. "Yes."

At that moment the bells of another church, not St. Jude's, broke out in a joyous peal, and the earl inclined his ear to listen.

"What can they be ringing for?" he cried.

They were ringing for a wedding. Afy Hallijohn, by the help of two clergymen and six bridesmaids (of whom you may be sure Joyce was *not* one), had just been converted into Mrs. Joe Jiffin. When Afy took a thing in her head, she somehow contrived to carry it through, and to bend even clergymen and bridesmaids to her will. Mr. Jiffin was blessed at last.

In the afternoon, the earl left East Lynne; and, somewhat later, Barbara arrived at it. Wilson scarcely gave her mistress time to step

into the house before her, and she very nearly left the baby in the fly. Curiously anxious was Wilson to hear all particulars, as to whatever could have took off that French governess. Mr. Carlyle was much surprised at their arrival.

"How could I stay away, Archibald, even until Monday, after the news you sent me?" said Barbara. "What did she die of? It must have been awfully sudden."

"I suppose so," was his dreamy answer. He was debating a question with himself, one he had thought over a good deal since Wednesday night. Should he, or should he not, tell his wife? He would have preferred not to tell her: and, were the secret confined to his own breast, he would decidedly not have done so. But it was known to three others: to Miss Carlyle, to Lord Mount Severn, and to Joyce. All trustworthy and of good intention: but it was impossible for Mr. Carlyle to make sure that not one of them would ever, through any chance and unpremeditated word, let the secret come to the knowledge of Mrs. Carlyle. That would not do: if she must hear it at all, she must hear it from him, and at once. He took his course.

"Are you ill, Archibald?" she asked, noting his face. It wore a pale, worn sort of look.

"I have something to tell you, Barbara," he answered, drawing her hand into his as they stood together. They were in her dressing-room, where she was taking off her things. "On the Wednesday evening, when I got home to dinner, Joyce told me that she feared Madame Vine was dying: and I thought it right to see her."

"Certainly," returned Barbara. "Quite right."

"I went into her room, and I found that she was dying. But I found something else, Barbara. She was not Madame Vine."

"Not Madame Vine!" echoed Barbara, believing in good truth that her husband could not know what he was saying.

"It was my former wife, Isabel Vane."

Barbara's face flushed crimson, and then grew white as marble; and she drew her hand unconsciously from Mr. Carlyle's. He did not appear to notice the movement, but stood with his elbow on the mantelpiece while he talked, giving her a rapid summary of the interview; not its details.

"She could not stay away from her children," she said, "and came back as Madame Vine. What with the effects of the railway accident in France, and those spectacles she wore, and her style of dress, and her grey hair, she felt secure in not being recognised. I am astonished now that she was not discovered. Were such a thing related to me I should refuse credence to it."

Barbara's heart felt faint with its utter sickness, and she turned her face from the view of her husband. Her first confused thoughts were as Mr. Carlyle's had been—that she had been living in his house with another wife. "Did you suspect her?" she breathed, in a low tone.

"Barbara! Had I suspected it, should I have allowed it to go on? She implored my forgiveness; for the past, and for having returned here; and I gave it her fully. I then went to West Lynne, to telegraph for Mount Severn, and when I came back she was dead."

There was a pause. Mr. Carlyle began to perceive that his wife's face was hidden from him.

"She said her heart was broken. Barbara, we cannot wonder at it."

There was no reply. Mr. Carlyle took his arm from the mantelpiece, and moved so that he could see her countenance: a wan countenance then, telling of pain.

He laid his hand upon her shoulder and made her look at him. "My dearest, what is this?"

"Oh, Archibald!" she uttered, clasping her hands together, all her pent-up feelings bursting forth, and the tears streaming from her eyes, "has this taken your love from me?"

He took both her hands in one of his, he put the other round her waist and held her there, before him, never speaking, only looking gravely into her face. Who could look at its sincere truthfulness, at the sweet expression of his lips, and doubt him? Not Barbara. She had allowed the moment's excitement to act upon her feelings, and carry her away.

"I had thought my wife possessed entire trust in me."

"Oh, I do, I do; you know I do. Forgive me, Archibald," she softly whispered.

"I deemed it better to impart this to you, Barbara. Had there been wrong feeling on my part, I should have left you in ignorance. My darling, I have told it you in love."

She was leaning on his breast, sobbing gently, her repentant face turned towards him. He held her there in his strong protection, his enduring tenderness.

"My wife! my darling! now, and always."

"It was a foolish feeling to cross my heart, Archibald. It is done with, and gone."

"Never let it come back, Barbara. Neither need her name be mentioned again between us. A barred name it has hitherto been: let it so continue."

"Anything you will. My earnest wish is to please you; to be worthy of your esteem and love. Archibald," she timidly added, her eyelids drooping, and her fair cheeks blushing, as she made the confession, "there has been a feeling in my heart against your children, a sort of jealous feeling, can you understand, because they were hers; because she had once been your wife. I knew how wrong it was, and I have tried earnestly to subdue it. I have indeed, and I think it is nearly gone. I"—her voice sunk lower—"constantly pray to be helped to do it; to love them and care for them as if they were my own. It will come with time."

"Every good thing will come with time that we earnestly seek," said Mr. Carlyle. "Oh, Barbara, never forget—never forget that the only way to ensure peace in the end, is, to strive always to be doing right, unselfishly, under God."

END OF EAST LYNNE.

[We have the pleasure of announcing that a new story by the Author of "*East Lynne*," will be commenced in the next Number of the *New Monthly*.—ED. N. M. M.]

NOTES ON NOTE-WORTHIES,

OF DIVERS ORDERS, EITHER SEX, AND EVERY AGE.

By SIR NATHANIEL.

. . . . And make them men of note (do you note, men?).—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1.

D. Pedro. Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!

Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. 3.

And these to Notes are frittered quite away.—*Dunciad*, Book I.

Notes of exception, notes of admiration,

Notes of assent, notes of interrogation.—*Amen Corner*, c. iii.

XLIII.—JOHN SOBIESKI.

If ever Madame de Sévigné wrote a short letter to her daughter, it could only be because there was some special bit of news to tell, and scant time to tell it in. Some startling occurrence at Court, or some exciting message of foreign intelligence, would alone justify Madame Mère in confining her pen-womanship (Southey's phrase) to a few lines only.

Such a justification existed in the case of Sobieski's victory over the Turks in 1673, ten years before that more memorable victory over them in 1683, which was hailed as the salvation of Emperor and Empire. Writing to her daughter, a few weeks after the death of the King of Poland, Michael Wiesznowieski, the Sévigné apprises her, as *une nouvelle de l'Europe* that demands a note or notelet all to itself, "The Grand Marshal, who is married to Mademoiselle Arquien, is at the head of an army against the Turks: he has won a battle so fully and so completely, that there are fifteen thousand Turks left lying upon the field: he has taken two bashaws; he is quartered in the general's tent; and indeed, so great a victory is it, that there can be no doubt of his being elected king, more especially as he is at the head of an army, and that fortune is always on the side of large forces. There, now, is a bit of news after my own heart."*

The Grand Marshal of Poland, also Grand Hetman of that kingdom, was John Sobieski, now in his forty-ninth year. A man not personally unknown in the Court of the Grand Monarque; for his father, the noble castellan of Cracow, had sent him in early life to Paris, there to complete his education; and there the young man served for some time in the mousquetaires, or body-guards, of Louis XIV. After this metropolitan sojourn, he had travelled through various parts of France with his brother

* Madame de Sévigné to Madame de Grignan, Dec. 22, 1673.

Mark, whom he also accompanied in a tour through Italy and Turkey,—it being their father's practical maxim that

Home-keeping youth had ever homely wits—

to avoid which effect, his paternal wisdom eschewed the alleged cause, and so kept his sons, nothing loth, on the move; that by seeing life, with vigilant inquiring eyes of their own, and by acquainting themselves with what was note-worthy in many cities, among many men and manners, they might be the reverse of homely-witted, yet prepared to do their fatherland good service, when the time should come, and so best do credit to their father's house.

The young men were staying at Constantinople when news came which hurried them home. A fearful insurrection of Cossacks had taken place, in which hordes of Polish serfs also shared; the allied insurgents overran Polish Russia, cried Havoc! and let slip the dogs of war—to wit, themselves—on the bewildered inhabitants, showing a particular antipathy to two unwarlike classes, Christian priests and circumcised Jews. Wherever they could lay hands on a monk and a nun, they enforced matrimony forthwith, at the sword's point. The reigning King of Poland, John Casimir, was no match for these overwhelming multitudes, backed, as they were, too, by the Khan of Tartary, who laughed to see such sport, and hoped the hurry-burly would not be done for a good while yet. Many engagements ensued between the insurgents and the Poles, with varying success, in one of which Mark Sobieski met with his death. John at once distinguished himself in these wars, and also in those which ensued with Russia and Sweden—for with Swedes and Russians without, as well as Cossacks and serfs within, had Poland at this time to contend, and hard work she found it to keep the breath in her body, and not anticipate the Partition of the eighteenth, by a sheer case of collapse in the seventeenth century. In his thirty-first year, John Sobieski defeated the Muscovite general Sheremetoff, and followed up his triumph, year after year, by other successes, more or less signal, against Muscovites and Tartars; for which series of good services to the state, in time of need, he was appointed Grand Marshal and Grand Hetman of the realm. With twenty thousand men he, in 1667, again saved the "fair land of Poland" from destruction by an invading force of five times that number. Four years later he routed the Turks under the Sultan Mahomet IV. And not long after that triumph, he gained the one at Kotzim, which we have seen Madame de Sévigné writing about, and which set all Christendom talking, at the time, and the adjacent parts of beatbendom too.

That such a man would, at such a crisis, be elected to fill the vacant throne, appeared to his, and his country's, well-wishers a matter of right and duty, if not almost a matter of course. One sturdy obstacle, nevertheless, was seen to stand in the way—his profession of a different religious creed to that of the people. One of Madame de Sévigné's next letters alludes to this possible let and hindrance, in terms of apprehension. The Grand Marshal, she informs her daughter, has been writing to Louis XIV., intimating, that should his majesty wish any particular individual to be made king of Poland, he, Sobieski, would be happy to abet and enforce the royal nomination; but that if no such nominee existed, then he asked his majesty's "vote and interest" for himself. Louis gave

him his august protection, accordingly; but, adds Madame, "it is not believed that he will gain the election, on account of his being of a contrary religion to that of the people."*

The obstacle was by no means insuperable, and John Sobieski, amid great enthusiasm, was called to the throne. Louis, instead of supporting him (called he this, backing of his friend?), espoused the cause of Philip of Neuburg; and another candidate (there were ten in all†), Charles of Lorraine, was backed by Austria; while Sobieski himself proposed the Prince of Condé, as a fit and proper person to be the Serene Elect of the Poles. But an eloquent speech, full of objections to all these candidates, strangers and foreigners at the best, was delivered by the palatine Jablonowski, whose peroration was thus pregnantly worded: "Let a Pole reign over Poland." That was the palatine's general principle. And what was his special application of it? Briefly this: Let that Pole be John Sobieski.

Tumultuous cheering answered the proposal. All the Polish and Lithuanian nobles there present shouted "Long live John the Third," till they were hoarse with enthusiasm. The palatine's motion was carried by acclamation. A Pole was the man for Poland, unless they were no longer to have Poland for the Poles.

Among Milton's prose writings may be read a stately translation of the Letters-patent "for the election of this present King of Poland, John the Third, elected on the 22nd of May last past, A.D. 1674, now faithfully translated from the Latin copy." In the November following, Milton departed this life. This Declaration alludes to the reproach cast upon the nation, under pretence of a secret maxim, "That none can be elected King of Poland, but such as are born out of Poland;" and it sets forth the national right, and will, to have one of her own sons at the helm of government. Neither did she seek long, it continues, for one among her citizens whom she should prefer above the rest; "for although in the equality of our nobles many might be elected, yet the virtue of a hero appeared above his equals: therefore the eyes and minds of all men were willingly, and by a certain divine instinct, turned upon the high marshal of the kingdom, captain of the army, John Sobieski. The admirable virtue of the man, the high power of marshal in the court, with his supreme command in arms, senatorial honour, with his civil modesty, the extraordinary splendour of his birth and fortune, with open courtesy, piety towards God, love to his fellow-citizens in words and deeds; constancy, faithfulness, and clemency towards his very enemies, and what noble things soever can be said of a hero, did lay such golden chains on the minds and tongues of all, that the senate and people of Poland and of the great dukedom of Lithuania, with suffrages and agreeing voices, named and chose him their king, not with his seeking or precipitate counsel, but with mature deliberations continued and extended till the third day."‡

The Declaration in question—handsomely subscribed by a power of dukes, bishops, palatines, castellans, and senators—goes on to say, that

* Madame de Sévigné to Madame de Grignan, Jan. 1, 1674.

† *Abrégé Chron. de l'Hist. de Pologne*, p. 264.

‡ *Milton's Prose Works*, vol. iii. pp. 479 sq., edit. 1848.

the famous glory of war paved Sobieski's way to the throne. That he, the first of all the Polonians, showed that the Scythian swiftness (troublesome heretofore to all the monarchies in the world) might be repressed by a standing fight, and the terrible main hattalion of the Turk be broken and routed at one stroke.

It tells of threescore cities taken by him from the Cossacks. It tells of three sultans of the Crim Tartars slain by his strong right hand. It dwells on the miracles of hardness and fortitude exhibited by him and his scanty forces. For years past, not a year of them all but he had a victory to show. "But the felicity of this last autumn exceeded all his victories; whereas the fortifications at Chocimum, famous of old, were possessed and fortified by above forty thousand Turks . . . fell to the ground within a few hours, by the only (under God) imperatorious valour and prudence of Sobietzki; for he counted it his chief part to go about the watches, order the stations, and personally to inspect the preparations of warlike ordnance, to encourage the soldiers with voice, hands, and countenance, wearied with hunger, haduess of weather, and three days standing in arms; and he (which is most to be admired) on foot at the head of the foot forces, made through, and forced his way to the battery, hazarding his life devoted to God and his country; and thereupon made a cruel slaughter within the camp and fortifications of the enemy; while the desperation of the Turk whetted their valour, and he performed the part of a most provident and valiant captain: at which time three bashaws were slain . . . ; eight thousand janizaries, twenty thousand chosen spachies, besides the more common soldiers, were cut off; the whole camp, with all their ammunition and great ordnance, besides the Assyrian and Phrygian wealth of luxurious Asia, were taken and pillaged," &c. &c. "Why therefore should not such renowned heroic valour be crowned with the legal reward of a diadem? All Christendom have gone before us in example, which, being arrived to the recovery of Jerusalem, under the conduct of Godfrey of Bulloin, on their own accord gave him that kingdom, for that he first scaled the walls of that city. Our most serene elect is not inferior, for he first ascended two main fortresses of the enemy."* Nor were the Warszyekis, and Polubinskis, and Grzymaltouskis, unwilling, if you came to historical parallels, to be accounted the Raimonds, and Tancredos, and Rinaldos of this new Godfrey.

Alison refers to authentic documents in proof of the then existence of a project, by the neighbouring powers, to take advantage of the distracted state of Poland, and divide its territory among themselves; a design postponed only in consequence of Sobieski's vast reputation and heroic character, which secured the republic another century of national life, and "threw a ray of glory over its declining fortunes." And it is remarked by this historian, that of the powers whose unworthy alliance, at the close of the eighteenth century, effected the destruction of the oldest republic in the world, all had arisen out of its ruins, or been spared by its arms: Prussia, once a province of Poland, had grown out of the spoils of its ancient ruler; Austria owed to the intervention of a Polish champion its deliverance from the sword of the Mussulman; and long

* Milton's Prose Works, vol. iii. pp. 482 sq.

before the French eagles approached the Kremlin, a Polish army had conquered Moscow; and the Sarmatians had placed a son of their own king on the throne of Russia.

"Nothing," Sir Archibald affirms, "can so strongly demonstrate the wonderful power of democracy as a spring, and its desolating effects when not compressed by a firm regulator, as the history of John Sobieski. . . . No efforts on the part of the sagacious hero could induce the impatient nobility to submit to any burdens, in order to establish a permanent force for the public safety. The defence of the frontiers was again entrusted to a few thousand undisciplined horsemen; and the Polish nation incurred the disgrace of allowing its heroic king, the deliverer of Christendom, to be besieged for months, with fifteen thousand men, by innumerable hordes of barbarians, before the tardy *pospolite* advanced to his relief.—Sobieski, worn out with his ineffectual endeavours to create a regular government, or establish a permanent force for the protection of Poland, clearly foresaw the future fate of the republic. Before his accession to the throne, he had united with the primate and sixteen hundred of its principal citizens to overturn the phantom of equality with which they were perpetually opposed, and to use his own words, 'rescue the republic from the insane tyranny of a plebeian noblesse.'" To overturn a phantom with which you are perpetually opposed,—that, of course, is not expressed in the "own words" of John Sobieski, but is too radically Alisonian to be mistaken for another's. But we have one more sentence to quote from Sir Archibald, which, though highly Alisonian in texture, is less ambitiously so than the last. Sobieski's "reign was one incessant struggle with the principles of anarchy which were implanted in his dominions; and he at length sank under the experienced impossibility of remedying them."*

It has been said of M. de Salvandy's History of Poland that the author *nous pénètre de regrets* when he narrates the triumphs of Sobieski, that brave and modest warrior, as Barante calls him, so loyal, so pious, so good and great a man,—"*disdained by the empty pride of Louis XIV., who makes a dupe of him, and by the ingratitude of the Emperor Leopold, whom he has saved,—treated by both of them as a soldier of fortune and a parvenu king.*"† The fruitlessness of all Sobieski's strenuous endeavours to make Poland a powerful and happy nation is of a kind that might constrain one to fear, "*que rien n'a pu fructifier sur ce sol inculte et barbare.*" Brilliant as were his victories, they did not excite to the formation of an army. Glory itself was without practical influence. Patriotism was deficient in reason and fidelity. All was hasty and short-lived. Courage, devotion, the virtues alike of warriors and civilians, seemed to be, in that doomed, decaying people, a mere *feu de paille*, bright enough one moment, and extinct the next.

It so happened, we read in Doctor Miller's Philosophy of History, that this hero of his time was, notwithstanding, the slave of his wife, whose cabinet is described as the tomb of the laws and of liberty. Such a reign, accordingly, glorious as it was abroad, maintained at home that series of disorders, which had attracted the government of preceding

* Alison's History of Europe, vol. iii. ch. xvii. § 32 sq.

† Barante, *Etudes Littéraires*, t. iv.

princes, the foreign and domestic interests of the state being administered as if by two sovereigns the most directly contrasted. While the military genius of Sobieski ennobled the history of his country by his successful interposition for the deliverance of the imperial capital, the growing anarchy of that country advanced to its maturity, as if the sceptre were swayed by a feeble and incapable monarch.*

The foregoing allusion to petticoat government reminds us of an apposite illustration in M. Villemain's remarks on letter-writing, as a medium for the study of character. "Après les *confessions* qui sont si rares," he says, "rien ne peint mieux l'homme que les lettres." In real life, familiar epistolary correspondence, although it may fib and falsify now and then, furnishes, upon the whole, the most authentic *mémoires* that are to be had of the most celebrated personages in history. M. Villemain's illustration, as a proof-example, is the Letters of John Sobieski. When you read them, he says, you see him, even in the flush of conquest, worried by an overbearing wife; you see him, amid all the treasures he has taken for spoil, writing to this wife in terms anxiously designed to humour her arrogance, and flatter her coquettishness. He promises her the splendid pillage of the Vizier's harem. His letters also detect him in the act of recommending a good article to be "cooked" for publication in the *Vienna Gazette*, to the praise and glory of his victory.† This last little revelation is of a kind that no autobiographic memoirs would be likely to insert; and hence the preference assigned by M. Villemain to letters, as affording unintentional glimpses and side-views of character.

M. de Barante speaks more respectfully and sympathisingly, both of the uxoriousness and the letter-writing of John Sobieski. He calls him a real and substantial man—a man of solidity and strength, and at the same time, "of an amiable simplicity"—not altogether with his hair on end at his own wonders, yet *étonné de sa gloire comme de sa royauté*. What can be more touching, the Baron asks, than the first words penned by him to his beloved Mariette, on the morrow after a great victory?—"Ah! the goodness of God! my dear Mariette."‡

Saint-Simon, who had no liking for parvenus, whether of royal or lower degree, was fain to say of Sobieski: "This great man is so well known that I shall not devote much space to him."§ And Salvandy|| vindicates the intrinsic fitness of the title, *ce grand homme*, by showing the king, who was great in and by qualities that might seem exclusively Polish, to have been still more so by his possession of virtues which would have made a great king of the great man, anywhere out of Poland. But, as M. Cuvillier-Fleury sententially observes: "Il est rare qu'on gouverne un pays libre avec les vertus qu'il n'a pas." And just as Lord Chesterfield once said of Louis XIV., that, if not a great man, at any rate he was a great king; so, or rather inversely, the critic last quoted would say of John Sobieski, *Grand homme, s'il ne fut pas grand roi*. On the throne, in his government of the State, in his disaction of the Diets, in his conduct of negotiations, in all the reforms undertaken by him, in the

* History, Philosophically Illustrated, vol. iv. ch. iv.

† See Villemain's *Tableau du XVIII^e Siècle*, t. iii. leçon ii.

‡ Lettres de Sobieski, edit. Salvandy.

§ Mémoires de Saint-Simon.

|| Histoire du roi Jean Sobieski et du Royaume de Pologne, 1855.

control of his own household, Sobieski sustained his position only by dint of resignation, devotedness, concessions, intelligence, and address—by a lavish outlay of the resources of his mind and his wealth of words, not unfrequently of the contents of his privy-purse—but never by dint of his personal authority, and that mien of Olympian Jove,

Annuit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum,

which constitutes the peculiar superiority of Louis XIV. True, there was a great difference, not only between the two kings, but between the two countries, notwithstanding the sympathetic affinities that were one day to connect them. But other kings of Poland had left traces of their sway which Sobieski's reign fails to show. The reforms of Casimir the Great are still talked of, although the Polish nobility abolished them after his death; and so is the territorial aggrandisement which Poland owed to the Jagellons, though in this case too the acquisition was scarcely sooner made than lost. But the creations of Sobieski were even shorter-lived than himself, and his very conquests were of a merely defensive kind.

"Whence, then," inquires M. Cu villier-Fleury, "this want of authority on the part of so great a man? Was it the consequence of his age? He was fifty years old when his election took place, and we know, by more memorable instances than one, that this is not the age of political decrepitude. Was it the fact of his election? That had been altogether glorious for Sobieski, and highly agreeable to Louis XIV.; it was a great event in Europe, and in Poland it was like a triumph over anarchy. Was it his marriage that had weakened the ascendancy of King John Sobieski? Sobieski had been ten years married when he became king (in 1674), and his wife had been popular up to the moment of her becoming queen. 'Nous avons une reine Arquien,' wrote Mademoiselle de Scudéry, I believe. That was said in France with a smile on the lips; in Poland it was said seriously. All things taken into account, then, if that ascendancy which monarchs acquire by a certain *dose* of energetic and persistent will, and which is the efficient substitute, in some of their number, for intellectual superiority, while the most eminent qualities fail to supply its place in the highest class of minds—if this ascendancy be wanting in King Sobieski, the reason is that he had it not in him. And how deny this, when he is for ever taking the pains to say as much, in the familiar correspondence which M. de Salvandy has so curiously interwoven with his history? when he writes, for example, 'I am so unfortunate, as to be unable to persuade any one: they for ever do just the contrary to what I desire.' How deny it, when we see him, at a decisive moment, bind himself, and bind Poland too, by an oath of gratuitous solemnity, which places him at the disposal of the Emperor Leopold, and to which he brought, his historian *spirituellement* observes, 'toute la candeur de son âme?' How deny it, in short, when in full Diet, on that very throne upon which the aged king presides over the stormy debates of his nobility, he is on one occasion exposed to such insults from a member of the Lithuanian Pac family, 'that the king put his hand to his scimeter,' says the author, 'and the Lithuanian replied to the royal challenge by promising to let him feel, anew, the weight of his arm.' This was in 1685. Sobieski was sixty-one years old. 'Just the same state of things existed

among the Slaves in their savage condition,' adds the indignant historian.*

In this way our French critic comes to understand, what, but for M. Salvandy's help, was to him unintelligible—how it was that the heroic king of Poland was not treated as a king by the Eldest Son of the Church—how it was that the hero who had saved Vienna received but an icy greeting and constrained thanks from Leopold, that crowned runaway, even on the battle-field of victory itself. All this is now made intelligible enough, not merely by the haughtiness of Louis and the ingratitude of Leopold—both of them unjustifiable—but by that *discredit* which is the penalty a weak government has to pay, and by the disfavour excited in Europe generally by the too voluntary *défaillances* of Polish royalty. What was Poland to Louis XIV. and Leopold (not that they are to be excused on this account) but a nation for whose courage a means of employing it was thought ample recompense—one of those countries of which people said ironically what Montesquieu afterwards said of the degenerate Persians (in Alexander's time), that they were "*trop grands pour se corriger*"—and whose politics, alliance, hostility, services even, were in no instance taken seriously. Or what, to the same royal contemporaries, was Sobieski himself, but a "*gentilhomme audacieux*," a clever general, a parvenu prince and a deceived husband—a deserving man enough, in his own rank, but quite of another order from *Nous Autres*.

His correspondence shows that Sobieski keenly felt and resented the "cold-shouldering" process to which Leopold and Louis subjected him. Austria's coldness was the worst.

When the fierce Turk unbinged her door,
And Sobieski struggled hard
To bar it, what was his reward?†

In a letter to his wife, dated September, 1683,—to her whom he never fails to call the only joy of his life, his "charming, darling Marietta,"—he thus vents the bitterness of his spirit, as he thinks of what seems but yesterday, and contrasts it with to-day: "To-day we appear to be plague-patients, that everybody flies from; while, previous to the battle (of Vienna) my tents, which, thank God! are roomy enough, could scarcely hold the crowd of comers. . . . And now there is nothing left us but to grieve as we see our army perishing, not under the blows of the enemy, but by the fault of those who owe us everything. . . . The Emperor, I see, no longer cares about me. They have got back to their old haughtiness; they look as if they had even forgot there is a God above them!" Sobieski could not so soon forget Vienna Saved. He thought Austria might be a little more mindful of so recent an experience. He had, in Othello's phrase, done the state some service, and they knew it. For not more thoroughly could Venice have known who saved her from the Turks, or more entirely have endorsed the Moor's self-portraiture as an ever available, true as steel, hardy as steel anti-Ottomite,—

* *Etudes Historiques (dernières)*, t. i.: "Jean Sobieski."

† Walter Savage Landor, 1852.

I do agnise
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness; and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.*

But though Sobieski trusted his secret to Marietta, to the world he did not. To the world he showed a smiling face—smiling at the slights and insults offered him by ungracious and ungrateful principalities and powers. To Louis XIV., who had in effect taken part with the Turk,† as the saying then was, he addressed his felicitations on the deliverance of Vienna, as to the Eldest Son of the Church, and Very Christian King. To Leopold he said, when receiving that imperial personage, on his impertinently condescending visit to the glacis of Vienna Preserved, “Sire, I am very glad to have rendered you this little service.” Surely this was humouring Imperialism to the top of its bent;—for it may be doubted whether a vainglorious and self-sufficient emperor suspected irony, or mock-humility, in the homage of his obsequious saviour.

The Venerable historian of the House of Austria—*ex officio*, or archidiaconally Venerable—contrasts the position of Sobieski and Leopold on the morrow of the crisis,—that is, after the play of Vienna Preserved had just been played out,—with damaging effect as regards the Habsburg. In the first place, Sobieski was ardently congratulated on the field of battle by excited throngs. Next morning, he entered the capital he had saved, and was surrounded by eager citizens, in the flush of gratitude for a great deliverance, crowds of whom struggled to kiss his feet, and were exultant if they could so much as touch his raiment. Their enthusiasm bordered on the idolatrons. Their welcome almost merged in adoration. It was only with extreme difficulty he could make his way through this fervid and fermenting mass, to the cathedral, where he knelt, and gave thanks for the victory God had given him. The same crowds blocked up his return to the camp,—on reaching which, elated in no common degree, the King of Poland declared this to be the happiest day of his life.

And how entered Leopold the same city, two days later? Without welcome or acclamation of any kind. There was the sound of cannon, indeed; but even that was not in honour of him; it was in honour of Sobieski's triumph. And he too, as Sobieski had done, repaired to the cathedral. But there was no pressure to retard *his* steps; and he gloomily wended his way on foot, carrying a taper in his hand, and with all the outward marks of enforced penitence and degradation, rather than of jubilant speed to a thanksgiving service.

But let us quote Archdeacon Coxe's account of the subsequent meeting between Austria's Emperor and Poland's King. “A heart far more phlegmatic than that of Leopold, must have deeply felt the difference between the unbridled effusions of gratitude and joy which had welcomed Sobieski, and the faint, reluctant, studied homage which accompanied his own return. . . . These feelings [on Leopold's part] overcame all sentiments of admiration or gratitude [towards Sobieski]. Instead of hurrying to the Polish camp to pour forth his acknowledgments to the conqueror, he seemed anxious to evade a meeting, and made inquiries

* Othello, Act I. Sc. 3.

† See Cuv.-Fleury, *ubi supra*.

whether an elective monarch had ever been admitted to an interview with an emperor, and in what manner he should be received. 'With open arms,' replied the duke of Lorraine, who was disgusted with his pride and apathy, and alive only to sensations of reverence for the deliverer of Vienna; but Leopold wanted liberality of sentiment to bear an obligation, and settled the formalities of the interview with the punctilious spirit of a herald.

"The two monarchs met on horseback, between the Austrian and Polish armies. The emperor, plainly clad and meanly mounted, stiff and awkward in his dress and deportment; Sobieski, habited as on the day of battle, rode a superb courser richly caparisoned, and the natural gracefulness of his mien was dignified by a consciousness of his former triumphs, and recent victory. On a concerted signal, the two sovereigns advanced, saluted each other at the same moment, and embraced. The conversation was short and formal. Sobieski, frank, cordial, and tremblingly alive to fame and honour, was disgusted with his punctilious reception; he impatiently listened to faint, embarrassed, and reluctant expressions of gratitude which Leopold was endeavouring to articulate, and after a second embrace withdrew to his tent, leaving to his chancellor Zaluski to accompany the emperor in reviewing those troops who had defeated the Turks, and saved the house of Austria."*

In other quarters, where no petty jealousies, no selfish scruples and official animosities prevailed, the glory of Sobieski was rapturously asserted, and recognised with general acclaim. For the time he filled the hearts and occupied the tongues of men. He was the Charles Martel of the age. Poets of foreign lands were emulous to immortalise themselves in, with, or through him. La Fontaine had preluded one of his Fables with this homage to him who conquered the Turks at Chocsim, ten years before (after which victory, by-the-by, Sobieski passed some time in Paris, and used often to meet La Fontaine at Madame de la Sablière's—where one could wish to have had a glimpse of them both):

E coulez ce récit,
Que je tiens d'un roi plein de gloire.
Le défenseur du Nord vous sera mon garant :
Je vais citer un prince aimé de la Victoire ;
Son nom seul est un mur à l'empire Ottoman :
C'est le roi polonais.†

And now Edmund Waller, in England, hailed, in almost octogenarian verse,

The glorious Prince that doth the Turk confound;

and lustier lungs in this and other climes were more or less inflated by the same swelling theme.

It was the last cloud of incense that should gather over him. Henceforth the King of Poland was to wage an inglorious strife with his own subjects. Some twelve or thirteen years he survived that "happiest day of his life," when all Vienna rose at him—when, in its seething highways,

* Coxe, History of the House of Austria, vol. i. ch. lxxvi.

† Fables de La Fontaine, l. x. fable l.

All tongues spoke of him, and the bleared sights
 Were spectacl'd to see him . . .
 . . . Stalls, hulks, windows
 Were smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges horsed
 With variable complexions; all agreeing
 In earnestness to see him.*

That day his star had touched its culminating point, and thenceforth it was to decline, and finally to sink as it were in an ever lowering sky. As with his star, so with Poland's; for with him Polish greatness is commonly said to have expired.

Alison draws a melancholy picture of the aged hero, whose end was seemingly advanced by the ingratitude and dissensions of his subjects during his latter years; and quotes a "memorable and prophetic speech" of Sobieski's to the senate, in which the baffled sovereign assumed the style and adopted the very words of the Hebrew seer. "Believe me, the eloquence of your tribunes, instead of being turned against the throne, would be better directed against those who, by their disorders, are bringing down upon our country the cry of the prophet, which I, alas! hear too clearly rolling over our heads: 'Yet forty years, and Nineveh will be no more.'" Not that his anticipation was fulfilled to the letter; his own glorious deeds, as Sir Archibald says, despite the insanity of his subjects, prolonged the existence of Poland for nearly a hundred years. But succeeding events, as that historian goes on to show, proved every day more clearly the truth of Sobieski's prediction. The conquest of the frontier town of Kamienieck from the Turks, achieved by the terror of his name after he was no more (so literally might one say that

Even in his ashes lived their wonted fire),

was the last triumph of the republic. "He was also its last national sovereign, and the last who possessed any estimation in the world. With him disappeared both its power and its ascendancy among other nations. From that period successive foreign armies invaded its provinces, and invaded it never to recede. The different factions of the state, steeped in the bitterness of party strife, and exhausted by their efforts for mutual destruction, sought in this support of strangers the means of wreaking their vengeance on each other." Foreign ambition, it is added, as a thing of course, gladly responded to the call; and, under the pretence of terminating its distractions, armed one-half of the country against the other;—the adjoining powers soon became omnipotent in so divided a community: all hastened to place themselves under the banners of some neighbouring sovereign. "By turns the Saxons, Swedes, Muscovites, Imperialists, and Prussians, ruled its destinies: Poland was no more; according to his own prophecy, it descended into the tomb with the greatest of its sons."† From that tomb, nevertheless, a sanguine patriotism believes that it, being dead, yet speaketh,—and this the burden of its strain, *Resurgam*.

There is plain truth, however, though unpalatable, in what a plain-spoken essayist recently observed, that the wrongs of Poland have taught

* Coriolanus, Act II. Sc. 1.

† History of Europe, ch. xvii. sect. 33 *et seq.*

the world not only to forgive, but to forget, her previous errors; and that never was there seen a nation so organised as she was for anarchy and misery down to the very period of her fall. This authority reminds us that a highly oppressive and exclusive, as well as most beggarly aristocracy, constituted about one-tenth of the population; that the people were serfs; that the middle class were Jews; and that it is a familiar fact that the Diet met for the election of the king on the plains of Warsaw, in arms and on horseback, and that each member had a veto. "It is a fact less familiar, but equally grotesque, that each member of the Legislative Diet had a veto, not only on each act of legislation, but on the whole legislation of each session. The political life of the nation was an unbroken course of factious violence, intrigue, and corruption. Down to the very last moment no real political progress of any kind had been made. . . . The military gentry of Poland possessed in a very high degree the virtues of such a caste, as was shown on many a brilliant and romantic field. Other virtues they had none. Nor were the Voltairean despots who, with the hypocritical and canting rapacity of their sect, perpetrated the great act of spoliation, wholly without colour of excuse. The elective crown had been hawked about Europe by the Polish factions till it had become a universal apple of discord and a universal nuisance. To extinguish the source of interminable contention by at once making a partition of the booty, might seem to Imperial beasts a not unnatural or unpardonable course."*

John Sobieski was by no means the first of his line to foresee the decadence, not to say the destruction, of Poland's practically impracticable constitution. Has not Mr. Carlyle pictured for us old John Casimir, "chivalrous enough, and with clouds of forward Polish chivalry about him, glittering with barbario gold,"—to wit, in the Polish-Swedish war of 1665-1660,—getting tired of his unruly Polish chivalry and their ways, abdicating, retiring to Paris (where he "lived much," rather too much, "with Ninon de l'Enclos and her circle," for the rest of his life), and there complaining often and feelingly of his Polish chivalry aforesaid, that there was no solidity in them; nothing but outside glitter, with tumult and anarchic noise; "fatal want of one essential talent, the talent of Obeying;—and has been heard to prophesy," adds Mr. Carlyle, of this same old Johann Casimir, "that a glorious Republic, persisting in such courses, would arrive at results which would surprise it."† A goal it took a very short time to reach.

Salvaudy's reviewer in the *Foreign Quarterly* has graphically depicted the dreary close of John Sobieski's reign, as embittered by a factions nobility, an intriguing wife, and domestic discords. Sick of the court, he fled, we are told, into the forests, or wandered from one castle to another, or pitched his tent wherever a beautiful valley, picturesque landscapes, the mountain torrent, or any natural object attracted his attention. "Sick, too, of the world, he sought for consolation in religion and in philosophy. There might be something of pedantry in his manners, but he was sincerely attached to letters. He not only cultivated them with assiduity

* *Saturday Review*, No. 290, Art. "Poland."

† Carlyle's *Hist. of Frederick II.*, book iii. ch. xviii.

himself, but recommended the study of them to others, and patronised all who excelled in them.

"At length the eod of this great man approached. The immediate cause of his death is wrapped in mystery. He had been recommended to take a strong dose of mercury (his infirmities for some time had been neither few nor light),—was it too strong for his constitution? so at least some thought; so even he appeared to suspect."* Shakspeare is said to have died on the day of his birth. Sobieski died on the double anniversary of his birth and of his accession to the throne—after twenty-three years of kingship, and sixty-seven of human life. Those who are curious in coincidences have taken note, in addition to the double anniversary fact, that both the day of his birth and that of his decease were signalised alike by a terrific storm.

M. de Salvandy's book is, indeed, replete with curious incidents illustrative of what he calls "the end of the reign and the house of John III." A critical compatriot affirms of it that "*rien n'est plus dramatique et plus dramatiquement raconté*;" adding, that the end of the Atridae is more horrible, but not more *triste*. The difference is that between truth and fiction. Long time Sobieski wearily drags on that ever-lengthening chain, *son impuissante vieillesse*, amid the turmoil of civic sedition and family strife. These dissensions survive him; and, like Alexander, he bequeaths civil war and partition of power to his country and his household: *sanguine parentabitur*. "Lui mort, les portes de son palais sont outrageusement fermées à sa dépouille, et le libérateur de Vienne attend pendant trente-six ans un tombeau." His race is dispersed. His visions of hereditary succession for his sons, dislimn, dissolve, leave not a rack behind. The too charming and too foodly-beloved Mariette hies her to conceal in exile the shame, now so public, of having duped the hero's affection and betrayed his memory. On this subject, M. de Salvandy writes with generous warmth. If we ask with him, or of him rather, how it came to pass that so good and great a man as John Sobieski had his soul within him lacerated by grief; how it was that the king's home affections and his regal sway, his public life and his private life, were equally embittered, how it was that his sons grew up under his eye amid those vile debaucheries, those *lâches désordres*, which were the ruin of them; why it was that he who lived the world's envy should die in despair? the answer M. de Salvandy gives us amounts to this: that John Sobieski committed one capital error in his life, of which error that life was to be the expiation. That when he sought for, and obtained the hand of the dazzling Madame Zamoyski, her husband, that generous Zamoyski whose tenderness had raised Marie d'Arquien to the pinnacle of honour and fortune, had only been three weeks in his grave. Sobieski should have reminded himself that, surely, a woman who was so ready thus to forget and insult a man whose life had been devoted to her, was unworthy of a second attachment; that she would blight his entire existence instead of adorning and doing it honour; that she would implant in the breasts of their children the poisons which grew rank within her own; and that she would be capable of hereafter discrediting her second husband, even as she had already slighted her first.

* *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. xiv.

But if Sobieski's biographer, more in sorrow than in anger, can rebuke and remonstrate, he can also most indulgently make allowances and suggest excuses,—on this score, of all others. “*La passion aveugla Sobieski; et de tous les événements celui-là est assurément le plus digne d'excuse aux yeux du monde! Mais il est des hommes qui ont le devoir de se montrer élevés au-dessus de la foule par le caractère autant que par la fortune. Quand l'empire désordonné d'une femme peut influer sur le sort des nations, faut-il s'étonner que Dieu le châtie? . . . L'histoire bien faite serait le tableau des justices du ciel.*”

However, *tout compte fait*, as the essayist on Sobieski said in the *Journal des Débats*,† he was a great man and a “glorieux chrétien,” and, in that twofold capacity, is one of the worthiest names in modern history; and has had one piece of good fortune, after his death, which is not accorded to all great men, and for which Cæsar and Condé are still kept waiting:—he *has* his historian (in Salvandy), and, as that historian's critics are free to aver, never will have, never need have, a better.

A VISIT TO THE COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

MANY travellers have spoken in praise of the beauties of Irish scenery as compared with that which we meet with in the peaceful, calm, domestic, and highly-cultivated counties in England. The Lakes of Killarney, the harbour of Cork, the wilds of Kerry, have been often resorted to in autumn, and the beauties of each have been frequently explored and commented upon. Who that is blessed with health, strength, and the *gusto* which loves to dwell on the loveliness of nature in its wild and primitive aspects, would not willingly undergo the rough vicissitudes of walking, car travelling, stopping at country inns, and being exposed to all sorts of varieties of weather (notwithstanding its being summer), in preference to the crowded railway carriage, and the cockneyism of the most generally visited places of resort in autumn? There is an air of comfort, of sociality, of city-like routine, in the excursion trips to visit the much-frequented places of resort in England. Even those localities abroad which have been most written upon, most visited, most rhapsodied about by renowned poets and writers, and where

Nature, tortured twenty thousand ways,
Resigns herself with exemplary patience
To guide-books, tours, rhymes, sketches, illustrations,

are now so much inundated with visitors—adults, male and female, and infants—that a nook for retirement, or a secluded walk for contemplation, is what one might seek for in vain in their vicinity. I recollect stopping at Manheim, on the Rhine, after having come from the East, and

* Salvandy, *Histoire du roi Jean Sobieski*, t. ii.

† Of October 21st and November 4, 1855,—two *essais* on “Jean Sobieski.”

having passed through the north of Italy, Switzerland, and so on to the Black Forest in Germany, through Schaffhausen, and finding myself in the hotel at Mannheim, actually surrounded by English visitors. I really believe that in that long travellers' room where I dined there were not six persons, exclusive of the attendants, who were not English. Thus, I fancy that no place in the southern countries of Europe is likely to be found wholly exempt from English tourists and English felicity hunters. Also, the adjuncts for puffing off, advertising, and emblazoning the merits of the different localities, and the hotels which they boast of are so numerous, that their description would be endless. From the prince of guide-book writers, Murray, to the legions of

Imitatores servum pecus,

who follow in his wake, the well-known places are so belauded and commented upon by writers who deal in every phase of eulogium or puffs more numerous than those descanted upon in Sheridan's "Critic," that the traveller who essays to venture giving his lucubrations in their behalf might rationally fear that he should be unable to escape the charge of plagiarism. Certainly the supposition may seem rather affronting, and the idea rather ludicrous, but one can scarcely divest oneself of the thought which rises uppermost to one's mind on reading the hyperbolic comments which one sees in such numbers with reference to those places that their "praise is hymned," with the intention of heralding the hotels to the notice of the public, and that the many-tongued rumour, whose advertising medium is the press, with its all-diffusive agency, in place of the

κηρυκετ Διὸς ἄγγελος ἡδὲ καὶ ἀνθρῶν

is occupied by incessantly trumpeting forth to the tourist that the wild and sylvan solitudes which used to be left alone to nature are not unprovided with the comforts of modern enjoyment, and that the romance, which was wont to characterise mountain scenery has been chased away by the flaring hotel and its *posse comitatus*, if not by the distant whistle of the whirling engine. Such being the case with regard to the different favourite localities in Europe, it is with much diffidence that I approach the subject of a visit to the picturesque scenes in the county of Wicklow.

A good deal of allowance must be made for the exaggerated praise which has been bestowed upon the favourite rural spots in this county, which has been described, rather erroneously (I think), as the garden of Ireland. It is a tract of country embracing the most picturesque features of scenery which one meets with throughout the whole island, and having the mountains, valleys, woodlands, and rivers most beautifully disposed so as to form pleasing landscapes, the country residences of the gentry also being placed in such a series of successive arrangement as to form quite a continued category of interesting objects of attraction; but as a garden suggests the idea of produce in a most amplified extent, I do not think that the term is applicable to the county of Wicklow, its valleys, however prolific they may be, not producing any staple article which may be considered eligible for exportation more than the usual complement of corn and esculent roots, which are found elsewhere, and the feeding the cattle, which produce certainly a very excellent quality of butter, and the

sheep, which make the Wicklow mutton as much prized nearly in Ireland as the Welsh mutton is in England. To see the country to perfection, I think it is positively necessary to make a pedestrian tour of it; to stop when and where you like, to climb eminences, to talk to rustic cottagers, to watch the finest glimpses of the scenery at your leisure, to see the sun rise from the top of Sugar-loaf, the most favourable locality for the purpose throughout the county, you must thoroughly embrace the hardihood of a traveller who is blessed with the inestimable gift of health and walk. As we all know there are two hundred thousand acres, or more, situated inland of the county, which are uncultivated, when you come to any situation which is peculiarly dull and dreary, you may shorten the distance by taking one of the country cars, or you may, after having visited the chief places of attraction, return from Wicklow to Dublin by the train, which runs all along the coast, and performs the journey in an hour and a half. But to go inland to traverse the up-hill and down-dale trajet, which leads you from the Scalp to the Meeting of the Waters, and most especially not to neglect the adjacent scenes of interest, which are really the principal causes for making such a tour, you ought certainly to walk. I took the opportunity of fine weather, and made some pedestrian trips through the county.

I was quartered with my regiment at the Curragh camp—a distance of about thirty miles from Dublin—a most extensive plain, and one which has its surface thoroughly unbroken by the shelter of trees, or aught but the crossing of roads, the dwarf plantations of the gorse, called in the country *furze*, and some faint remains of the Rath, or ancient forts, which were in use with the native Irish, but which are now grown over and so much levelled by the lapse of time, that their traces are barely perceptible. To the southern side is situated what is called the camp, being a large cantonment of huts, all built of wood, and divided into a number of squares, which are distinguished by the letters of the alphabet, from A to K, and intersected by two lines of streets, the first being the road which divides the officers' huts from the squares where the men reside; the second being the road which divides the huts of the sutlers, the schools, cook-houses, stables, and guard-rooms, from the men's squares. Far apart, lying both to the north and to the south, are the huts where the general's numerous staff officers, chaplains, and heads of departments reside, and at some distance east of these the commander-in-chief's residence is situated. In the centre of the grand cantonment stand the church and chapel, men's library and some offices, officers' racket-court, together with the post-office, general school, and other public buildings, and far away from the camp to the south is the place where the slaughter of the cattle takes place, which the authorities have wisely kept aloof from the dwelling-places of the troops. It wants, to render it perfect, in my opinion, only two things; the first, a library for the officers, of an extensive kind; and for both officers and men there should be two extensive pieces of water, to enable each class to partake of the refreshing exercise of swimming in the summer months.

Near this camp, at a distance of two miles, lies the small town of Kildare, a wretched place, but celebrated for the grand round tower, which is situated by the side of a large ruined abbey, and both buildings are in an enclosure lying in the centre of the town. In the same en-

closure is the Protestant church, or rather cathedral. Of the round tower, which is very antique, and the same size as those which one usually sees in Ireland, I think the most remarkable part is that it is impracticable to reach to its summit, unless by a ladder placed outside. It would be also impossible, without breaking the stones down, to enter it, did not an oblong air-hole lie situated about ten feet from the base of the building, to which a ladder might also be laid, and one might by this means procure entrance. But the problem of "what purpose such a structure would serve for," being totally too narrow for affording a commodious dwelling-place to human beings, and besides being impervious to an entrance, and having no means of ascent, has not, I think, been satisfactorily solved, notwithstanding the ponderous tomes and the learned disquisitions which these round towers have given birth to. The granite stones are huge and massive, and it is built strongly and compactly, tapering up gradually to a height of one hundred feet, or thereabouts, and being about fifty feet at the base in circumference. Its being also situated beside a large chapel, or abbey, argues its having something to do with the religion which was prevalent in the country at the time of its building. All those which I have seen in the country are similar in their characteristics. Those which I have remarked particularly are this one at Kildare, one at Ferns, in Wexford, one at Glendalough, and one at the Seven Churches, near Athlone.

My road towards the county of Wicklow lay through Kilcullen. I accordingly took a fine day in summer for walking from the Curragh to that village, and so on to Pool-a-phoooca. The road to Kilcullen was a distance of about three miles, which was principally alongside the partition wall which divided the road from a large demesne called Castle Marten, which I learn from the country people has changed owners lately, like a great many Irish estates, having formerly belonged to the Carter family. I made a detour to the right before I reached the new town of Kilcullen to see the ruins of an old town, called Old Kilcullen, which at present presents no objects indicating its having been the site of a community except the remains of an old church, which are situated on a hill, and surrounded by a churchyard. In the plain adjacent are a few mud huts. The town of Kilcullen, which lies about a mile from this, is a pretty one for the country it is in. The Liffey runs through it, and the bridge over this river spans it in the centre of the town. After passing through it the line of country becomes very boggy and flat, and I walked through to the village of Ballitore, which is a wretched one, and afterwards entered upon a wilder country; and about six miles from Ballitore reached the place called Pool-a-phoooca, which is a romantic glen, well wooded, and, though small, a very pleasing and sequestered spot. But the chief characteristic of it is a waterfall from a height which is spanned by a stone bridge. It is formed by the waters of the Liffey. The vista from the glen below is really such as would form a beautiful vignette, but, in my humble opinion, wants grandeur, from the circumstance of the bridge which crowns it being artificial, and also forming a thoroughfare. This glen, however, is a favourite place of resort, and one, also, wholly detached from the regular beaten track of the county of Wicklow lions. I made a separate visit to it, and as it lies fifteen miles from Newbridge, I had a good day's walk in reaching it and re-

turning to the Curragh camp, which occupied me the whole of a summer's day.

The future visits which I made to the county of Wicklow I deferred until I had an opportunity of setting off from Dublin. For a rural excursion I should recommend the traveller to commence here by taking the first route to Enniskerry, which is rather more than ten miles from Dublin. By an exceedingly pretty and retired road one reaches the Scalp, which is a chasm through the solid rocky mountain, cleft as it were by a convulsion of nature, exhibiting on each side of the road rough piles of stones or the solid hewn rocks which on each side formed the interior of the mountain from which this cavern was rent. It is for wildness and curiosity a more striking picture than any of the neat-wooded artificial show-places which one meets with so frequently in this county and other parts of the United Kingdom. Thus my view was bounded on each side of the road by the rugged rocks for the continuance of more than half a mile, and after passing the Scalp I had a view of the high Sugar-loaf towering in front like a huge pyramid. The name, though city-like, is not an inappropriate one, but I learn from the writings of a celebrated antiquarian, Monck Mason, that the native Irish name was a much more poetical one, it being called, in common with its brother mount, which is adjacent, from the circumstances of their tops shining in the sun though all the country round is enveloped in mists, the "Gilt Spear." In the clear sunshine of a bright day it gave me the idea of having a likeness to the aspect of the great pyramid of Cheops, which I well recollect having visited in Egypt some years ago, and begging pardon of the authority who gives it the nomenclature of "Sugar-loaf," its shape is much more pyramidal than conical. I had this in view for two miles, and then, descending a slight hill, came upon the village of Enniskerry. I determined to linger at this very pretty rural village, to have an opportunity of seeing Sugar-loaf, the Dargle, and the Waterfall of Powerscourt, Lough Bray, and Luggielaw. To see the sun rise from Sugar-loaf of a fine morning in June, when the expansive view over the horizon embraces such an extent of hilly and wooded country, with a fine sea-view in the background, is one of the charms of the excursion to the county of Wicklow. As it was dusk when I started with a companion, it was fortunate for us that we had a beaten high-road for the first four miles of our journey until we got to Kilmacnac, and then we had to get information from a cottager as to the best route to pursue on reaching the topmost point of the highest of the two Sugar-loaves, through fields, over ditches, by long tracks of sheep-walks, and plains half-covered with stones and scanty in herbage, until we reached the base of the mountain, where it was completely dry and composed of solid stones, and then the toilsome ascent upwards began. I found this the most tiresome task of any, and though the generality of the mountain fens are covered with a thick heather which bears a dark claret-coloured blossom, this was an exception to the general rule, the heather having (during a recent conflagration which took place in the mountain during the summer season) been completely burned down. When on the summit, we certainly were repaid for our trouble. The air was sharp, and, though summer-time, piercing, but the clear sun just emerging showed us the adjacent hills most beautifully gilded—

Little Sugar-leaf, Donce, the Down Mountain, Brayhead, the calm, clear, glassy Irish Channel, like a blue lake, and the faint glimpse of the outline of the highest Welsh mountains on the other side of it. The valleys between the hills which I mentioned the names of were thickly and beautifully planted with trees and young plantations, and the corn-fields, meadows, and pastures formed an abundant assemblage of tracts bearing promise of a plenteous harvest. To view such a vista totally undisturbed is one of the charms which repays one for the trouble of the rough vicissitudes which one meets with in a country excursion. Here and there the mansion-houses of the rich proprietors peered through the intervals of the trees, and reminded you that the ample clothing which spread over the surface of nature was mostly afforded by the hand of cultivation. I was reminded of—

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
While the landscape round it measures :
Russet lawns and fallow grey
Where the nimbling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

The next place which I went to visit was the Dargle, which lies at a distance of two miles from Enniskerry. There were two interpretations of the meaning of this word : the first seemed the most obvious, being that it meant "the dark glen;" but those learned in the Irish phraseology assert that it means in Irish "the oak valley." However this may be, it is certainly a dark deep *glen*, most romantic in appearance, with a river running through its deepest recess, and most thickly planted with oak on each side. Being nearer Dublin than any of the other places of resort here, it is so constantly being visited by parties who come here, like the plebeians mentioned in "Pickwick," "to devour their food," that I need not descant upon the truly beautiful views which it affords as seen from the Fisherman's Bed, Mosshouse, Lover's Leap, and Money Hole ; but I admire the taste of the owner of a small but very neat mansion who resides near it, in having completely walled in his grounds from the "garish eye" of the *profanum vulgus* who flock from the city, but having still reserved to himself a side entrance by which he may be enabled to come into the Dargle and visit its beauties at leisure.

I turned backwards to the Bray road, and was shown a high hill on the top of which was situated a house said to be haunted. At the bottom of the hill lay the stream which ran from Dargle, augmented by the waters of another stream from Enniskerry, and immediately at the lowest base of the hill was a deep pool of the rivers which had got the name of Ralph's Hole. The house was said to have been inhabited by a man bearing that name, and this man had murdered his wife there and thrown her body into the hole or depth of waters. It is thus in this country that a wild and gloomy legend mingles with nearly every description of any place which you visit, and it is thus that the desolating ban which

follows after man since his fall imparts some of its character to every place he sojourns in,

And life abhorring gloom
Writes on his brow curst Cain's unresting doom.

I turned backward to the Dargle, and as the road through this woody and charming glen led to a spot near the entrance of Powerscourt demesne, I took the opportunity of visiting it. I certainly share in the admiration which most persons express for the Dargle, but I am never myself so enthusiastic in applauding places which are kept in an artificial manner, enclosed in gates and fences, and evidently planted by owners in the first instance. Thus, for example, the size of the oak-plantations in the Dargle show clearly that the trees are not of a very ancient growth. The demesne of Powerscourt is truly a superb one. The house is noble, with its Egyptian hall of black oak, its turrets, its numerous apartments, and the façade it presents as seen from all parts of the country. I was shown by the old Irish peasant who accompanied me here a wonderful instance of the superstition of the Irish. There was a field not far from the house, where were two marks which resembled in their hollow formation the impressions which would be made on soft ground by two heavy weights being laid upon it, lying about a foot and a half apart. These, the old peasant told me, were the marks of the knees of some zealous Roman Catholic. At the time of the rebellion of 1798, the noble viscount, then in possession of the property, which he had held in right from his ancestors, and which for several centuries had been in his family, had shown an activity in bringing the rebels to justice. The Roman Catholic had knelt and prayed that the heirs of the family should die young. This seems simply the record of a malicious and impious imprecation, but, strange to say, it is really the case that since that time no owner of that noble title has lived to the term of middle age.

I was very glad to take the first opportunity of a day, which was one of the appointed ones for visitors seeing the Waterfall, as the scenery around this cascade is really the finest which this part of the county boasts of. The fall is spoken of in Goldsmith's "*Animated Nature*" as the *highest* in the world, but when, with regard to the cascade, you say that, you say all that can be said in reference to the water, for it is certainly a very small and narrow rill, though issuing from Down Mountain downwards. It is a maze of rocks to a very great descent, being three hundred feet high. When we consider that the famous falls at Niagara, with their immense volume of waters, which, including the small islands they enclose, are a mile broad, and are only half this height, we may readily believe that the great altitude which this small rill descends from may entitle it to be called the highest of waterfalls. The precipitous rock, the wooded grounds below, and the beauteous plain skirted with thick groves, which the stream flows through, constitute the principal attractions. It is, as may be supposed, a favourite resort. It is reckoned the finest spot in an estate where there are many very fine ones, the Powerscourt property being the most beautiful demesne in this part of the country; one side of Dargle also belonging to it, and another to Lord Monck, whose ancient family is descended from the famous Duke of Albemarle. The dwelling-place of the last nobleman is at Charleville, a

mansion-house which was finished during the time of his uncle, the late Earl of Rathdowne. It is, in point of picturesque scenery, the next in order to Powerscourt. I cannot help advertg to the circumstance of the present Lord Powerscourt having granted ground to the Papists to build upon it a most superb chapel near Enniskerry. This structure now rears its head in what was the peaceful solitude of Knocksink.

The next day I fixed upon for a walk to Lough Bray. This I knew would be solely through a wild, mountainous, barren, and bleak part of the country. The rugged face of nature during my walk this day was not at all intruded upon by the cultivation of corn-fields or plantations. The different stony hills presented an uncultured and rude appearance, and though we had a walk of fully nine miles from Enniskerry, we scarcely saw any place which was indicative of its being the desirable residence of gentry till we arrived at the very picturesque but extremely wild lake called Lough Bray, where Sir Philip Crompton, the surgeon-general, had built a very charming cottage residence. To use the oft-resorted-to simile of an oasis in the desert seems now quite a platitude, but really this secluded residence is what most forcibly suggests it. The lake is dark, drear, and surrounded with gloomy hills, and this abode breaks most joyously the gloom of the surrounding objects. On our way back we encountered one of those showers which unhappily are so frequent in this hilly country, and we sought refuge in a cabin. Shortly after our having sat down, the hour for the afternoon meal came on, and the family, the inmates of this cabin, assembled for it. A board was placed on the mud floor, a large iron pot was capsized of its contents, which were a quantity of hot potatoes, and the party, consisting of the father, two sons, mother, and three small daughters, all took part in the meal. This meal consisted simply of potatoes, with a small portion of salt, which each member of the party took a handful of, and, unprovided with any other apparatus, they skinned the potatoes with their hands, and putting the skins into the iron pot for the use of the pigs, ate the potatoes with the salt. What do men mean in attributing the superior strength and stamina of the English peasantry to their eating beef or butcher's meat, when here (as well as in the Highlands of Scotland, I am informed) one meets with a strong and hardy race who seldom touch it? They are, in fact, unable to indulge in it. Their means do not permit their paying for butcher's meat. These poor unsophisticated creatures, whom it is the mode so much to abuse and to censure for their slovenly habits and want of cleanliness, are certainly open to the charges of both, but, considering their imperfect means of education and their extreme poverty, I think every one must allow that they exhibit a wonderful degree of intelligence. The presence of the wealthy stranger is a very strong temptation to them to urge them to impose and to use much deceit in making their opportunities of selling their wares, and they doubtless avail themselves of such temptations; still the facilities afforded to them by a false creed and neglected training for falling into error should always be taken into consideration in estimating their character. I think that, however short they may fall in civilisation as compared with their fellow-subjects in Great Britain, they are gradually improving, and that every day brings a visible mark of their assimilating to the habits of their brethren over the water. Thus the fairs which brought on their scenes of riot and drunkenness are

now meetings for business; the patterns are falling fast into desuetude; the faction fights have ceased, and are no longer aught but

A tale of the times of old,
A story of the deeds of the days of other years.

The keeners, with their dreadful howling lamentation, find place no longer, and both youths and maidens throughout the country seem to have no lack of employment.

The day after our visit to Longh Bray I went on an excursion to Luggelaw, which is a lake situated in the heart of the mountains, and previous to its being made the residence of a gentleman, who was at pains to plant with young trees the valley leading to it, as also the mountain sides which surround it, must have really merited the name which it bears, the meaning of which is the Lake of Death, for a more gloomy and dark-looking piece of water on a small scale I have never seen. The woody scenery, however, here takes away from the extreme wildness, and imparts a much more picturesque character to the view as seen from the water. I rowed over it, and I thought that for lake scenery it is, perhaps, the prettiest object which one meets with in the county of Wicklow. But still it is very small, and the mountains around it, though wild-looking, are low.

The boatman was loud in his praises of the place, and, like a great many of the people whom one meets here, he seemed to think that there was no paradise on earth to equal the county of Wicklow.

I was determined to start very early on one of the most promising days which the season afforded, in order to walk to the Seven Churches and Glendalough, which is a distance of fully fifteen miles from Enniskerry. My road lay up the hill towards Tinnehinch, then downwards to a very interesting-looking dwelling-house, which lies by the stream, and which is situated in a well-wooded estate. It was formerly the property of the great Henry Grattan, who was so celebrated for his oratory and his efforts in the cause of Ireland. Seen from the bridge which crosses the stream, the house and plantations form a very pretty picture. After this I passed the no less beautiful grounds and plantations of Charleville, and ascending another hill, passed the glebe-house and Ballynornen, all localities of which the situation and beauty of the surrounding woods arrest the attention. When I got to the top of the hill I had a more open country, and my back view of Charleville and Powerscourt demesne was really superb. Here I was obliged to ask a countryman for directions as to pursuing the journey. The accent and address of these country people differ as much from those of the English peasantry as it is possible to fancy any two people who speak the same language to differ. Though they do not either mutilate the words or elip the grammar, they still utter the sounds in a tone which Fielding describes as a "howl which is scarcely human," a hideous unearthly brogue, which is varied in all sorts of cacophonous modifications, according to the different counties you hear it spoken in. In addition to this, in place of a dry, common-place reply to a simple question, you are treated to a long palaver, accompanied with an abundance of discursive remarks, partly witty and partly absurd. I must say that I have invariably found among them, however, an obliging wish to render every assistance. This, I think, is evinced by the alacrity

shown by the country people with whom one is thrown in contact during these rambles. Thus, I was directed on this occasion to traverse the long hill which lies near the base of Douce Mountain, and which reaches for at least three miles. How beautiful, clear, and charming was the day, unbroken by a cloud, or aught to dim the serenity of the clear ether. When there are no very striking objects to occupy the sight, I frequently, on a long country walk, take a book, and find I can read as I move along. I was told by a great student, who was also a very good scholar, that when he went out fishing in the country, he—when a young man in college—used to take two or three of the leaves of the book he was engaged in mastering with him and read them, pondering leisurely as he proceeded along by the banks of the river. He said that he invariably found that he could make himself, by this means, easily master of the contents. I know not whether this may be a good method to pursue with regard to abstract or difficult studies, but for the purpose of becoming acquainted with the contents of the *Times* newspaper it is, certainly, very agreeable to carry a copy in one's pocket and read it as one goes along. Whatever be the name of the mysterious editor who concocts his diurnal treat of information and intellectual disquisition, I am frequently indebted to him for providing me a never-failing store of the *pabulum animi*. What never-ceasing power of mental lucubration must he possess, who produces continually this ephemeral composition, bearing upon the topics of most absorbing interest, invested by him with the genius of Junius without his malignancy, and the amusing raciness of Macaulay without his inaccuracy. After I had passed the long hill I went on to Roundtown, and after passing this there was no scenery of a peculiar or interesting character till I got to Larragh, which is a village once very wild, where the government had erected a barrack, which has since been converted into a mill, and lies by the bank of a running stream. The character of wildness, which is principally what strikes one on entering the range of hills in this county, is greatly modified by the different residences, the hotels, the churches, chapels, and the diversity of woodland plantation, which is seen both here in the village and on the hills opposite. I remarked a very handsome estate, planted by, and occupied by, a Mr. Frizel. No fewer than three large inns: one at Annamoe, one at Larragh, and one at the Seven Churches, are situated in the neighbourhood. There is also a small inn at Glendalough. From Larragh to the Seven Churches was a short walk. The first of the ruined churches stood by the high road, about a quarter of a mile from the round tower, and was completely covered over with shrubs. It was, like all these ruins, a very small edifice.

On first entering the precincts of the enclosure which contains the ruins of the next three, you come to a large arch of huge stone quite in ruin; you pass onward, and a short distance to your right is a large round tower, exactly similar to the one at Kildare, with a burying-ground around it, and a huge stone cross; then further, on the left, are a cathedral, the only large-sized church in the whole collection, and, near it, one called St. Kevin's Kitchen, which is small and dark. It was situated fully two miles from the saint's bed, and whether intended for a kitchen or a place of meeting, was certainly of very confined limits. Another church, the fourth which I saw, was between the round tower and

the stream which issued from the lake. And, with regard to the other three, the few stones which lie near a small waterfall, which is situated in a wood which bounds the east side of the lesser lake, indicates the remains of a building of some kind, and the two other are said to have stood, *one* on the opposite mountain-side to that on which St. Kevin's bed is situated, and the other in a valley where now a mine is being worked. This valley lies on the other side of the hill from that which overlooks the oft-mentioned "lake, whose gloomy shore skylark never warbles o'er." But no traces scarcely of the three last-mentioned churches, save only a few stones, are now left remaining. With regard to the hills in their barren loneliness, and their air of secluded gloom, they are certainly most interesting-looking, but they are of no height; and the lakes are both so diminutive, that they scarcely deserve the name of such. To finish off my day's excursion, I went into the cave or hole in the rock which beetles over the larger lake, and it certainly is a perilous-looking position as seen from below, but when one does not direct one's eyes downwards one's nerves do not suffer. The cave is called here St. Kevin's Bed. I was reminded frequently in considering the scene of loneliness, and also the extremely small size of these different churches, in the wilds of these Wicklow hills, of the hermitages and small chapels which one sees so frequently in Greece, where the votaries of the patriarchal religion have invariably chosen a site which is quite apart from the habitations of man for the celebration of their worship; and the idea which is so ably put forth and enlarged upon by the writer of "*The Ancient Religion of the old Irish Saints*," that the first Christians who settled in Ireland and preached the religion of the blessed Redeemer were not Papists, but of the pure Apostolic Church, was forced upon my mind by reflecting that the choice of such localities and their extremely scanty accommodation were wholly incongruous to the ostentation and repugnant to the general love of display and desire for gathering crowds which distinguishes the Roman Catholic religion.

I was very glad to have an opportunity of seeing the very handsome residence and beautiful grounds of Glanmore, the seat of an ancient family, the Synges. The castle is distant from the Seven Churches eight miles. It is on high ground, which stands over the river, and is surrounded with every sort of the most luxuriant evergreen—the noble mansion peering through the varied foliage. The grounds and gardens, an extensive range lying on the opposite side from the glen, which is here universally called the Devil's Glen, make it, as a baronial site and picturesque locality, the gem of residences in the country. I heard from every one that the goodness shown to the poor by the owner of the domain, and by his sisters, was most laudable to their character as Christians, and their hospitality to all those who have had the advantage of their acquaintance must endear them to the rich also. From the opposite side of the glen to that on which their house stands, I arrived at the entrance to the road which takes one through the glen upwards to a waterfall, which is situated two miles from the first gate. The way to the first entrance lies through a thick wood of evergreens; you then leave your car or conveyance at the gate, and walk alongside the river, and on the way are presented with every phase that you can imagine of

river, rock, and woodland scenery combined : the mountain on each side, either rugged with moss and lichen or studded with oak-trees; the river, either peacefully flowing in its deep placid stillness,

οτε πορφέρει πέλαγος μέγα κύματι κωφῷ,

or brawling through huge immovable stones; the trees, of every sort and foliage, some standing on the ridges of the rocks, some forming an awning to your path, and some overhanging the stream. Through this beautiful sylvan dale you walk till you arrive at another gate; after passing this you lose sight of the river, and ascend a hill, from whose top you have a view of the source of the stream, which has its commencement in a rocky waterfall, bursting from the mountains which bound your prospect. Not in all the country round is such a unique picture of beauty as the Devil's Glen. I bid adieu to the lovely place and its hospitable proprietor, not before I had, however, taken some excursions in the demesne, and seen with admiration the numerous sites from which a view of the majestic glen can be obtained to advantage. I was struck by the great number of groves of evergreens in which the place abounds : huge laurels, which must have been the growth of nearly a century ; evergreen oaks, in their great richness of branching, whose foliage reminds one of the olive. The owner has charitably established, at his own cost, in the mountains which adjoin his extensive demesne, a shop, which strikes one with wonder, being a collection of the choice assortment of goods which are such as one could only find in a large town. This shop is fitted out with great neatness, and consigned to the charge of a tenant who, doubtless, was the first vendor in such a place of the highly-prized but necessary commodities which the mountaineers are now enabled to procure without moving far from their remote habitations. The owner of the estate also himself repairs to different cottages in the neighbourhood, and holds prayer-meetings during the week, and he and his sisters pay the greatest attention to regulating the schools and the comfort of the peasantry. Such an example as they show, were it imitated throughout the country, it would cease to be called unhappy Ireland.

I determined to take the first opportunity of visiting Wicklow for the purpose of making an excursion to the Meeting of the Waters, or the Vale of Avoca. This place I went to on a car, it being at a considerable distance from Wicklow. The vale is truly lovely. The Devil's Glen is matchless for rock, river, and woodland scenery, the Seven Churches and Glendalough for wildness, but this Vale of Avoca for its peaceful loveliness. Certainly I do not wonder at Moore's apostrophe in praise of it, which is so often quoted. The demesne of Castle Howard, and the river which lies beneath it, seem to me to be the most charming of all its localities. On one side the valley is so well wooded, and the different mansions of the gentry show to such advantage through the woods, that you imagine yourself to be in a much more civilised portion of the world than you would suppose yourself in from your impressions of the dreary mountains of Glendalough. This also is crossed by the coach-road, which leads to Wicklow, so it is not altogether a sequestered lane ; indeed, there are few such to be met with now.

I left Wicklow soon after this for Bray, which has now become quite an extensive place, and, thanks to Mr. Dargan's improvements, a great resort for fashionable people. I went there with the intention of taking some country walks in the neighbourhood. My first was to visit the demesne of Kilruddery, famed in the old song :

In seventeen hundred and seventy-four,
On the 6th of December, I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We set off from Kilruddery in search of a fox.

It was very interesting from its antiquity, and one of the finest views in the country is presented of it from Windgates, a small hamlet three miles from Bray, where you have a prospect of the whole of the Little Sugar-loaf and the demesne in the foreground, and the sea, Bray, Killiney, Dalkey are in the distance. It is one of the residences of the old noble families. Farther on I crossed the hills and lands of Temple Carrigh, and arrived by the cross-road to that which leads to the Glen of the Downs. The oak-tree, which is seen to grow more abundantly in this part of the country than anywhere else in Ireland, is here to be viewed in great perfection. A road, running through a vast glen for a distance of one mile or more, and which, from its margin up to the lofty tops of the heights on each side in gradual ascent of about three hundred feet, save where it is here and there broken by large granite stones, is one complete mass of oak plantation, where the trees of every age and size, form on the mountain's surface on each side a thick and almost impervious grove, continued in compactness from its opening to its close. In summer, the vast sheet of green foliage delights the eye with its freshness; in winter, the naked, rugged forest reveals the entrance to holes in the rocks and other innumerable hiding-places, where one might fancy such a host as that evoked by Roderick Dhu in the "*Lady of the Lake*" might find easily their hiding-places.

All this vast and lordly demesne is the property of a gentleman, one whose family have been residents for more than a century. They are connected with several noble families in Dublin. I was told an anecdote of this family by a resident in Dublin, who, in pointing to their name as exhibited in a small church standing on their grounds, informed me that it was "true of one branch, that they owed their greatness to bank-notes." He said that such was the ignorance of the Irish rebels during the time of the outbreak in 1798, that, on one occasion, a body of them, which had lain concealed in some of the numerous ambuscades which are so readily to be found in the caves and mountains of Wicklow, had issued from their lair a short time previous to the passing of the mail coach from Dublin to Wexford; that their first step was to stop the coach and take down the luggage which was piled upon it, and their next to examine it; that they found a box, which, on breaking open, they discovered to contain bank-notes from the firm of La Touche and Co.; that their wrath at hearing the name of the banker read out by one of their number was such, that, lighting a match, they set fire to this pile of notes, saying, that "the rascally Sassanach whose name was on the notes should suffer." This conflagration was

much to the discomfiture of the agent who was on the coach, and who had just received the notes from the firm, but eventually, of course, a wonderful boon to the banker. Sir J. Hodson's is also a very pretty place, near Bray, and further on from Newtown, Mount Kennedy is an extensively wooded and fine demesne, called Dunran, from which place I obtained a beautiful view of the Murrough of Wicklow, stretched as it was between a short arm of the sea and the Irish Channel, a vast common, on which now a railroad station and its attendant hotel are built. I saw also, in the distance, Wicklow Head, on which stands an old ruin, a castle, called, with great propriety of nomenclature, the Black Castle, built by William Fitzgerald in the year 1375.

The next excursion which I made from Bray was by the train to Kilcool, a small secluded station on the Wicklow line. I wished to have an opportunity of seeing the line of country which the railroad runs through, and the very wonderful circuit which it performs round the precipitous cliff of Bray Head. The train for the first mile ran beside the flat beach. After that, the cut takes place in the solid rock, and winds round its side. Beneath you, on the left-hand side, is the vast sea, and above you a dry barren hill, quite rocky and precipitous, and in some few places grown over with heather. Two long tunnels are excavated in the solid rock, and after a winding course, always keeping the sea immediately beneath you, you descend to a flat level country gradually, and lose the near view of the Sugar-Loaves and upland scenery. From the base of Bray Head downwards there is a gradual inclined plane, which is about a mile and a half in length. I felt very much the truth of what is said by some clever tourist in Ireland with regard to the scenes in the county of Wicklow. There are really as many pleasing sites for viewing nature, and as many pretty and picturesque scenes throughout the country as you may find in a river trip on the Rhine, or in other journeys through Europe; but the tameness of the circumstance of making your autumn tour so near home hinders many from visiting this county. When I got to the next railway station from Bray, I determined to walk to the place where I had decided upon bathing. Just a little past the station I rambled into the country and saw the different gentlemen's places, both those belonging to old landed proprietors and those also which were lately taken by the rich Dublin merchants, which last had in many instances supplanted their more aristocratic brethren. The bathing-place of Grey-stones is a pleasant summer residence, and nowhere near Dublin is there a place more enjoyable for bathing. I also remarked near Kilcool a handsome Elizabethan mansion, nicely planted, which has been taken lately by a gentleman of large property. It was built by a Mr. Nyams. It struck me as the prettiest. Farther to the interior are several fine places: Woodstock and Ballygammon, the former of whose woods one has a distant view of in taking the path which lies by the sea, along which the railroad runs to Kilcool. It seems extraordinary that the railroad directors had not managed to cut the line through the interior of the country, where the communication between Dublin and Wicklow is much nearer than in the line which they have chosen round Bray Head; but I heard that they had been allowed by the present Lord Meath to cut through the mountain, and to run the line round it, for

nothing, whereas the charge of running through the estate would have been enormous. When I had proceeded along the shore for some distance, I got to some rocks, and, undressing, jumped into the sea. I like not the general resort of bathing-places situated near a city, where numbers of persons frequent, and make the water muddy. I like the clear, pure, deep, serene water, where one can stay in long and swim about unobserved. To take the pleasantest of summer exercises,

The purest exercise of health,
The kind refresher of the summer heats,

these remote localities by the rocks are truly desirable. To swim about in the clear sunshiny waters, to lie on your back on the water, watching the clear, blue, uncloudy sky, is a charm which citizens, and those who herd in the sojourns so much frequented by tourists in summer, have little idea of. How healthful, how pleasing, how invigorating and refreshing, is the sea-bathing such as I describe. I know not whether it is generally known, but it is no less a fact, that lying backwards on the water, with your ears under it, you cannot sink. Of course, of a stormy day, when the surge is high, you might by chance be nearly stunned by the force of the water dashing over you, but unless you lose your presence of mind and begin to struggle you do not sink. I recollect a very tragical occurrence happening in the harbour of Corfu, in the Mediterranean, near a spot where I had myself been swimming the very same day. Three soldiers had gone out in the afternoon of that day to swim; one of them was lying on his back in the water, and his companions were swimming near him. Suddenly they missed sight of him, and swimming up to the place where he had been, they found it tinged with blood. At some few yards' distance was a steamer lying-to, and they swam up to it and called out to the sailors on board to let them up. These last told them to come up to the fore-castle of the ship. The soldiers did so, and when they got up and were on board, they told the ship's crew all they had seen of their comrade having been missed from the surface of the waters, and that the waters had been tinged with blood. The circumstances of the case left no doubt upon the minds of all that the poor soldier had been carried off by a shark, and some short time afterwards, on the waters having been dragged, they drew up his body, with one arm off it, which had been no doubt severed from his body by the shark, or by some other ravenous fish. I thought then of the merciful warnings which an Almighty Providence is frequently vouchsafing to inculcate upon us the lesson of the uncertainty with which we hold the tenure of our existence. Every day serves to prove the truth of this, and yet it is only when the feelings are shocked by such events occasionally that it is forced upon our notice.

My return to Dublin in the train was not marked by much of incident. It appeared to me that Bray had quite ceased to be a country residence, and that the strand was so much built upon, and the hotels were so extensive, that if any person who had known it in former days were to return now to it, he would not see a trace of what it had been. Of Dublin, so much has been written, that the subject would not, I think, interest the general reader. The present viceroy is good-tempered, kind, and benevolent, and from his being so liberal in his sentiments, so accomplished in his

literary talents and acquirements, and so happy in oratory, both in public and in private, is deserving of great popularity there. No one can help noticing the breadth of the principal streets, the vast size of the squares, and the striking architecture of the principal buildings in Dublin. Of the statues they have nothing to boast; the one last erected, a pedestrian statue of Moore, the great lyric poet, is devoid of grace or dignity in its attitude, and is placed on a low pedestal. King William—an equestrian statue in a prominent part of the town—is seated on a horse whose legs are out of due proportion. The best statue in the city is one of Nelson, who stands, leaning on a sword, at the top of a high pillar. There are, certainly, two other equestrian statues, but they are not seen much of by the public: one being in the Mansion House gardens, and the other in the centre of a very large square called St. Stephen's Green. But, unhappily, it could (as an emporium for trade) never, I think, hope to compete with some other seaports. The entrance to the harbour is completely barred for a ship of any considerable size, except at high water; and I cannot help thinking that this impediment to the progress of commerce has tended to deaden the enterprise of the Dublin traders during past years. However, the harbour of Kingstown, which is five miles off, is, for an artificial work, one of the most wonderful specimens of modern improvement. This last place has become a regular *West-end* resort for the wealthy of Dublin. During summer it is quite crowded, and what with its facilities for bathing, yachting, and the military bands which go there several times during the week from Dublin, it is a regular scene of gaiety. The trains pass between the two places every half-hour in the day, and when there is a regatta much oftener. It is an instance of a town having risen to greatness in a few years, as many of the old inhabitants in Dublin recollect when there was not more than a dozen houses in it, and now it comprises numerous series of terraces, streets, and avenues, which contain some very splendid houses. There are several large churches and chapels; and the increasing number of houses which are being built evince the fact of the situation being highly eligible for habitation.

The county of Wicklow was described some time ago by a writer in *Blackwood* as the "Eden of the Land." This I suppose to bear reference to the beauty of its landscapes and the genial disposition of its inhabitants. There seems to be no part of the eastern and southern provinces of that island where the population is more generally composed of Protestants than in this county. It is pleasing to see their regular attendance at church, and their honesty and good conduct are so remarkable that such an occurrence as a theft or an outrage, either in the small villages or throughout the whole district, is seldom heard of.

STEREOSCOPIC GLIMPSES.

BY W. CHARLES KENT.

XVII.—THOMSON AT RICHMOND.

A SOUTHERN fruit-wall basking in the sun,
 Where apriots and peaches
 Among the green leaves burn, and where towards one
 A loiterer's hand up-reaches !
 A pearly peach, its plump cheek all a-glow
 With flush of latent juices—
 Warm, luscious velvet to the touch, whence flow
 Rare hints to sweetest uses—
 Mellifluous promptings to a thirsting bite
 Through cool nectarious blisses,
 Where brim to lips, as erstwhile blushed to sight,
 The sunbeam's ripening kisses !
 And he, that Sybarite with sensuous soul—
 Voluptuous but not vicious—
 To whom the whole world's but one peach, the whole,
 To every sense delicious !
 That sauntering dreamer in loose morning-gown—
 (Cream ehintz with sprigs of roses)—
 A careless robe that, when asunder blown,
 Cool slippered feet discloses :
 Within the loving hollow of whose palm,
 The half-eaten peach yet lying,
 With autumn draughts as of ambrosial balm
 Seem's life's brimmed cup supplying.
 A kindly, comely, plump-fed, rosy bard,
 From out whose blue-eyed glances,
 While beams the effluence of thought's calm regard,
 Wit's frolic humour dances.
 A linen kerchief round his smooth-shorn pate,
 Twined like a careless turban—
 He lacks (poor Moslem !) even one lonely mate
 To haunt that home suburban.
 As closely to his heart as Adam's, cleave
 Earth's beauteous revelations ;
 Complete in all save that no later Eve
 Here crowns God's fair creations.
 Breast-high beside the outer path-line, here,
 Where lingering feet yet travel,
 Like flowering eorn, the sweet-breath'd lavender
 With slate-blue walls the gravel.

Beyond the inner box, sweet herbs and flowers—

There pansies, there carnations;

With mint and thyme that, nursed by rays and showers,
Yield odorous exhalations.

Where yonder wall-trained cherry-trees unfold

Smooth boughs that upwards clamber,

Luxuriant roses o'er the unctuous mould

Strow damask, blush, and amber:

Rich lumps of blossoms that, on sultry eves,

At crush of distant thunder,

Seem thrilling first through all their wealth of leaves,

Then slowly drop asunder.

Between which prickly bushes, whose sweet blooms

All others lowlier render,

Plants, rarely touched with summer's spent perfumes,

There flaunt their autumn splendour.

The tiger-lily, with curled tromps of gold

Around its green stalk drooping:

Blood-streaked convolvulus, with ringlet's hold

Reluctant branches grouping:

In clustering shafts, slim golden rods—and blue,

Dark monkshood, flowering grimly—

And hollyhocks, bright-ringed with every hue,

In serried ranks ranged trimly.

Such glimpses caught from Eden's lavish dyes,

Round yonder bard assembling

In verdant pomp, through his delighted eyes

Full on his soul are trembling.

He yearns, through every colour, form, and sound

Earth's glories are revealing,

To chant that boundless Power that strows around

A love past all concealing.

One Prayer to Heaven, the rapture of his verse—

(God's altar—all Creation!)

Like vocal incense burnt, shall aye rehearse

Man's love and adoration.

One votive wreath those reverent hands will twine,

Shall veil that life's poor treasons—

A chaplet woven from every bloom divine,

Culled fresh from all The Seasons.

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE NINTH.

I.

HOW A PORTFOLIO WAS UPSET IN ST. JAMES'S-STREET.

"OH, mamma, she is such a sweetly pretty girl, and Ashton is so abominably stupid, he must have knocked them down on purpose. Open the door, Colonel Sabretasche, and let me out. It is no use telling me not—I will!"

With which enunciation of her own self-will the Hon. Violet Molyneux sprang to the ground in the middle of St. James's-street, just opposite the bay-window, to the unspeakable horror of her mother, and the excessive amusement of De Vigne and Sabretasche, who were driving in the Molyneux barouche. One of the powdered, white-wanded, six-foot-high plushes that swayed to and fro at the back of the carriage, having dismounted at some order of his mistress's, had happened to push, as those noble and stately creatures are given to pushing every plebeian peripatetic, against a young girl passing on the pavement. The girl had with her a portfolio of pictures, which the abrupt rencontre with Mr. Ashton sent out of her grasp, scattering its contents to the four winds of heaven, and to jump down to apologise was the work of a second with that perfectly courteous, but, according to her mamma and her female friends, much too impulsive and unconventional young beauty the Hon. Violet, whose fatal lessons, learnt on the wild moorlands and among the fragrant woods of her beloved Corallyne, the aristocratic experiences of her single season had been sadly unable to unteach her.

"Ashton, how can you be so careless? Pick those drawings up immediately and very carefully," said the young beauty, looking immeasurably severe and dignified. Then turning to the young girl, she apologised with her polished courtesy and her beaming smile for the accident her servant had caused, while Ashton, in disgusting violence to his own feelings, was compelled to bend his stately form, and even to so far fall from his pedestal of powdered propriety and flunkeyism grandeur as to run—yes, absolutely run—after one of the sketches, which, wafted by a little breeze that must have been that mischievous imp Puck himself, ambled gently and tantalisingly down the street, leading poor Ashton chasing after it. The young girl thanked her with as bright a smile as Violet's, and votes were divided among the men in the club windows as to which of the two was the most charming, though the one was a fashionable belle with every adjunct of taste and dress, and the other an unprotected little thing walking with a woman-servant in St. James's-street; an artist, probably, only she was too young, or a governess—no! she was too distinguée. She took her portfolio—by this time we in the clubs were all looking on, heartily amused, and Sabretasche

and De Vigne were picking up the pictures with much more diligence than the grandiose Ashton—thanked Violet with a low graceful bow, and was passing on, when she looked up at De Vigne. Her lips parted, her eyes darkened, her face brightened with ecstatic delight. She stood still a minute, then she came back: "Sir Folko!" But De Vigne neither saw nor heard her, his foot was on the step of the barouche. Ashton shut the door with a clang, swung himself up on the footboard, and the carriage rolled away into Pall-Mall.

"Violet, Violet! how you forget yourself, my love," whispered Lady Molyneux, scandalised and horror-stricken. "I wish you would not be quite so impulsive. All the gentlemen in White's are staring at you."

"Let them stare, mamma, dear," laughed Violet, merrily. "It is a very innocent amusement, it gives them a great deal of pleasure and does me no harm. What glorious blue eyes that girl had, and such hair—real true gold, there is no colour like it. You should laud me for my magnanimity in praising another girl so pretty."

"For magnanimity in that line is not a virtue of your sex," said De Vigne.

"You cynical man! I don't see why it should not be."

"Don't you? Did you, on your honour, then, fair lady, ever speak well of a rival?"

"I never had one."

"You never could," whispered Sahretasche, bending forward to tuck the tiger-skin over her.

"But supposing you had?" persisted De Vigne.

"I hope I should be above maligning her; but I am afraid to think how I should hate her."

She spoke with such unnecessary vehemence, that her mother and De Vigne stared. Violet's eyes met the Colonel's; her colour rose, and he, incongruously enough, turned his head away and sighed.

"If Miss Molyneux treats the visionary things of life so earnestly, what will she do when she comes to the realities?" laughed De Vigne.

Lady Molyneux sighed; on occasions she would play at tender maternity, but it did not sit well upon her.

"Ah! Major de Vigne, if we did not find some armour besides our own strength in our life pilgrimage, few of us women would be able to endure to the end of the *Via Dolorosa*."

"True," said De Vigne, with that sarcasm now grafted in him almost as his second nature. "Britomart soon finds a huckler studded with the diamonds of a good dower, or stiffened with the parchment-skins of handsome settlements; and, tender and gentle as she looks, manages to go through the skirmish very unscathed by dint of the vizor she keeps down so wisely, and the sharp lance of the tongue she keeps always in rest against friend and foe."

"What thrusts of the spear you deserve, Major de Vigne; you are worse than your friend, and he is had enough!" cried Violet, looking rather lovingly, however, on the Colonel, despite his errors. "I am sure if we women do take to lance and vizor, it is only in self-defence, for you would pierce us with your flint-headed arrows of sarcasm if you could find a hole in our armour."

"But here and there is a woman who unhorses us at once, and on

whom it is a shame to draw our swords. Agnes Hotots are very rare, but when we do find them, Ringsdale is safe to go down before them," said Sabretasche, with his half-mournful, half-amused, wholly eloquent glance.

"I should think you have both of you been conquered or imprisoned some time or other by some Cynisca or Maria de Jesu, whom you cannot forgive, that makes you so bitter upon us all!" laughed Violet.

She said it in the gay innocence of her heart! De Vigne had been in India so long, she had not as yet heard his history. Both he and Sabretasche were silent. Violet instinctively felt that she had trodden on dangerous ground; but they had all of them the easy tact and calm impossibility of *dérèglement* natural in all good society—and De Vigne laughed, though a curse would have been better in unison with his thoughts.

"Miss Molyneux, with all due deference to your sex, there are few men of our age, I fear, who, if they told you the truth, would not have to confess having found more Blanche Armorys and Becky Sharpes than Artemisias or Antonia Flaxillas. Those warm and charming feelings with which you young ladies start fresh in life have a knack of disappearing in the atmosphere of society, as gold disappears melted and swallowed up in *aqua regia*."

"Will you let your pure gold be lost in De Vigne's metaphorical *aqua regia*?" whispered the Colonel, half smiling, half sadly, as he handed her out.

"Never!"

"You mean it now, but—Well, we shall see!" And Sabretasche led her up the steps with his low, careless laugh. "When you are Madame la Princesse d'Hauteclair, or her Grace of Honiton, perhaps you will not smile so kindly on your old friends!"

She turned pale; her large eyes filled with unshed tears. She thought of the violets she had given him a few days before.

"You are unkind and unjust, Colonel Sabretasche," she said, haughtily. "What use was it pretending to wish me to tell you all I think and mean, if you disbelieve me when I do so? I thought you more kind, more true——"

"I am neither," said Sabretasche, abruptly for that ultra suave and tender squire of dames. "Ask your mamma for my character, and believe what she will tell you. I would rather you erred in thinking too ill—though that people would say is impossible—than too well of me."

"I could never think ill of you——" began Violet, vehemently.

"You would be wrong, then," said Sabretasche, so gravely, that Violet, who had only seen him a gay nonchalant man of art and fashion, was for the moment awed.

Just then her mother and De Vigne entered, and the Colonel, with his light laugh, turned round to them with some gay jest. Violet could not rally quite so quickly.

That night, at a *loo* party at Sabretasche's house, De Vigne and I told the other fellows of Violet's impulsive action in St. James's-street; at which they all laughed heartily, of course, except the Colonel, who went on with his game in impassive silence.

"She's a great deal too impulsive; it's horrid bad ton," yawned little Lord Killtime, an utterly blasé gentleman of nineteen.

"I like it," said Curly. "It's a wonderful treat now-a-days to see a girl natural and pretty en même temps."

"She is very lovely, there is no doubt about that," said De Vigne. "I dare say they mean to set her up high in the market. Her mother is trying hard for Regalia."

"He's a lost man, then," said Wyndham, who had cut the Lower House and Red Tape for the lighter loves of Pam and Miss. "I never knew the Molyneux, senior, make hard running after any fellow but what she finished him (she's retreated into the bosom of the Church now, and puts up with portly bishops and handsome popular preachers. Women often do when they get passées; the Church is not so difficile as the laity, I presume); but ten or less years ago I vow it was dangerous to come within the signal of her fan, she'd such a clever way of setting at you, and obliging you to make love to her."

"Jockey Jack didn't care," laughed St. Lys, of the Eleventh. "Well! her daughter's no manœuvrer; she's a nice, natural, animated creature; by George, it's worth a guinea a turn to waltz with her."

"Natural!" sneered Vane Castleton, the youngest son of his Grace of Tiara, the worst of all those by no means incorruptible and very far from stainless pillars of the state, the "Castleton family." "Forward, you mean! By Heaven! I never came across so bold, off-hand, spirited a young filly."

Sabretasche looked up, anger in his languid, tired eyes.

"Permit me to differ from you, Castleton. Your remark, I must say, is as much signalised by knowledge of character and penetration as it is by delicacy and elegance of phraseology! Young fellows like Killtime *may* make such mistakes of judgment; we who know the world should be wiser."

De Vigne, sitting next him, looked up and raised his eyebrows at the Colonel's unusual interference and warmth.

"Et tu, Brute?"

Sabretasche understood, and gave him an admonitory kick under the table, with the faintest of flushes on his forehead.

"Whose portrait is that, Sabretasche?" asked De Vigne, to stop Vane Castleton's tongue, pointing to a portrait over the mantelpiece in the inner drawing-room, where we were playing; the portrait of a very pretty woman, with exquisite golden hair, and a brilliant, beaming, happy face.

"My mother, when she was twenty. Didn't you know it? It was taken just before she married. I believe it was an exact likeness. I don't remember her. She was thrown from her horse, riding on the Corso, when I was a little fellow."

"It reminds me of somebody—I cannot think of whom," said De Vigne. "I beg your pardon, I take 'miss.'"

"Why will you talk through the game?" said I. "Don't you think the picture is like that girl who occasioned Violet's championship this morning? That's whom you are thinking of, I dare say."

"Who's talking now, I wonder!" said De Vigne. "Hearts trumps? I did not notice that girl; I was too amused to see Miss Molyneux. No, it is somebody else, but who, I cannot think, for the life of me."

"Nor can I help you," said Sabretasche, "for there is not a creature

related to my mother living. But now Arthur mentions it, that little girl was not unlike her; at least, I fancy she had the same coloured hair; that often makes a fancied resemblance. A propos of likenesses, there will be a very pretty picture of Lady Geraldine Ormsby in the Exhibition this year. I saw it, half finished, at Maclise's yesterday."

"Why don't you exhibit, Sabretasche?" said Wyndham. "You paint a deuced deal better than half those Fellows and Associates!"

"Bien obligé!" cried the Colonel. "I should be particularly sorry to hang up my pets off my easel to be put level with people's boots, or high above their possible vision, or—if honoured with the 'second row'—be flanked by shocking red-haired pre-Raphaelite angels and staring portraits of gentlemen in militia uniform, and criticised by a crowd of would-be cognoscente and dilettante cockneys, with a catalogue in their hand and Ruskin rules in their mind, who go into ecstasies over Millais's great, glaring, wide-mouthed monstrosities, and cottage scenes with all Teniers's vulgarities, and none of Teniers's redeeming talent. Exhibit my pictures? The fates forefend! Wyndham, help yourself to that Chablis, and, De Vigne, there is some of our pet Madeira. How sorry I am Madeira now grows graves instead of grapes! Nonsense! Don't any of you think of going yet. Let us sit down again for a few more rounds."

We did, and we played till the raw February dawn was growing grey in the streets, the guineas, jingling merrily in the pool, changing their owners quick as lightning, while we laughed and talked over Sabretasche's splendid wines and liqueurs—laughs that might have jarred on Violet's refined ears, and talk that might have made her young heart heavy, coming from her hero's lips. But when we were gone, and the wine carafes were emptied and the fire burning low, the master of that exquisite Park-lane temple to Epicurus and Aristippus sat before the dying embers with his dog's head upon his knee, and thought:

"What a fool I am! With every one of the agréments of life, I am tired of it. Women, wine, cards, art, music, high play—are they all losing their enchantment for me? Are my rose-leaves beginning to lose their scent, and crumble under me? That girl—child she is to me—has been the only one who has had penetration enough to see that the bal masqué has ceased its charm for me. She reads me truer than all of them. She will believe no ill of me. She almost makes me wish there were no ill for her to believe! Poor Violet! she fancies me 'kind' and 'true.' Shall she be the first woman to whom I have shown mercy, the first for whom I have renounced *self*? I have trodden down flowers enough in my path, I may surely afford to spare this single 'sensitive plant.' Cid, old boy! is your master wholly dead to generosity and honour because the world happens to say he is? No more, perhaps, than he is gay, and careless, and light-hearted, because it is the fashion to consider him so!"

That night Violet Molyneux stood before her glass, in her gossamer ball-dress, just home from a ball given by the Life Guards, though it was *not* the season, after some amateur theatricals. The brilliant Irish beauty had been the belle of the room; she had had fifty bouquets sent her for it, half the men there had gone and lost their heads after her straightway, she had had more partners to solicit her than she could have written on a dozen tablets, she had waltzed delightedly and un-

tiringly as a Willis, and Violet loved waltzing and enjoyed admiration—as all women do who are the stuff to win it, only so few confess to the very natural fact—but still, just now, she stood before her glass, and sighed, as her maid detached her bouquet de corsage.

"Mademoiselle," said her maid, as if she divined her young mistress's thoughts, "pendant la soirée cette boîte est venue pour vous de la part de Monsieur le Colonel Sabretasche. Voulez-vous que je la fasse ouvrir?"

"Non, non, Jeanne, laissez-la; je l'ouvrirai moi-même," said Violet, hastily.

As soon as Violet's disrobing was over, and her maid dismissed for the night, down on her knees she went before Sabretasche's box. She knew what it was; it was a statuette, modelled from her pet greyhound and its puppy, that the Colonel had done for her with that chisel which Violet, at the least, thought Praxiteles' could never have equalled. It was really a pretty thing in its crimson velvet and ebony box; there was not a word with it, but Violet kissed it, laughed, and could almost have cried over it. "He did remember me, then," she thought, "though he did not come to the hall."

Violet was very rapid, you see, with her conclusions, and quite as rapid with her forgiveness.

That night De Vigne and I smoked our pipes together over his fire in Grosvenor-place, where, as his troop was quartered in town, he had for the season taken a furnished house. Vigne had been shut up since his mother's death, and he rarely alluded even distantly to his ancestral home, that had been the scene of his folly and his wrongs. I do not think he could have endured to see it, much less to live in it.

"Is Sabretasche really getting épris with that bewitching Irish girl?" said I to him, as we sat smoking.

"God knows!" said De Vigne. "He was rather touchy about her, wasn't he? But that might only be for the pleasure of setting down Castleton, a temptation I don't think I could forego myself. According to his own showing, he's never in love with any woman, but, most indisputably, he makes love to almost all he comes across that are worth the exertion."

"Oh yes, he's a deuced fellow where the beaux yeux are concerned; but he might be really caught once, you know, though he's gone scathless all these years."

"Certainly," assented De Vigne; "none are so wise that they may not become fools. Socrates, when he was old, sage as he was, did not read in the same book with a woman without falling in love with her."

"You are complimentary to love! Is it invariably a folly?"

"I think so. At least, all I wish for is to keep clear of it all the rest of my life. Passion has cost me a vast deal too much for me ever willingly to yield to it again, even supposing I felt it, which I never shall."

"Why?" said I, looking at him, and thinking that if he renounced love women would not renounce it for him.

"Need you ask? From my boyhood I was the fool of my passions. To love a woman was to win her. I stopped for no consideration, no duty, no obstacle; I let nothing come between me and my will. I was

as obstinate to those who tried ever to stop me in any pursuit as I was weak and mad in yielding up my birthright at any price if I could but buy the mess of porridge on which I had for the time being set my fancy. Scores of times I did that—scores of times some worthless idol became the thing on which I staked my soul. Once I did it too often. You know how, as well as I. You need not wonder, I think, that I look on love as my worst foe, and a foe under whose iron heel I will never let myself be prostrate again. Arthur, you know my past, therefore I can say to you what I would to no other man. You know the curse of my life, but you do not know *how* it has cursed me. From the hour I left the church on my marriage-day youth was crushed out of my heart and life. It is such eternal misery that that woman, so low-born, so low-bred, shameless, degraded, all that I *know* her to be, should bear my name, should proclaim abroad all the folly into which my reckless passions led me. Thank God I knew it when I did—thank God I left her as I did—thank God that no devils like herself were born to perpetuate my shame, and make me loathe my name because they bore it. Then you ask me if I am steeled to love! Love was the mocking Circe, the beautiful fiend, the painted syren, that lured me to my betrayal. It has changed my whole nature—the misery of that loathsome connexion; it has altered what was soft in me into marble, what was warm into ice. It is not the tie I care for—of the importance of marriage I think little, of affection still less—it is the odium of knowing that she bears my name, the humiliation of remembering that twice in my life have I been fooled by her coarse, mindless, sensuous beauty, her depraved mind, her cruel heart; it is the remorse of pride sacrificed to mad self-will; the agony of feeling that my mother, the only pure, the only true, the only generous love fate ever gave me, died, murdered by my reckless passions.”

His hands clenched on the arms of his chair; a grey, ashy hue set over his face; it looked cast in dark, cold stone. It was my first glimpse of that spirit which, exorcised or invisible, in society and ordinary life, fastened relentless upon him in his hours of solitude. Passion was very far from dead in that hot, vehement, and deep-seated nature, though now it was hurled from its throne, and chained down hard, and fixed in fetters of iron by a resolute hand.

That night, too, at that same hour, in a little bed whose curtains and linen were white and pure as lilies, a young girl slept, like a rosebud lying on new-fallen snow; her golden hair fell over her shoulders, her blue eyes were closed under their black, silky lashes, a bright, happy smile was on her lips, and as she turned in her dreams she spoke unconsciously in her sleep two words—“Sir Folko!”

II.

HOW A WIFE TALKED OF HER HUSBAND.

IN a very gay and gandy drawing-room in the Champs Elysées, in an arm-chair, with her feet on a chaufferette, in a scarlet peignoir trimmed with lace, looking a very imposing and richly-coloured picture, sat the Trefusis (such I have always called her and always shall), none the less handsome for six years' wear in Paris life, intermixed with visits to the

Bada, where she was almost as great an attraction as the green tables, and the sound of her name as great a charm as the irresistible "*Faites votre jeu, messieurs—faites votre jeu!*" a little fuller about the cheek and chin, a trifle more Junoesque in form, a little higher tinted in the carnation hue of her roses, otherwise none the worse for the eight years that had passed since she wore the orange-blossoms and the diamond ceinture, on her marriage morning in Vigne church.

She had an English paper in her hand, and was running her eye over the fashionable intelligence. Opposite to her was old Fantyre, her nose a little more hooked, her eye sharper, her ronge higher, a little more dirty, quick, witty, and detestable, than of yore; taking what she called a *demi-tasse*, but which looked uncommonly like cognac uncontaminated by Mocha. They led a very pleasant life in Paris, I dare say; with the old lady's quick wits, questionable introductions, and imperturbable impudence, and the Trefusis's beauty, riches, and excessive freedom, they were pretty certain to find plenty of people to drink their champagne, play *écarté*, go to the *Pré Catalan*, and make gay parties to the Bois de Boulogne with them; and if they did not know the De Broglie, the Rochefoucauld, the Rochejacquelein, the Tintinac, and all the great Legitimist nobles, there were plenty of others as gay and as amusing, if not as exclusive, as the grandees of the Faubourg and the Place Vendôme.

"What's the matter, my dear?" asked Lady Fantyre; "you don't look best pleased."

"I am *not* pleased," said the Trefusis, her brow dark, and her full under-lip protruded. "De Vigne is come back."

"Dear, dear! how tiresome!" cried the Fantyre; "just when you'd begun to hope he'd been killed in India. Well, that is annoying. It's a nice property to be kept out of, ain't it? But you see, my dear, strong men of his age are not good ones to be heir to, even with all the chances of war. So he's come back, is he? What for, I wonder?"

"Here it is, among the arrivals: '*Meurice's Hotel: Major de Vigne.*' He is come back because he is tired of Scinde, probably. I wonder if he will come to Paris? I should like to meet him." And the Trefusis laughed, showing her white regular teeth.

"Why, my dear? To give him a dose of that *ahsinthe*, that your friend De Croquenoire killed himself with last week, because you won fifty thousand francs from him at *écarté* in ten nights, and then laughed at him to Anatole de Félice? No, you're too prudent to do anything of that sort. Whatever other commandments you break, my dear, it won't be the sixth, because there's a capital punishment for it," said the old lady, chuckling at the simple idea. "You'd like to meet him, you say—I shouldn't. I don't forget his face in the vestry. Lord! how he did look! his face as white as a corpse, and as fierce as the devil's."

"Did you ever see the devil?" sneered the Trefusis.

"Yes, my dear—in a scarlet peignoir; and very well he looks in women's clothes, too," said the Fantyre, with a diabolical grin.

The Trefusis laughed too:

"*He* has found me a devil, at any rate."

"Well, yes; everybody has, I think, that has the pleasure of your acquaintance," chuckled Lady Fantyre. "But I don't think so much of

your revenge, myself. What's three thousand a year out of his property? And as for not letting him marry, I think that's oftener kindness than cruelty to a man. Don't you think it would have been better to have queened it at Vigne (what a splendid place that was, to be sure! and such wines as he had!), and had an establishment in Eaton-square, and spent his forty thousand a year for him, and made yourself a London leader of fashion, and ridden over the necks of those haughty Ferrers people (by the way, those girls didn't marry so very well after all), and all his stiff-necked friends—that beautiful creature, Vivian Sahretasche, among 'em. What do you think, eh?"

"It might have been better for me, but it would have spoiled my revenge. He would have left me sooner or later, and as he is infinitely too proud and reserved a man to have told the world the secret of his disgrace in finding Constance Trefusis to be Lucy Davis, I should have lost the one grand sting in my vengeance—his humiliation before the world."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear, a man of fortune is never humiliated; the world's too fond of him. The sins of the fathers are only visited on the children where the children are going down in the world." (The Fantyre might be a nasty old woman, but she spoke greater truths than most good people.) "So," continued the old lady, "you sacrificed your aggrandisement to your revenge? Not over seusable."

"You can't accuse me of often yielding to any weakness," said the Trefusis, with a look in her eye like a vicious mare. "However, my revenge is not finished yet."

"Eh? Not? What's the next act? On my word, you're a clever woman, Constance. You do my heart good."

The first time, by the way, that Lady Fantyre ever acknowledged to a heart, or the Trefusis received such a compliment.

"This. Remember, I know his nature—you do not. Some day or other De Vigne will love passionately—probably somebody in his own rank, and as utterly unlike me as possible. Then he will want to be free; then, indeed, he shall realise the curse of the fetters of church and law by which I hold him."

The old lady chuckled immensely over the amusing prospect:

"Very likely, my dear. It's just what they can't do that they always want to do. Tell a man wine's good for him, and forbid him water, he'd forswear his cellar, and run to the pump immediately. And if you heard that he'd fallen in love, what would you do?"

"Go to England, and put myself between her and him, as his deserted, injured, much enduring, and loving wife."

Old Fantyre drank up her coffee, and nodded approvingly.

"That's right, my dear! Play your game. Play it out; only take care to keep the honours in your own hand, and never trump your partner's card."

"Not much fear of my doing that," said the Trefusis, with a grim smile.

There was not, indeed; she marked her cards too cleverly. Yet cards marked with all the dexterity imaginable have been found out on occasion, and the consequences have been a very uncomfortable esclandre to the sharper who devised them.

III.

HOW WE FOUND THE LITTLE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES IN RICHMOND PARK.

NOT content with his house in Park-lane, Sabretasche had lately bought, besides it, a place at Richmond that had belonged to a rich old Indian millionaire. It was an exquisite place, for it had been originally built and laid out by people of good taste, and the merchant had not lived long enough in it to spoil it: he had only christened it the *Dilcoosha*, which title, meaning *Heart's Delight*, and being out of the common, Sabretasche retained. It was very charming, with its gardens, more like an Arabian dream than anything I ever saw, sloping down to the Thames. It was a pet with the Colonel, and was a sort of Strawberry Hill, save that his taste was much more symmetrical and graceful than Horace's; and he spent plenty of both time and money, touching it up and perfecting it till it was beautiful in its way as *Luciennes*. De Vigne and I drove down one morning to the *Dilcoosha*, towards the end of February, to see the paces tried, on a level bit of grass-land outside the grounds, of a beautiful chesnut Sabretasche had entered for the Ascot Cup, and rechristened, with Violet Molyneux's permission, "*La Violette*." Stable slang and the delights of "*ossy men*" were not refined enough for the Colonel's taste, but he liked to keep a good racing stud; he liked his horses to run, because it gave him an interest and excitement in the race, and he wished to have De Vigne's opinion of *La Violette*, for De Vigne, who loved horseflesh cordially, was one of the best judges of it, and one of the surest prophets of success or failure that ever talked over a coming Derby on a Sunday afternoon at Tattersall's.

So De Vigne and I agreed to lunch with him at Richmond, one morning, and after parade De Vigne drove down his mail phaeton, picked me up in Kensington, and we howled along the road to the *Dilcoosha* at a spanking pace, he handling the ribbons of a splendid pair of greys—not the Cupid and Psyche he had driven tandem to the Strand to see old Boughton Tressillian nearly nine years before, but first-rate goers—who tooled us along at ten miles an hour, while a great bull-dog, a new purchase of De Vigne's, as savage a creature as I ever beheld, and for that reason no favourite with his master, tore along beside us in the whirlwind of dust raised by the greys and the phaeton.

"What trick do you think my man Harris served me yesterday?" said De Vigne, as we came near Richmond.

"Harris—that good-natured fellow? What has he done?"

"Cut and run with a dozen of my shirts, three morning and two dress coats—in fact, a complete wardrobe—and twenty pounds or so—I really forget how much exactly—that I had left on the dressing-table when I went to mess last night. And that man I took out of actual starvation at Bombay, have forgiven him fifty odd peccadilloes, let him off when I found him taking a case of my sherry, because he blubbered and said it was for his mother, found up the poor old woman, who *wasn't* a myth, and wrote to Stevens at Vigne to give her an almshouse, and then this fellow walks off with fifty pounds' worth of my goods! And you talk to

me of people's gratitude! Bah! How can you have the face, Arthur, to ask me to admire human nature?"

"I don't ask you to admire it—Heaven forefend!—I don't like it well enough myself. What a confounded rascal! 'Pon my life there seems a fate in your seeing the dark side of humanity."

"The *dark side*? Where's any other? I never found any gratitude yet, and I don't expect any. People court you while you're of use to them; when you are not, you may go hang. Indeed, they will help to swing you off the stage, to lessen their own sense of obligation."

"But I swear," I exclaimed, wrathfully, "that everybody seems eternally bent on doing you wrong. You do them kindnesses and get no thanks. I give you leave to be as sceptical as you choose; you have full warrant."

"I should say so. My old cockatoo is the only thing faithful to me," said De Vigne, with a laugh, "and he'd go, I dare say, to anybody who offered him a larger piece of fruit or butter. Poor old Cocky! there's no reason why he should be better than the grand, highly-cultured, spiritual 'genus homo,' who are so fond of claiming affinity with the angels, and of looking down on him as a very inferior creation. Yes, Harris cut and run; it's rather fun to me he did it so cleverly; it's intensely amusing to spy out all these people's little arts and machineries. He packed the things quietly in my valise when I was gone to mess, told the other servants the Major was going to the north for salmon-fishing with Colonel Sabretasche, and wished his things to be taken to the station; had a cab hailed, and drove off, telling them he and the Major should be back in a fortnight at most. Wasn't it a good idea? There's one thing, I've a much cleverer fellow in his stead, so I am rather a gainer. This man's name is Raymond; he knows French and German very well, is thoroughly used to his business, and will be much more use to me. He's really quite an elegant-looking fellow. When he walks off with anything, it won't be less than my diamond wristband studs or my dinner plate. Hallo! what's the row? What is that brute Moustache doing? I know that dog will come to grief some day."

We were now driving through the park, that fresh, beautiful park that the barbarous Yankee decreed to want "clearing"—I should say, his appreciation of beauty wanted clearing rather more—and the dog had bounded on many yards in front of us, with his black muzzle to the ground, apparently more engaged in bringing others to grief than coming to grief himself, for, having met a very small Skye in his onward path, he had immediately given chase; and having nipped scores of cats, and not a few dogs, by the neck in his time, and being in his general habits a most bloodthirsty individual, it was easy to predict which way the chase would end. De Vigne whistled and shouted to him,—all in vain. Moustache had only belonged to him a few days, and had not the slightest respect for his master. The little Skye fled before him; but the Skye's minutes were already numbered, when a girl, sketching under the trees, sprang forward, caught up the little dog, and slowly retreated, keeping her eyes steadily fixed on Moustache's fierce, glaring, yellow eyeballs, and ferocious white fangs, which his lips, curled up in an ominous growl, fully displayed. We had barely reached the spot, even at our stretching gallop—and De Vigne lashed the horses like mad, for he knew the bull-

dog was dangerous—when Moustache, furious at the interruption to his sport, leaped up and snapped at the puppy. The girl, with more pluck than prudence, lifted her Skye out of his reach, and struck the bull-dog's great bullet head with all the force of her little clenched right hand. Moustache gave one fierce low growl, sprang upon her and knocked her down, gripping at her throat. Just as his immense teeth, covered with angry foam, almost touched her neck, De Vigne sprang off the phaeton, caught the dog's skin, and dragged him back. Moustache strove like a mad thing to wrench from his grasp, and fly at him, for, balked of its prey twice, its savageness was as dangerous as madness. De Vigne set his teeth; it was as much as he could do to hold the furious beast, but he clenched at its throat harder and harder, never relaxing the iron hold of his right hand; till, as the struggles in his grasp grew fainter and more feeble, and Moustache was well-nigh strangled, he stretched out his left hand to me for the driving-whip, but the girl, who had not fainted, or screamed, or had any nonsense, sprang up, laid her hand on his arm, and said, in a pretty, soft, beseeching voice,

"Please don't hurt your dog any more—pray don't. He could not tell he was doing any wrong, poor fellow, and he has had quite punishment enough."

De Vigne turned to her with a smile. He liked her for thinking of the dog instead of her own past danger.

"Yes, he knew he was doing wrong, because he has been taught never to fly at anything without command. But, to be sure, he cannot help the nature he was born with being a savage one; and, I dare say, the only law he will recognise will be a muzzle. It is I who am to blame, for letting him go without one. You are not hurt at all, I trust? You are a very brave young lady not to be more frightened."

She was frightened, though; for, now the excitement was over, she was very pale, and trembled a good deal besides. She had to lean against one of the trees, for in her fall she had slightly twisted her left ankle.

"You have hurt your foot!" exclaimed De Vigne. "Confound the dog, what a fool I was to bring him! Is it very painful?"

"No."

"I fancy it is, in spite of your denial. I fear you will never forgive my dog or me, and if you do, I shall not easily pardon myself for allowing such a savage brute to run loose. Pray do not try to walk," he cried, as the girl, with a bright smile, began to limp along the road. "Allow me to drive you to your home; if you exert that ankle while it is just hurt you may have such a tedious sprain. Let me drive you home. If you refuse, I shall think you bear some resentment still, and it would only be just if you did. Allow me—pray do."

"Oh, thank you, it is not far; but there are all my sketching things, and—indeed, I think I could walk."

"But I think indeed you must not. Soames, give the ribbons to Captain Chevasney, and go and pick up those drawings and colour-boxes under the tree yonder. Now, where may I drive?" said De Vigne, lifting the little artist into the front seat, with her Skye on her lap, and her portfolio, block, and moist-colour-box under the seat. Soames was hidden to walk on to Colonel Sahretasche's. I got up in the back seat, and De Vigne took the ribbons, gave the greys their heads, and started off again.

The young artist was a very fascinating-looking little waif and stray; but De Vigne would have done just the same if it had been an elderly gentleman, or an old market-woman, whom Moustache had disabled. "Where am I to drive?" he asked.

"To St. Crucis-on-the-Hill; a long name, but a very little farm," laughed the girl. "You do not know it, I dare say? No; I thought not. When we are out of the park turn to the left, take the first turning to the right, and a quarter of a mile straight on will bring you there. I am so sorry to take you so far."

"My greys will do 'so far' in ten minutes," said De Vigne, smiling. It was no particular pleasure to him to drive this girl home, and he did not say it was; he never complimented by mere complaisance now. "Do you often come to sketch in this park?"

"Almost every day," said the little lady, who had not lost the dear privilege of her sex, the tongue, and talked to De Vigne as frankly as to an old acquaintance. "I love the trees so dearly. I am never tired of watching the shadows fade off and on, and the delicate fresh first green give place to golden brown, and the shy, graceful deer come trooping up to lie down under their great boughs. One can never tire of woodland scenery, there is so much change in it."

"You take a different view of Richmond Park to the generality," laughed De Vigne. "With most young ladies Richmond is connected with water parties and *déjeûners*, flirtations and champagne."

She laughed:

"I know of none of those things, so I cannot well associate them with it. Richmond to me is full of other remembrances: of charming Horace Walpole and lovely Anne Damer, of Swift and Gay, and St. John and the 'little crooked thing that asks questions'" (how I detest Lady Mary for calling him so!), "and all those courtly gentlemen and stately ladies with their hoops and their patches, their minuets and their Ombre, who used to gather here like so many Watteau groups."

"She's talkative enough!" thought De Vigne, as he answered her: "Few young ladies who come to Richmond now would know much about your associations, despite their 'finishing.' Their present is too full of inanities to allow them time to dwell on the beauties of the past."

"And my present is so empty that I am driven to history for companions and memories," said the girl, with a shadow on her face. "This is the turning—in at that gate, if you please."

We turned in at the gate—it was as much as the dashing mail-coach could do to pass it—and into a small paved court belonging to a little farm. On one side of it stood hayricks and a barn, where a stout, red-haired Omphale was feeding chickens, and beguiling an awkward Hercules in fustian from his proper task of taking out a cartful of bread into the town; on the other side stood the house, a long, low, thatched, and picturesque tenement, more like Hampshire than Middlesex; at the bottom there was a garden, an orchard, and a paddock, now black and bare enough in the chill February morning.

"You will come in?" said the little artist, as we drew up before the door. "Pray do. I want to speak to you."

"What a strange little thing!" whispered De Vigne to me, as we followed her through the house to a room at the west end, a long, low

room, with an easel standing in its wide bay-window, and water-colours, etchings, pastels, études à deux crayons, pictures of all kinds, were hung about its walls, while some books, and casts, and flowers, gave a refinement to its plain simplicity, often wanting in many a gilt and gorgeous drawing-room I have entered.

"So you have not recognised me!" said the girl, taking off her black hat, and looking up in De Vigne's face.

As she spoke, I remembered her as the same with the subject of Violet Molyneux's amusing episode in Pall-Mall. De Vigne was wholly surprised; he looked at her for some moments.

"Recognise you? I am ashamed to say I do not."

"Ah! you have so much more to think of than I. It is not the least likely you could, but I have never forgotten *you*, Sir Folko. I knew you the other day, when that young lady's servant knocked down my portfolio. Have you quite forgotten little Alma? I am so glad to see you—you cannot think how much!"

And Alma Tressillian held out both her hands to him, with a bright, joyous smile on her upraised face.

"Little Alma!" repeated De Vigne. "Yes, yes! I remember you now. Where could my mind have gone not to recognise you at once? You are not the least altered since you were a child. But how have you come from Lorave to London? Come, tell me everything. My dear child, you are not more pleased to see me than I am to see you!"

I think that was only a bit of courteous kindness on De Vigne's part; in reality, he cared very little about it, though Alma Tressillian was pretty enough not to have been viewed altogether with indifference by most men. I am not sure, though, that pretty is the word for her. It is so dealt out to every girl who resembles those lovely waxen dolls sold in diminutive baby-clothes or ball-dresses in the Pantheon, or who chances to have a pink colour and a stereotyped smile, that I hate using it to a woman *worth* admiring. I generally take refuge in those far higher words—fascinating, séduisante, brilliant, attrayante—where I really like a woman—but how few deserve those epithets! Alma was little altered since her childhood: now, as then, her golden hair and eloquent dark-blue eyes, with the constant change, and play, and animation of all her features, made her greatest beauty. They were not regularly beautiful as Violet Molyneux's, though with her, as with Violet, the mobility and extreme intellectuality of expression was the chief charm, after all. She was not so tall as Violet, nor had she that exquisite and perfect form which made the belle of the season compared with Pauline Bonaparte; but she had something graceful and fairy-esque about her, and both her face and figure were instinct with a life, an intelligence, a radiance of expression which promised you a rare combination of sweet temper and hot passions, intense susceptibility, and highly cultivated intellect. You might not have called her pretty: you must have called her much more—irresistibly winning and attractive.

"Come, tell me everything about yourself," repeated De Vigne, as he pushed a low chair for her, and threw himself down on an arm-chair near. "You must remember Captain Chevasney as well as you do me. We shall both of us be anxious to hear all you have to tell."

"Yes, I remember him," smiled Alma, with a pretty bend of her head

(she did not add "as well"). "I was so sorry when you did not see me that day in Pall-Mall; I thought I might never come across you again. You must not be too cross to that poor bull-dog, for if he had not flown at Sylvio I might not have found you now."

"I am under obligations to Moustache, certainly," said De Vigne, with a half-smile. "Nevertheless, I shall never bring him here again, for his fangs were dangerously near your throat. He is a savage brute, but he has had a lesson he will not easily forget. But where is your grandpapa?—is he in town?"

She looked down, and her lips quivered:

"Grandpapa is in Lorave. He has been dead three years."

"Dead! My dear child, how careless of me! I am grieved, indeed!" exclaimed De Vigne, involuntarily.

"You could not tell," answered Alma, looking up at him, great tears in her blue eyes. "He died more than three years ago, but it is as fresh to me as if it were but yesterday. Nobody will ever love me as he did. He was so kind, so gentle, so good. In losing him I lost everything. I prayed day and night that I might die with him; he was my only friend!"

"Poor little Alma!" said De Vigne, touched out of that haughty reserve now habitual to him. "I am grieved to hear it, both for the loss to you of your only protector, and the loss to the world of as true-hearted and noble-natured a man as ever breathed. If I had been in England he would have seen me in Lorave, as I promised, but I have been in India the eight years since we parted. I wish I had written to him; I ought to have done so; but one never knows things till too late."

"He left a letter for you, in case I should ever meet you. You were the only person kind to us after the loss of his fortune," said Alma, as she sprang across the room—all her movements were rapid, and had something foreign in them—knelt down before a desk, and brought an unsealed envelope to De Vigne, directed to him by a hand now powerless for ever.

"This for me? I wish I had seen him," said De Vigne, as he put it away in the breast of his coat. "I ought to have written to him; but my own affairs engrossed me, and—we are all profound egotists, you know, whatever unselfishness we may pretend. What was the cause of his death? Will it pain you to tell me?"

"Paralysis. He had a paralytic stroke six months before, which ended in congestion of the brain. But how gentle, how good, how patient he was through it all! There was never any one like him."

She stopped again; the tears rolled off her long black lashes. She was quite unaccustomed to conceal what she felt, and she did not know that feeling is bad ton.

"And you have been in England ever since?" asked De Vigne, to divert her thoughts.

"Oh no!" she answered, brushing the tears off her lashes. "You know Miss Russell, the governess grandpapa took for me to Lorave? She has been so kind. She was with me at grandpapa's death. I was fifteen then, and for a year afterwards she stayed with me in Lorave; I loved the place so dearly, dearer still after his grave was there, and I could not bear to leave it. But Miss Russell had no money, and no home. She works for her living, and she could not waste her time on me, and the

little grandpapa could leave me was not enough for both of us. She was obliged to look for another situation, and when she came over to it—it is in a rector's family near Staines—I came over with her, and she placed me here. My old nurse has this farm; grandpapa bought it for her many years ago, when she left us and married. Her husband is dead, but she keeps on the farm, and makes bread to send into town. It was the only place we knew of, and nurse was so delighted to let me have the rooms, that I have been here ever since."

"Poor little thing, what a life!" cried De Vigne, involuntarily. "How dull you must be, Alma."

She raised her eyebrows and shrugged her shoulders. Gesticulation was natural to her, and she had caught it still more from the Italians at Lorave.

"Buried alive! Sylvo to talk to, and the flowers to talk to me, that is my society. But wherever I might have been, I should have missed *him* equally, and I can never be alone while I have my easel and my books."

"Have you painted these?" I exclaimed, in surprise, for there were masterly strokes in the sketches on the walls that would have shamed more than one "Associate."

"Yes. An Italian artist, spending the summer at Lorave, saw me drawing one day; something as Cimabue saw little Giotto, and had me to his studio, and gave me a regular course of instruction. He told me I might equal Elizabetta Sirani. I shall never do that, I am afraid, but I worship art, and even now I find a very good sale for my little sketches; they take them at Ackermann's and Faer's, and I work hard. Work is a wrong word though, it is my delight. I go and sketch every day out of doors, to catch the winter and summer tints. But I hate winter; it is so unkind, so cheerless. I always paint spring and summer in my pictures; not your poor pale English summer, but summer golden and glorious, with the boughs hanging to the ground with the weight of their own beauty, and the vineyards and corn-fields glowing with their rich promise for the autumn."

"Enthusiastic as ever?" laughed De Vigne. "How are our friends the fairies, Alma?"

"Do you suppose I shall give news of them to a disbeliever?" said Alma, with a toss of her head. "I have not forgotten your want of faith. Are you as great a sceptic now?"

"Ten times more so—not only of fairy lore, but of pretty well everything else. Fairies are as well worth credence as all the other faiths, creeds, and superstitions of the day; I would as soon credit Queen Mab as a 'doctrinal point.' Years add to our scepticism instead of lessening it. What do *you* think of the fairies now?"

"Look! Do you not think I sketched that from sight?" said Alma, turning her easel to him, where she had sketched in water-colours a charming Titania—a true Titania, such as "on pressed flowers does sleep," for whom "the cowslips tall her pensioners be:"

Where oxlips and the nodding violets grow,
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine,
Lulled in those flowers with dances and delight;

the veritable fairy queen of those dainty offsprings of romance, who used to meet

in grove or green,
By fountain clear or spangled starlight sheen.

"How splendidly you draw, Alma!" exclaimed De Vigne. "If you exhibited at the Water-Colour Society, you would excite as much wonder as Rosa Bonheur. And do these pay you well?"

"Yes; at least, what seems so to me."

"*Pauvre enfant!*" smiled De Vigne; her ideas of wealth and his were strikingly different. "A friend of mine is a great connoisseur of these things. I must show them to him some day; but I cannot stay now, for I have an engagement at two, and it is now striking."

"But you will come and see me again," interrupted Alma, beseechingly. "Pray do. You cannot think how lonely I am. I have no friends, you know."

"Oh yes, I will come," answered De Vigne. "I have much more to hear about you and your pursuits. How could you know us, Alma, after so long?"

"I did not know Captain Chevasney," said the little lady, with uncomplimentary frankness, "but I knew you perfectly. The first picture I could really sketch was one of your face, as I remembered it, for Sir Folko. You know I always thought you like him. I will show it you some day. Besides, grandpapa talked of you so constantly, and I was always expecting you to come to Lorave with your yacht, as you had promised, that it was impossible for me to forget you. I was so grieved when you did not notice me in Pall-Mall. I called you, but you did not hear. You were thinking of that young lady. How lovely she was! Who is she?"

"Violet Molyneux—Lord Molyneux's daughter. I was not thinking of her, though, but that the pair of horses in her carriage were not worth half what I heard they gave for them. Young ladies are the last things in my thoughts, I assure you," said De Vigne, laughing, as he gave her his hand; "and now, good-by. I am very pleased to have found you out. I shall not be long before I find my way to the farm again—without my bull-dog."

The gentle courtesy natural to him from his good breeding made his manner very winning to women, especially when he discarded the cold reserve and cynical sarcasm now habitual to him. No wonder that Alma looked gratefully in his face, and bid him, with a radiant smile, not defer his promised visit to St. Crucis, as he had done his promised yachting to Lorave. She guessed little enough *what* had prevented that yachting to Lorave.

"Strange we should have lighted on that child!" said he, as we drove to the Dilcoosha. "She is the same frank, impulsive, enthusiastic little thing as when we first saw her. She was the heiress of Wieve Hurst then; now she has to work for her bread. Who can prophesy the ups and downs of life? Here am I with forty thousand a year, bored to death, and might be happier if I were a private on sixpence a day; and there is a girl, a delicate child, who has to earn her critical subsistence by her talents. Boughton Tressillian was game to the backbone. Perhaps she inherits some of his pluck—it is to be hoped so—she will want it. A

woman, young, unprotected, and as attractive as she looks, is pretty sure to come to grief somehow or other. . Her very virtues will be her ruin ! She is not one of your sensible, prudent, cold, common-place women, who go through the world scathless ; Lucretias and Casta Divas, too wise to err, too selfish to sacrifice themselves, who win from an admiring public a reputation for virtue and honour, while their real mainsprings are prudence and egotism. Alma will come to grief, I am afraid. Here, take the reins, Arthur, and I will see what her grandfather says. Poor old fellow ! my conscience will prick me for having neglected him. I might have written when I was in Scinde, but I thought of nothing there but my troop, and 'slaying my fellow-creatures,' as Sabretasche terms it."

He tore open the letter, and gave a long whistle as he finished it.

"What's the matter?" said I.

"Poor little thing! She hasn't thirty pounds a year, and isn't his grandchild after all."

"Not his grandchild! What do you mean?"

"What I say."

"His daughter, I suppose?"

"No; no relation at all. The letter is scrawled to me, broken off unfinished; probably where his hand and strength failed him, poor old man. He says my name recurred to him as the only person who had not heeded his decline of fortune, and the only man of honour whom he could trust. Out of his income as consul he contrived to save her a few hundreds—voilà tout! He must leave her, of course, to struggle for herself; and this is what weighs so heavily upon him, because, it seems, he adopted this child, who was not the slightest relation to him, when she was three years old, believing, of course, that he would make her one of the richest heiresses in England; and, according to his view of the case, he considers he has done her a great wrong. Who she is he does not tell me, except that she was a little Italian girl he picked up in Naples. He was going, no doubt, to add more, as he began the letter by saying he wished her secret to be known to some one, and having heard much of my mother's sweet and generous character, appealed to her, through me, to aid and serve Alma if she would; but here the sentence breaks off unfinished. Poor fellow, his strength failed him, I suppose."

"Do you think Alma knows it; she calls him her grandfather still?"

"Can't say—yet of course she does," said De Vigne, with a cynical smile. "No woman's curiosity ever allowed her to keep an unsealed letter three years and never look into it. However, I will not tell her of it till I see whether she does or not. Here we are. It will be as well not to tell Sabretasche of his little neighbour, eh? He is such a deuced fellow for women, and she would be certain to go down before his thousand-and-one accomplishments. Not that it would matter much, perhaps; she will be somebody's prey, no doubt, and she might as well be the Colonel's as any other man's, save that he is a little quicker fickle than most, knowing better than most the little value of his toys."

With which concluding sarcasm De Vigne threw the reins to his groom, who met him at the door, and entered that abode of perfect taste and epicurean luxury, known as the Dilcoosha, where Sabretasche and

luncheon were waiting for us ; and where, after due discussion of Strasbourg pâtés, Comet Hock, Bass, and the news of the day, we inspected La Violette's paces, pronounced her pretty certain, unless something very unforeseen in the way of twitch and opium-ball occurred, to win the Queen's Cup, and drove back to town together, De Vigne to go into the U. S., Sabretasche to accompany Violet Molyneux and her mother to a morning concert, and I to call on a certain lady who had well-nigh broken my heart, when it was young and breakable, who had exchanged rings with me under the Kensington Garden trees, when she was fresh, fair, kind-natured Gwen Brandling, and who was now staying in town as Madame la Dnchesse de la Vieillecour, a French ambassador's wife, black velvet and point replacing the muslin and ribbons, dignity in the stead of girlish grace, and—hélas pour mes beaux jours!—a fin sourire of skilled coquetry in lieu of that heartfelt sunny smile, Gwen's whilom charm. I take it doves are sold by the dozen on the altar-steps of St. George's, but—it is true that the doves have a strange passion for the gold coins that buy them, and would not fly away if they could!

N'importe! Madame de la Vieillecour and I met as became people living in good society ; if less fresh she was perhaps more fascinating, and though one begins life tender and transparent as Sèvres, one is stone-china, luckily, long before the finish, warranted never to break at any blows whatever. And as I drove my tilbury from the Duchess's door, I thought, I did not know why, of little Alma Tressillian, who was just opening the fresh leaves of *her* book of life ;—she looked terribly delicate Sèvres *now*, needing gentlest touches, tenderest shelter. When it had passed through the furnace and come forth from the fire, would the Sèvres be hardened or—destroyed?

THE OKAVANGO RIVER.*

THE drainage of western tropical Africa is as yet but imperfectly understood. Rains fall there at certain seasons of the year for a lengthened period of time with extreme violence, yet the drainage is wholly unrepresented by any rivers of importance save the Zaire or Congo, and, strange to say, to the present day nothing is known of the northern tributaries to that river. Du Chaillu's discovery of the Crystal Mountains, and of the great river Ogobai having three different outlets, as well as of the Mimi, the Mundah, and the Gaboon—the three latter north of the equator—have done much towards throwing light upon a new and important region of west tropical Africa, and have induced some sanguine theorists, like Mr. Galton, to go so far as to argue that there is no valid reason why Du Chaillu's river should not have its origin on the other side of the continent, nor why the waters of Lake Victoria-Nyanza should not have

* The Okavango River: a Narrative of Travel, Exploration, and Adventure. By Charles John Andersson, Author of "Lake Ngami." With numerous Illustrations. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1861.

their outlet by it or by the Congo instead of by the Nile! (Proceedings R. G. S., vol. v. No. iii. p. 111.)

It is quite true that Barth obtained information as to the existence of a large river running west in central tropical Africa, and it is marked in Beke's map, attached to his recent work on "The Sources of the Nile," as flowing north of the equator, between the parallels of 20 and 25 deg. east longitude; but the 'Tu-Bari, or Tuhiri, branch of the Nile has been traced so close to Lake Victoria, that we do not entertain the slightest apprehensions of Captains Speke and Grant turning up one fine day at St. Paul de Loando instead of, as they anticipated, at Misr al Kahira, or the metropolis of Egypt.

When Messrs. Galton and Andersson were in Ovambo, or Ovampo Land, in 1850, they heard of a great river to the north, known as the Cunene or Nourse River, and which to the north-west, in the country of the Ovabundja, was formed by the confluence of three others. (Galton's Tropical South Africa, p. 222.) Mr. Andersson ascertained that in its upper course this river was called Mukuru Mukovanga, and in its lower course Cunene. That the people dwelling on its south bank were called Ovpangari and Ovabundya, both tribes of the Ovambo, the latter living among "many waters;" and, moreover, that though of very considerable size, and containing a large volume of water, it does not always find its way direct to the sea. (Andersson's Lake Ngami, p. 207.) This explained how it was that a French frigate was said to have discovered the embouchure of a magnificent river between the 17th and 18th deg. of south latitude, known to the Portuguese as the Rio Cunene, whilst other vessels sent out to explore it searched for it in vain!

Messrs. Galton and Andersson were, to their infinite annoyance, prevented visiting this great river upon that occasion, although within four long, and five easy days' journey from it, by the jealousy and ill-will of the fat and formidable Nangoro, king of Ondonga, in the Ovambo Land. Since that epoch Mr. Frederick Green has, accompanied by the two Rhenish missionaries—the Rev. Messrs. Hahn and Rath—visited Ovambo Land also, with the intention of proceeding thence on to the Cunene. The travellers were at first well received by King Nangoro.

This good reception, however, turned out at last to be but treacherous; for as the party were one morning about to retrace their steps from Ondonga, they were suddenly attacked by his orders. Fortunately they were not altogether unprepared, having received frequent hints of the kind intentions of their *friends*, as they called themselves. By a most determined and judicious resistance they not only secured their own safety, but completely defeated the Ovambo, with the loss of but one native attendant, who was stabbed by the side of Mr. Hahn's waggon previous to the commencement of the affray. The Ovambo, on the other hand, had many killed and wounded. Amongst the former was one of Nangoro's sons. Indeed, the king himself met his death on this memorable occasion; for on hearing the repeated discharges of fire-arms he became so terrified that his bowels burst asunder, and he fell down dead on the spot. It was supposed, at the lowest calculation, that at one time the assailants of the English party must have amounted to six hundred fighting men, all well armed with kuries, assegais, bows and arrows; whilst the travellers could only muster *thirteen* men capable of bearing arms, some of whom, moreover, had other duties to attend to, such as

driving waggons, cattle, &c. In short, their victory was most wonderful, and deserves to be chronicled amongst heroic deeds.

The travellers, however, succeeded on this untoward occasion in discovering a fresh-water lake, called Onondova, which Messrs. Galton and Andersson must have passed within a couple of days' journey in 1850, without hearing of it.

Mr. Andersson had, in the mean time, after publishing his "*Lake Ngami*," returned to the Cape in 1856, where he had taken the management of certain mines on the borders of Great Namaqua and Damara Land, and, upon the expiration of this engagement, he felt so disappointed at his friend Mr. Green's failure in reaching the Cunene, which enterprise he had also assisted by pecuniary means, that he determined to try and solve the problem in person. With this view he proceeded to obtain an outfit at the Cape, and, with the aid of kind friends, he was enabled to start from Otjimbingue on the 22nd of March, 1858, through western Damara Land, in company with John Mortar, Galton's faithful cook, John Pereira as a general attendant, one waggon driver, one leader, one guide, two herds, two interpreters, and two lads—eleven *in toto*. For the convenience of the party there was one waggon, thirty first-rate trek-oxen, five draught and carriage oxen, eleven young oxen, four donkeys, one old horse, seventy sheep and goats, chiefly for slaughter, and about a dozen dogs of a mongrel description, but good enough as watch-dogs, for which service they were principally required.

Progress was exceedingly slow at first, the caravan being sometimes delayed for days by deluging rains, the soil being, at the same time, so yielding that both waggon and oxen got embedded in it, and it was nearly a fortnight before our traveller found himself on the banks of the Omaruru River, or about seventy English miles, as the crow flies, from his starting-point. After crossing the Omaruru River, they had literally to cut their way step by step for upwards of one hundred miles through dense thorn jungle. Game also, contrary to all expectations, was exceedingly scarce, and our traveller began to have serious forebodings for the future. After several mischances, they found themselves in a forest of tall handsome trees, soon, however, succeeded by ruts and ravines, with the usual thorn jungle, and that again by limestone cliffs, part of an extensive mountain system. Waggon, oxen, and driver were precipitated over a precipice in crossing this rocky ridge. On the other side, the bush was so dense that Andersson says they probably cut down fifteen hundred trees and bushes in a single day's journey; and this again was followed by another rocky range, beyond which the country changed much for the better, both soil and vegetation being different.

On the 1st of May they reached the fine fountains of Otjidambi, and here they met with the first specimens of humanity they had come in contact with, and they forced one of them to act as a guide to the next fountain and werft, whence the natives had unfortunately fled at their approach. They, however, succeeded, after an interval, in establishing relations with them, and obtained guides, by the help of whom they, after many mishaps and sufferings from desertion, fires, losing their way, and want of water, reached Okaoa. The account of one of these fires or conflagrations, caused by the thoughtlessness of the natives, is exceedingly picturesque. The party were just escaping out of a thorn thicket, when they were suddenly startled by a grand but appalling sight:

The whole country before us was one huge lake of flames. Turning to Mortar, I exclaimed, "Good God, our return is cut off!" I had seen many wood and grass fires, but nothing to equal this. Immediately in front of us lay stretched out like a sea a vast pasture prairie, dotted with occasional trees, bounded in the distance by groves of huge giraffe thorns, all in a blaze! Through the very midst of this lay our path. By delaying a few hours the danger would have been considerably diminished, if not altogether over, but delay in our case seemed almost more dangerous than going forward; and so on we pushed, trusting to some favourable accident to bring us through the perils we had to face. As we advanced we heard distinctly the sputtering and hissing of the inflamed grasses and brushwood, the cracking of the trees as they reluctantly yielded their massive forms to the unrelenting and all-devouring element, the screams of startled birds, and other commingling sounds of terror and devastation. There was a great angle in our road, running parallel, as it were, to the raging fire, but afterwards turning abruptly into a burning savannah. By the time we had reached this point, the conflagration, still in its glory on our right, was fast receding on our left, thus opening a passage, into which we darted without hesitation, although the ground was still smouldering and reeking, and in some places quite alive with flickering sparks from the recent besom of hot flames that had swept over it. Tired as our cattle were, this heated state of the ground made the poor brutes step out pretty smartly. At times we ran great risk of being crushed by the falling timbers. Once a huge trunk, in flames from top to bottom, fell athwart our path, sending up millions of sparks, and scattering innumerable splinters of lighted wood all around us, whilst the numerous nests of the social crossbeaks—the *Texor erythrorhynchus*—in the ignited trees looked like so many lamps suspended in designs at once natural, pleasing, and splendid. It was, altogether, a glorious illumination, worthy of Nature's palace with its innumerable windows and stately vaulted canopy. But the danger associated with the grand spectacle was too great and too imminent for us thoroughly to appreciate its magnificence. Indeed, we were really thankful when once our backs were turned on the awful scene.

At break of day we halted for a few minutes to breathe and to change oxen, then continued to journey on. I despatched all the loose cattle ahead, giving the men orders to return with a fresh team as soon as they had drunk, fed, and rested a little. We arrived at the vley a little before midnight on the 24th of May, but on attempting to kraal the trek-oxen, notwithstanding their fatigue, the thirsty brutes leaped over the stout and tall thorn-fences as if they had been so many rushes, and, with a wild roar, set off at full speed for Oknoa fountain, which they reached the following day, having then been more than *one hundred and fifty hours without a single drop of water!*

Before reaching the water the men in charge of the loose cattle had become so exhausted with long and incessant marching, suffering all the time from burning thirst, that one by one they had sunk down. The cattle, unherded, found their way to the fountain without much difficulty; but the wretched horse missed his, and kept wandering about until he dropped from sheer exhaustion. Some Ovattimba fortunately found the brute, and reporting the discovery to their chief, he goodnaturedly brought the dying beast some drink and fodder, by which means he gradually recovered. The animal when found had been *seven days without water*. I had no idea that a horse was capable of enduring fatigue and thirst to the extent experienced by this back of mine.

The poor dogs were by this time in a fearful state. What was once a clear perspicuous eye, now appeared like a mere lustrous speck under a shaggy brow. Blood flowed at times from their nostrils, and it was with difficulty they dragged along their worn and emaciated carcasses. Sometimes they tried to give vent to their great sufferings in dismal howls, half-stifled in the utterance. Some of the men were nearly as much affected. Poor Mortar was more than once speechless from thirst, and it was quite pitiful to see him, like a man despairing of life, chew old coffee-tobacco and withered tea-leaves. For my own part, I

am thankful to say I suffered on this trying occasion, in a bodily sense at least, less, perhaps, than the rest of my party.

On the eighth day Okaoa was reached in safety, the whole party being in a dreadful state of prostration, not only from fatigue and hardship, but from torn and lacerated feet. This, coupled with the impossibility of procuring trustworthy guides, with the dearth of water, the absence of game, and the other many formidable hindrances, induced Mr. Andersson to turn about homewards without any further delay than was necessary, to recruit the strength of hipeds and quadrupeds. They bade adieu to Okaoa on the 29th of May, and retraced their steps by the same way as that by which they had advanced. The 1st of July found them on the Omaruru River, whence Mortar and Pereira were directed to Otjimhingue to get the wreck of the waggon repaired, whilst Andersson himself proceeded up the Omaruru, and across the Omatako Mountains, to Omuramba Us' Matakoko, where he was to be joined by the waggon, and whence he hoped, finally, to penetrate to the Cunene.

Wild beasts of every description abounded in the valley of the Omaruru, and the lions soon put an end to the existence of two of the dogs, the country being further haunted by lion man-eaters. "I have no particular dread," says Mr. Andersson, "of lions, nor am I, generally speaking, a particularly nervous man, but I do fear and dread such a monster as a man-eater. Set me face to face with an enemy, be he white or black, beast or man, in the broad light of day, and I will take some odds against him. But a skulking, sneaking, poaching night prowler, whose cat-like motions and approach no ear can detect, whose muscular strength exceeds that of the strongest ruminating animal, who will pass through your cattle and leave them untouched in order to feast on human flesh, is, I think, a creature which may reasonably inspire terror. There is something hideous in the thought of lying down nightly in expectation of such a visitor."

The fact is, that greater intimacy does not improve acquaintanceship with such formidable opponents. The lapse of time has also something to do with the feelings. Who is there that has not in the flush of youth, vigour, and enterprise, done that which he would not care to do over again in his mature age? It is evident that Andersson entertains different feelings for lions than he did on his first journey. On another occasion, he relates: "Towards morning, two lions hard-by began to roar most lustily. It is strange how the sound affected me. I could scarcely believe I was the same being who, a few years before, could bivouac single-handed in the very midst of these animals, scarcely noticing their presence, whilst now their mere growl made me nervous."

We quite agree with Mr. Andersson in considering the midnight ambush as one of the most remarkable and characteristic scenes of African sporting life. "The approach of Elephants" in Lake Ngami was the most picturesque thing in the book, and the number of these gigantic quadrupeds met with under similar circumstances upon the present occasion seem to have far exceeded what were met with on his previous travels.

Game continued to become more plentiful as our traveller proceeded from western to eastern Damara Land. At the fountain Ombolo, situated on the Omaruru River, he found the country well stocked with giraffes, zebras, gnus, koodoos, and other animals, and he had what he

is pleased to express as "some very decent shooting." Game being thus abundant, lions, hyenas, jackals, and other beasts of prey did not fail to attend upon their victims, and kept up a terrible hubbub of dissonant voices during the night, causing much annoyance and disturbance. If they had hitherto met with but few natives, they now also saw more of them than was desirable. Indeed, the Omaruru River was evidently one of the favourite resorts of the Damaras. The greatest amount of sport was, as usual, afforded by the elephants, and we have the same old stories over again of night-watches and day-trackings, night assemblages of large herds, of shot after shot at these unwieldy lumps of flesh, of frantic and vicious cows, and of great bulls still more bold and resolute in their charges. There were also plenty of giraffes. Whilst waiting for his waggon, our traveller was unexpectedly joined by a Damara trading caravan, consisting of upwards of four hundred persons, men and women, destined for Ovambo Land. This caravan was, however, afterwards forbidden by Chipanga, the successor of Nan-goro, to enter the country.

One of the most interesting results arrived at in this portion of his journeyings, was that our traveller found Omanbonde, which, to his and Galton's sad disappointment, they had found eight years and a half ago nothing more than a large dried-up vley, to be now a sheet of water, four and a half miles in extent, abounding with water-fowl and largely resorted to by a great variety of game and wild animals, such as elephants, rhinoceroses, elands, koodoos, gemsbucks, zebras, pallahs, lions, &c. There was also another pond close by, and Bushmen villages besprinkled the borders of both.

The waggon having returned on the first day of 1859, our traveller at once set forth for the River Omuramba Ua' Ovambo, which Messrs. Green and Hahn conceived to be identical with the Cunene. On the 16th of the same month he crossed a dry, narrow, but somewhat deeply depressed river-bed, which he only afterwards ascertained was the veritable river he was in search of! The road was not so difficult in eastern as it had been in western Damara, but in parts it was so obstructed with wood that they had to cut down at the rate of a hundred and seventy bushes and trees in every three hundred yards, or about a thousand bushes a mile; above all, there was occasional water and a sufficient supply of game. As he proceeded, however, the difficulties both of finding the way and of finding water increased, and he was obliged to surround and capture a whole werft of Bushmen in order to obtain guides. With this assistance the party reached the next day the Om-bongo, the first periodical watercourse they had met with for a distance of more than a hundred and fifty miles. We must now let Mr. Anderson describe his next great discovery in his own words:

The following day was to solve the problem that had so long engaged all my thoughts, and which was to mark a momentous crisis, not only in my present travels, but also in my entire life. I felt, therefore, considerable anxiety about the description of river I was on the eve of discovering. Some Bushmen we had encountered in our wanderings had positively spoken of it as a mere omuramba, *i. e.* a kind of deeply depressed valley, with a succession of vleys periodically filled with water; whilst others had asserted that it was a permanent stream, traversed by the natives in canoes, and abounding in hippopotami, fish, and alligators. I dreaded lest the first of these accounts should turn out correct,

for in that case all the great expense incurred, and the immense amount of labour lavished on its discovery, would prove valueless and abortive.

At break of day we were afoot, but, the morning air being raw and sharp, I had at first some difficulty in getting the guides along. After about six hours' journeying at a rapid rate, these Bushmen suddenly stopped short, and each of them, drawing from his quiver two or three arrows, carefully concealed them amongst the trees. On demanding an explanation of this singular proceeding, I was simply told that the Ovaquangari were a very unscrupulous set of men, who, whenever they thought themselves strong enough, would take forcible possession of anything that struck their fancy; and as the concealed missiles were new, and of some value to the Bushmen, they were, they said, loth to lose them. They also warned me to be on my guard, as the natives, whose villages we were now fast approaching, were fierce and savage. This was an old tale, and though I did not despise the warning, I conjectured that our sudden and unannounced arrival amongst them would cause rather fright and consternation than any demonstration of hostility on their part.

After this little delay we again proceeded, but had not gone far before I perceived on the far-away horizon a distinct dark blue line. "Ah ha!" I exclaimed to myself, "in the valley of which that line evidently forms the border; there is surely something more than a mere periodical watercourse." A few minutes afterwards, catching a glimpse of an immense sheet of water in the distance, my anticipation was realised to its utmost. A cry of joy and satisfaction escaped me at this glorious sight. Twenty minutes more brought us to the banks of a truly noble river, at this point at least two hundred yards wide. This was then, in all probability, the Mukuru Mukovanya of the Ovambo, which these people had given us to understand flowed westward. Taking it for granted that their statement was in this respect correct, I had stood some time by the water before I became aware of my mistake. "By Heavens!" I suddenly exclaimed, "the water flows towards the heart of the continent, instead of emptying itself into the Atlantic!" For a moment I felt amazed at the discovery. "East!" I continued to soliloquise; "why, what stream *can* this then be, in this latitude and longitude? Tioaghe? No; that channel alone is much too insignificant to form the outlet for such a mighty flow of water. Well, then, it must be one of the chief branches of that magnificent river, the Chobe." This was my first impression, which was to some extent corroborated by the natives, who described this river, called by the Ovaquangari "Okavango," as forking off in two directions in the neighbourhood of Libebe, one branch forming the said Tioaghe, the other finding its way to the Chobe. But on more mature consideration, I strongly question the correctness both of my own impression and of the account of the natives.

It is true Dr. Livingstone, in one of his early maps, lays down a river as coming from Libebe's towards Seketn's town; and I myself, when at Lake 'Ngami, heard of a water communication existing between these two places. But as the Tioaghe is known to send out a branch towards Chobe considerably below Libebe, *i. e.* south of it, called Dzo, it is just possible that this is the stream alluded to by the natives. Furthermore the country, for a great distance about Libebe, is known to abound in immense marshes; it is probable, therefore, that the Okavango, though of such large dimensions, is more or less swallowed up in these extensive swamps, leaving merely sufficient water for the formation of the Tioaghe and its inundations. Unquestionably Dr. Livingstone, if he succeeds in revisiting Seketn's town, will be able to settle this question.

However this may be, it is manifest that the Cuene, followed up to its sources, with the Okavango, Tioaghe, or Teoge, the Chobe, in the interior, and the Zambesi, reaching to the Pacific, open an almost continuous water-line across the continent of intertropical Africa. The interest and importance of the discovery can thus scarcely be overrated. It brings Livingstone's researches and discoveries in the east and in the interior in con-

nexion with the west; it opens a way from the westward to the cotton-growing countries of interior central Africa, and to the hospitable and thriving population on the Liambye and other tributaries to the Zambesi, and a station founded in a sanitary position on the coast, or not far from the mouth of the Cunene, or Nourse River, if they are the same, would not only soon become more prosperous than San Paul de Loando, but would inevitably become the chief port of all South-Western Africa, and the means by which the benefits of civilisation and the spread of the Gospel might be ensured to a population occupying an amount of territory almost equal to a whole continent.

All the villages and cultivated lands of the Ovaquangari, as the people dwelling and boating upon the Okavango are called, being situated on the north bank of the river, they had to wait for canoes to cross to them; but these were not to be easily obtained, for the natives were seized with a universal panic at the sight of the white man. At length relations were established with them through the medium of the Bushmen, and some well-armed men made their appearance, tall, well-built fellows, richly bedaubed with grease and ochre, the wealthier being also profusely covered with iron and bead ornaments. Their language was identical with that of the Ovambo, of which nation they constituted a branch, thus further establishing the continuity of the fertile and available band of south tropical Africa to be by the Okavango and Ovambo Land, and not by Damara Land. The chief of the nation, Chikongo by name, resided at a considerable distance to the southward of the point where Andersson first struck the river, and after some delay—a messenger to announce his approach having been previously despatched—our traveller obtained a canoe just large enough for himself, a few traps, and the paddle-man.

This boatman was a stout, sturdy fellow, but a great blackguard. Under the pretence of avoiding hippopotami, he kept polling the canoe amongst reeds and shallows, stopping at every spot where he had a friend or acquaintance, and calling out, at the top of his voice, to the inhabitants far and near, to come and have a look at the white man. He was, for the time being, the self-elected Barnum of the Okavango. The whole scene, Andersson says, reminded him of visitors to a menagerie stopping at some wild beast's den curiously to examine the monster. Nor does the trial appear to have suited our traveller's temper much, for he revenges himself upon the ladies by declaring that they were an exceedingly ugly-looking lot—thick-set, square, with clumsy figures, bull-dog lips, and broad flat faces. "Even without the grease and ochre, so delicious and ornamental to the body in the opinion of all savages, some of the females would have been perfectly hideous. With their crisp curly hair standing erect in little tangled knots, they might, had their countenances been more animated and intelligent, have been reckoned good models for the Furies." Oh! Mr. Andersson, to speak thus of the beauties of the Okavango!

In the afternoon they lay to and encamped under a noble sycamore. The night, however, albeit in tropical Africa, was cold and blowy. Early next morning another start was effected, and between ten and eleven o'clock they reached the great chieftain Chikongo's village.

We were not, however, permitted to land at the village; so, whilst waiting for instructions, Tom and I set about preparing a light breakfast, which we had

hardly time to despatch when orders arrived for us to present ourselves before the chief. Five minutes' walk brought us to a *werft*—a most filthy, poverty-stricken, miserable-looking burrow. It consisted of a great number of low huts, constructed in the beehive fashion, crowded into a very limited space, each hut being partitioned off from its neighbour, and surrounded by vertically placed mattings, made of thin split wood, precisely similar to those manufactured by the peasantry of the north of Sweden for the purpose of being converted into panniers. Places set apart for palavers or consultation, and friendly chat, dancing rooms, &c., were also environed, and separated from each other in the same way. The whole hamlet was besides encompassed by a stout palisading. Weeds and rank grasses grew and thrived amazingly everywhere all over the place. A spot had just been cleared of this waste vegetation for my reception; it was thronged by the élite of the nation, who had assembled there in great numbers.

Having waited a few minutes, a tall, rather spare-made, middle-aged, and not unprepossessing-looking man made his appearance. This was the chief, Chikongo. His person was less decorated than that of most of his followers, but round his neck he wore an immense coil of fine beads—a common ornament with the well-to-do class of his countrymen. By being constantly bedaubed and plastered over with grease and ochre, these decorations had become one solid and compact mass. The upper parts of his arms were encircled by bracelets, formed entirely of the white valuable shell so often alluded to by travellers, whilst from his waist depended several handsome dagger-knives of native workmanship. The whole of his body was moreover shining and dripping with ochre and butter.

One of the men sent me by the chief spoke the Sichuana language fluently, and as my attendant was a native Bichuana, I had now considerable facility in explaining to Chikongo the object of my journey, my wants and my wishes. He listened patiently, but made few or no remarks; and the interview having lasted a short time, broke it suddenly off, saying, "Now you are probably hungry and must eat; hereafter we can talk more at length. It grieves me from my heart that I cannot entertain you as I should wish. Till the Makololo came and robbed me of my cattle I was rich, and lived well; at present, I can only bid you welcome as a Bushman." This was but too true.

The reader will probably recollect allusions having been made in the preceding pages to a report, which had reached me at Omanbonde, viz. that a party of white men had, the year previous to my visit, attacked the Oraquangari nation, and carried off much cattle, besides making captives of men, women, and children. The aggressors, however, were not white men, but that scourge of central South Africa, the Makololo.

This was then the result of all Dr. Livingstone's earnest endeavours to dissuade these people from committing depredations on their neighbours! All their fine promises to that noble explorer, with their professions of peaceful dispositions, were, as we here see, mere delusions, to use the lightest word, on both sides. I very much fear that this tribe have two faces for Dr. Livingstone. There is no doubt that he possesses very great influence over them, a fact which has been abundantly proved by the very handsome manner in which they have treated and assisted him; and when that admirable man is on the spot, unquestionably everything goes on well and smoothly, but no sooner, I suspect, is his back turned, than the old Swedish saw—"När katten är borta, dansa rattlarna på bordet"—literally, When the cat is away, the rats dance on the table—is at once fully verified.

Andersson ascertained, whilst among the Oraquangari, that the Mambari, or black traders, from the confines of the kingdom of Benguela, visit them regularly every year, and have introduced spirits among them, as well as other "benefits" of civilisation, and that they push their trading expeditions as far eastward as Lihebe. The fact is, that Galton and Andersson appear to have pushed their explorations into this portion of interior tropical Africa entirely in a wrong direction. Had they pene-

trated from Benguela, it would seem highly probable that they would not have met with a tithe of the difficulties which they had to encounter and to overcome—especially in Andersson's case.

A sad event now happened, which proved fatal to the further progress of the expedition. Mr. Andersson was attacked on the night of his return to his party by a malignant fever, which speedily brought him to the verge of the grave. All his energies were prostrated just at the moment when most needed. After a day or two devoted to rest, he pushed forward, excited by the hopes of exploring the upper course of the river; but they had not proceeded far before five out of the six men who had accompanied him to the river were seized with the same malignant disease as himself. Of these, one died, after an illness of only two or three days. This seriously alarmed the others. Pereira and Mortar, who had held out all along, were the next affected. "To add to my dismay," Mr. Andersson continues, "the other patients, instead of improving, were rapidly getting worse, in short, sinking into their graves. Had I then, under these circumstances, persisted on prosecuting my long-cherished project, I should certainly have been much to blame; for I had the sad experience and melancholy fate of former explorers, who had obstinately, in a similar situation, persevered in darling schemes, become hopeless, ever before me, ever forcibly present to my mind. What then was to be done? To linger where we were seemed certain death; and any visions of future success I might still entertain were too remote to justify me in imperiling so fearfully the lives of my fellow-creatures. A precipitate retreat appeared therefore quite imperative. It cost, nevertheless, a severe struggle between duty and ambition before I could resolve upon it. I obeyed at last the monitions of conscience, and bade with a sigh farewell to the pursuit of fame and glory for ever. That this act of self-renunciation was not determined on without acute pangs, it would be useless to deny. After such toils! such hardships! such sacrifices! and with the prospect of a final crowning success just dawning upon me, it may well be imagined that I turned my back on the land of promise with drooping spirits and a heavy heart.

"Thus ended my short hut memorable visit to the Okavango River. I sincerely trust that future explorers of these parts may meet with better success. An excursion up this stream towards its source would undoubtedly prove very interesting, for it is, I believe, perfectly unknown to Europeans; I doubt even whether the native Portuguese are aware of its very existence; they are certainly quite insensible to its importance in a commercial point of view. Navigable it must be throughout a great (if not the greater) portion of its course, even to vessels of some pretension. Numerous tribes, more or less intelligent, more or less traders and acquainted with the art of agriculture, possess permanent habitations along its banks. The unhealthiness of the climate may, it is true, be considered as prohibitive of any frequent or constant intercourse with this country. I strongly suspect, however, that this objection would only apply to a certain season—i. e. to the time when, the annual flow of the river ceasing, exhalations from the surrounding swamps and marshes poison the atmosphere. In the months of June, July, and August, one might, I firmly believe, visit the Okavango with comparative safety. It is only, I think, in the spring, when I was unfortunately in its neighbourhood, that the malaria from the Lagoons is so fatal."

EVENING AT HASTINGS.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

BOAST not of long-drawn vales and flowery plains,
 Of sounding cataracts, and peaks of snow ;
 Behold this ocean where soft beauty reigns,
 And wild sublimity ne'er landscapes show !
 The soul floats o'er yon vast expanse of sea,
 And feels thy meaning, dread eternity !
 The sun in fire hangs o'er the western billow,
 And every tremulous wave his mirror seems ;
 He rests upon a cloud, his burning pillow,
 And there, a sleeping god, awhile he dreams ;
 Like topazes the ships, yon headland bold,*
 Far stretching o'er the deep, a bar of gold.
 And all along the horizon's level brim,
 A crimson path is paved ; and e'en the wing
 Of the seamew is burning ; naught is dim,
 Save the far East, where cliffs, up-towering, fling
 A shadow on the gold, and high in air
 Yon castle hangs†—a ruin rent, and bare.
 How silent all this mighty ocean lies !
 Hushed as an infant rocked to sleep by love,
 His eradle the round world, the bending skies
 His canopy ; as if great Nature's dove,
 Or some calm angel brooded o'er the wave,
 And its own peace to ocean's quiet gave.
 There is an odour, fraught with health and life,
 Wafted on shore from off the purple brine—
 An odour with more living freshness rife,
 Than sweets from banks of summer eglantine ;
 Drinking the spirit of the pure-breathed main,
 The body and the soul a vigour gain.
 Along the shingles and the yellow sand,
 Groups, idly happy, saunter, some with eyes
 Cast on the deep, so lovely yet so grand,
 And others watch the West's rich, changeeful dyes ;
 And there fond lovers wander, slow, apart,
 That scene of beauty melting o'er each heart.
 The little trim-sail'd barks are onward gliding,
 Noiseless as spirits, and the dipping oar
 Breaks the tinged sapphire ; anchored ships are riding ;
 Waves fret and die in sparkles on the shore ;
 At times soft singing from afar is borne,
 Or floats upon the air the mellow horn.
 From crowded cities and their tumult stealing,
 How soothing to the spirit wandering here !
 The world another aspect is revealing,
 We seem transported to a calmer sphere ;
 Sunset, shore, ocean, Nature's glorious whole
 Might well, in dreams Elysian, lap the soul.

* Peachy Head.

† Hastings Castle.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE: ITS ACHIEVEMENTS.*

THERE are few antiquaries whose works are such pleasant reading as those of Mr. Lysons. They do not weary us with their length; they are not devoted to idle theories which a single word from an *Edie Ochiltree* can disperse; but are usually upon subjects in which every one feels an interest. His "Model Merchant," an illustration of the veritable history of Whittington, attracted considerable attention; and in a subsequent publication, of less than forty well-filled pages, he professes to answer the inquiry of, *What has Gloucestershire achieved?* Taking Mr. Lysons's "enumeration of some of the principal points in which that county has taken a prominent lead in matters religious, moral, social, and scientific," it has been suggested that the question should rather have been, "What has Gloucestershire *not* achieved?" The dwellers on the Cotswold hills or in the Severn valley may well be boastful of their county.

As we cannot follow Mr. Lysons through all the subjects he has dwelt upon, we must make our own selection, and leave it to himself to show the claims of Gloucestershire to the first printed Bible, the first metrical version of the Psalms, the first perpendicular Gothic, the first Sunday schools, the first discovery of the variation of the magnetic needle, the first practical steamboat, the electric telegraph, the stereoscope, the first ship canal, the first blankets, the first Mint, the first Parliament, the first discovery of the American continent, the oldest tree in England, *cum multis aliis*; for most or all of which he produces a tolerable show of evidence.

But there is nothing in which his native county has been more honourably distinguished than in the improvement of prison discipline and the repression of crime. "We cannot," says our author, "it is true, claim as a Gloucestershire man the great prison reformer, John Howard; but this we can say, that our County Prison was the first to come under the influence of his salutary measures of reform, carried out upon his principles by that distinguished Gloucestershire patriot Sir George Paul, whose name will be handed down to the posterities of all those who care for their own flesh and blood." "The county prison," he continues, "I rejoice to say, has kept up its charter, and has been one of the first to progress with the times, under the admirable direction of our present county chairman. The industrial system [and he might have added, all the best parts of the separate system] is perhaps nowhere better carried out."

If we remember rightly, one of the first prisons upon Howard's plan was built at Liverpool, but it was diverted from its purpose to be used for the reception of French prisoners of war. At Gloucester every practical improvement was gradually introduced, and with the best results. Mr. Barwick Baker, of Hardwicke Court (of whom we shall have to speak

* "What has Gloucester Achieved?" &c. &c. &c., by the Rev. Samuel Lysons, M.A., F.S.A., Rector of Rodmarton, and Perpetual Curate of St. Luke's, Gloucester, Author of "Claudia and Pndens," &c. Gloucester: A. Lea; London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1861.

more particularly), has appended a "P.S." to the work before us, in which he gives the history of the system and its adoption, with admirable brevity.

"In 1773," he says, "Mr. Howard, being High Sheriff of Bedfordshire, visited the gaol, and discovered the horrible state in which all prisons of that day were kept, a state which few in the present day will believe to have existed so near their own time—when what was called the gaol-fever not only swept off prisoners, but made even attendance at the courts highly dangerous from infection. Howard, however, visited, I believe, every prison in England, and succeeded in drawing public attention to the subject."

"In 1783, Sir George Paul, as chairman of quarter sessions, brought the subject before our county, and procured an Act of Parliament for building the Gloucester Gaol and Penitentiary. Hitherto, though Howard had awakened public attention, no improved system of gaol management had been invented."

"Sir George Paul took the suggestions of Howard, and carried them into practice. An address, published in 1792, gave notice of the completion of the gaol; and then commenced nearly the first attempt at improvement on the old barbarous system, and from the first this became the model for nearly all the world. In 1807 the Americans sent over commissioners to Gloucester to learn the new system. It was adopted, and so greatly *improved upon* in that country, that it became known as the American Solitary System."

"According to Sir George Paul's design, what was technically termed Solitary Imprisonment, *i. e.* without work or books (except a Bible for a portion of the day), was never continued for above a month, and even then was relieved by change of day and night cell, chapel, and exercise in yard. The Americans *improved* on this to the extent of shutting a man into a cell, and not letting him out for twenty years. Yet it is marvellous how few became permanently idiotic."*

"In 1834, or thereabouts, all the newspapers were inveighing against the folly of Government in hesitating to adopt this 'quite perfect' system throughout England. So the Government sent out Mr. Sharman Crawford to learn it and bring it back."

"In 1836 (I think it was) I was gaol visitor, and received a letter from Lord John Russell, then Home Secretary, ordering that we should [like others] comply with about forty rules which he sent us, as far as we could. I had the very great satisfaction of replying that the first thirty-five rules had originated in Gloucester, and had been copied in America, and as they were still in force in Gloucester, we required no alteration; four rules were new, and as they did neither good nor harm, we would comply with his Lordship's orders."

"Soon after this, Mr. Charles Dickens went to America, and published his 'American Notes,' expressing strong opinions against 'the American Solitary System.' The *Times* took it up, and declared this once 'quite perfect system' to be atrocious. So Sir James Graham, then Home Secretary, of course gave instant orders that no more men should be kept

* In the original this paragraph is given as a note. Mr. Baker will pardon us for omitting one or two words from the text.

in solitude, and he promised shortly to send us down a new and perfectly different system, which should be 'quite perfect.'

"No man should henceforth be kept in solitude, on any consideration,* only every one should be kept strictly separate from every one else. We pondered for a time on what this might mean. At last came out the New Separate System, and then the few amongst us who had long been Visiting Magistrates found that this new system was very nearly Sir George Paul's original plan, stripped of its American improvements."

"It is [therefore] something to 'brag' of that when the prison system had always been so utterly horrible, one man of our county, with only Howard's suggestions to guide him, invented a certain system, and this system spread throughout the world. Kings even wrote upon it. All tried to improve upon it. But at the end of fifty years, the last and greatest improvement that could be devised was the restoring it to almost exactly Sir George Paul's original design."

There is another great improvement in the treatment of crime, for which the credit is entirely due to the exertions of Mr. Baker himself and of his colleague Mr. Bengough, a younger brother magistrate of Gloucestershire. Even the Philanthropic Society in London (the origin of the Reformatory at Red-hill) "owed a great deal of its success to the labours and influence of a Gloucestershire man, the late George Peter Holford, Esq., of Westonbirt, father of our present worthy member for the eastern division of the county;" but to the establishment of the reformatory on Mr. Baker's estate at Hardwicke we are indebted for the introduction of the system throughout the kingdom, and for all the practical benefits which have followed. Speaking with his usual kindly humour of Mr. Baker and his friend, Mr. Lysons tells us: "This *par nobile* of Gloucestershire County Gentlemen strenuously devoted themselves to this excellent work; they buckled to in right good earnest, the latter actually living with these young criminals for several months, that he might watch their habits, and learn, from studying their characters, how to improve them. One hears occasionally of great naturalists living with birds and animals around them, to watch their habits, but it is the first time I ever heard of *ornithology* carried to such an extent as to induce gentlemen to study [in this way] the peculiarities of *good birds*."

It is in their results that the great value of these good intentions has been manifested; and we do not suppose that there are many who can hear of them without some degree of interest.

The only satisfactory information obtained by those who attend our criminal courts is a knowledge of the fact that very few persons are impelled to crime by actual want. The Thievish and Fraudulent may be divided into two principal classes: 1. Those who covet something for which they will not work,—indeed, a strong aversion to work, under any circumstances, is one of their peculiarities; and 2. Those who are trained or hereditary professional rogues. In many of both classes, we agree with Lord Stanley, there are also evidences of some defect in the mental faculties.

* There is, of course, the *dark cell* as a temporary punishment for breach of discipline.

Now the kind of criminals to which Mr. Baker has devoted his special attention is precisely that from which the second class we have named is recruited. The establishment of Reformatories has not merely diminished the number of juvenile offenders: it has broken up their training schools. In the care with which Mr. Baker watches over the boys after their discharge there is something remarkable. He gives, to many, another and another chance, and often succeeds in cases that every one else would consider hopeless.

We have neither books nor documents before us—nor, indeed, at present anything except a wide expanse of heath—but we speak with knowledge of the results, though our memory may fail us as to the statistics; and the results are as extraordinary as they are gratifying. There are few Magistrates in Gloucestershire so recently appointed as not to remember when—including the city gaol—there were seven prisons in the county. There is now only *one*, which is capable of containing upwards of four hundred prisoners, but is rarely more than half full—though it receives convicts, under contract, from other places; and all this has been accomplished within the last five or six years. During the same period the cost of prosecutions has been reduced more than half; and the number of juvenile offenders, tried, has fallen from near ninety to very little above twenty. The operation of the Criminal Justice Act of 1855 has done something towards thinning the gaols; as, under its summary process, there are now fewer prisoners waiting their trial at sessions or assizes; and we must give credit also, in the diminution of crime, to the *county police*, which this was the first county to adopt after the passing of the Act in 1839.

These are achievements of which a county may indeed be proud.

As regards the number of celebrated writers which Gloucestershire has produced, Mr. Lysons does not make out a very strong case. He omits to tell us that his own family has contributed some of the best of our English antiquaries; and he claims for the county Roger Bacon in science, and Sternhold and Hopkins in poetry; but the one is doubtful, and the others will not "count many points." Southey and Chatterton were born at Bristol; Bristol, however, is not wholly Gloucestershire. Taylor, the water poet, was born at Gloucester; and William Cartwright (Ben Jonson's "son Cartwright") near Tewkesbury. But if Gloucestershire is not the birthplace of great poets, it has been their home. Milton, we are reminded, wrote his "*Paradise Lost*" at Eyford, near Stow-on-the-Wold, the picturesque retreat of his patron the Duke of Shrewsbury; Pope wrote some of his poetry at Lord Bathurst's, at Cirencester; and Swift dwelt at Berkeley Castle as private secretary to the then Earl of Berkeley.

Berkeley Castle Mr. Lysons considers amongst the distinctions of Gloucestershire, as being one of the oldest inhabited houses in Britain. It may be supposed that a place built as a stronghold in the time of Edward the Confessor, and but little changed, is not very well adapted to the habits of the nineteenth century; yet even as a modern residence it is, in many respects, a fitting abode for its noble and distinguished possessor. It stands above the town of Berkeley, frowning with massive sternness from an eminence that overlooks the rich valley of the Severn; and a rather sharp ascent leads to a gateway opening upon the courtyard. There is no other grand entrance. A small door reached by one

or two steps, in a corner of the court, conducts to the principal apartments. To the right, on the ground-floor, is a library of moderate dimensions. To the left, on the floor above, approached by a not-very-wide stone staircase, is a handsome suite of rooms, consisting of a music-room, drawing-room, and second drawing-room—which in the late earl's time was the dining-room. The furniture and ornaments—some of them of considerable antiquity—are rich and in excellent accordance with the character of the building. The paintings are chiefly portraits; and in a family distinguished during eight centuries it may be supposed that they are numerous. Beyond the second drawing-room is the ancient chapel, now daily used. A flight of steps to its left, of very easy descent, leads to the present dining-room; and there are few palaces even that contain such an apartment as this. It is the old baronial hall restored and re-decorated; and it is impossible to conceive a place in which there is such a total absence of anything that can disturb the enjoyments of the table. Its loftiness and magnificent extent give a purity to the atmosphere that is itself a luxury; yet, even in such weather as last winter, there is no feeling of chilliness; a well-arranged apparatus for the supply of heated external air produces a temperature that is perfect. On a cloudy morning in February, when "the meet" is at "the kennels," there are few things more enjoyable than a previous breakfast in such a room as the old hall at Berkeley. The way in which the habits of former ages have interfered with modern arrangements is chiefly evident in the sleeping-rooms. In place of opening into a corridor, they usually open into each other, and it has required skilful management to prevent their sometimes doing so inconveniently. It may also be supposed that when the light has to come through openings in a wall some six feet thick, it must at times be intercepted. But, with all this, Berkeley Castle is a place which only nobility can possess—and only the nobility that has existed for centuries. Within sight of it is a princely establishment for one of the best studs and the best pack of foxhounds in the kingdom. We are not aware at what period these outworks were constructed. The Castle is matter of history. It was given in the reign of Henry II. to a descendant of the Hardinge (son of Sueno, King of Denmark) who was the kinsman and companion in arms of William I., and for seven hundred years it has been held by one of the same family, either as a baron or an earl. Its present possessor, it will be remembered, claims the barony of De Berkeley by tenure. That of Fitzbardings was recently conferred upon him as due to his services and position, his descent and wide domains. There is in Bristol Cathedral a monument to one of his ancestors, by whom the monastery of St. Augustine, of which the cathedral formed part, was founded in the fifth year of King Stephen; and there are remains of the walls of his house still standing in "Baldwin-street;" so that there is a fitness and historical keeping in the present title of Baron Fitztharding of Bristol.

We shall not trespass further upon the subjects briefly touched upon by Mr. Lysons. It is one of the advantages of reading his productions that they seem to give us, for the time, the same genial disposition as his own, and in this mood we cordially thank him for the information and amusement we have derived from his pleasant tribute to the glory of one of our favourite counties.

DUELLING IN MODERN TIMES.*

DUELLING, so rife in France in the middle ages, was little less so in Great Britain. Edmund II. and Canute had set their subjects the example. The judicial combat is said to have been upheld in this country longer than any other. Nothing could exceed the ferocity exhibited at the encounter of William Count of Eu and of Godefroy Baynard, in 1096, in presence of William II. The Earl of Essex, defeated in a judicial combat by Robert of Montfort, in 1163, withdrew to the monastery at Reading. In a judicial combat, held at Dublin in 1583, one of the combatants, M'Gill Patrick, cut his opponent's (M'Cormack's) head off, and laid it at the feet of the judges. It was in vain that the Star Chamber fulminated its decrees against duelling in the seventeenth century; the fashion was rampant, and the practice of almost daily occurrence. The Puritans first set the example of disregard of the accepted laws of honour. Lord Holles insulted Ireton to no purpose. He even pulled his nose, exposing to him that his conscience should know no wrong, if, having committed such, he should decline to give satisfaction for it. Cromwell's edicts did not prevent the Dukes of Buckingham and Beaufort fighting in a gravel-pit in Hyde Park.

The quarrels of Walpole, Pulteney, and Bolingbroke paved the way for those numerous and disastrous duels which had their foundation in political differences. There was a brief epoch connected with the stage—that of Quin, Garrick, and Macklin—peculiarly characterised by irascibility of temper and turbulence of disposition. Macklin caused the death of Hallam, it is said, by a poke, rather than a blow, with his stick. Pistols, canes, and fists were alternately had recourse to by these choleric Thespians.

The parliamentary debates of 1778 to 1780 were especially violent. Mr. Adam challenged Fox, and wounded him slightly. Pitt had to meet Tierney, and Lord Castlereagh wounded Canning.

A peculiarly melancholy event occurred at Armagh, on the 23rd of June, 1808. The 21st had been reviewed by General Kerr, when, after dinner, a trifling discussion arose between Captains Boyd and Campbell regarding some incident of the day, which led to words. The two gentlemen left the mess-room, and shortly afterwards the sound of pistols was heard in an adjacent apartment. Rushing in, Boyd was found in a chair, mortally wounded. They had fought without witnesses, and by the light of two candles, stuck at each end of the room. Campbell took refuge for some time at Chelsea, but he soon gave himself up, and was hung (after in vain begging to be shot) at Armagh, in 1809. So much for a foolish, hasty word after dinner, and the neglect of those present to ward off evil consequences.

O'Connell having shot D'Esterre, who had undertaken to avenge the Dublin municipality, designated as "beggary" by the great agitator

* *Histoire Anecdote du Duel dans tous les Temps et dans tous les Pays.* Par Emile Colombey. Collection Hertz. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères.

he took a vow to fight no more; but as he continued to indulge in personalities just as much, his sons had to appear for him, till, after the cases of Lord Alvanley and Mr. Disraeli, they were bound over in heavy penalties to keep the peace. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel may be both said, by their acts, to have lent their countenance to the practice of duelling as capable of avenging the insults of a political opponent. It is to be hoped that men will grow wiser in their time.

Lord Castlereagh's affair at Wormholt Scrubbs with M. Gérard de Melcy, originating in the young nobleman having written a foolish letter to Madame de Melcy, better known as Giulia Grisi, was altogether an absurd and stupid affair, which luckily terminated in a slight wound inflicted upon the enamoured viscount. The Cardigan, Reynolds, and Tuckey affair was scarcely more creditable to the parties concerned; but, so long as it is supposed that certain affronts can only be washed out by blood, Reynolds had no other alternative than to act as he did. Lord Cardigan had great good luck in the affair; he shot Harvey Tuckey, and did not even receive a reprimand, whilst Reynolds was deprived of his commission. It was, however, a complicated question, in which military discipline, personal pique, and irregularity of conduct were all concerned; but the spirit of justice would seem to demand that insult should not be given where there is neither the will nor the power to give satisfaction, or the law should protect the person from such by making insults punishable, and that severely so. Some men would not then forget themselves so easily. Imagine Kelly, the father, loading his son's pistol when about to fight Lynch at Ballinasloe! Such an act was worthy of the worst times of the *Pré aux Clercs*.

This allusion reminds us of incidents of duel connected with those turbulent times when parish municipalities' processions, with their banners, and even the choristers of one church would fight against the choir of another. Richelieu had the misfortune to send the wrong notes, one addressed to the Marchioness of Nesle, the other to the Countess de Polignac. The contretemps opened the eyes of both ladies, and a meeting in the Bois de Boulogne was the result.

"You may fire the first," said the countess, "and do not miss me, for I shall not miss you."

Madame de Nesle took aim, and cut a twig off a tree.

"Anger makes the hand shake," added Madame de Polignac, with the coolness of an accomplished duellist. And taking sight in her turn, she carried off the tip of Madame de Nesle's ear. The marchioness fell as if killed on the spot.

Ney, as a young man, was about to fight a duel, when he felt himself pulled by his pigtail. It was his colonel, who had him removed to a dungeon. No sooner out of durance, however, than the future marshal had his fight out. His antagonist was a *maitre-d'armes*, and, like most of his class, a hully, who kept the whole garrison in hot water. Ney cut his right wrist, and disabled him for life. When he had risen to be a general officer, he was, however, considerate enough to grant the nuisance a pension.

An officer of the French Guard having received a slap on the face, stuck an immense piece of plaster, as large as the palm of his hand, on the spot, and then challenged the officer who had insulted him. A short

walk of a few minutes' duration cost the officer a wound which laid him two months in bed. His antagonist took a pair of scissors from his pocket, and quietly cut a circle from off the black patch.

No sooner had the wounded man regained his health, than his servant announced a visitor with a black patch. He had to take another walk, and received a second wound. Another circumference was cut out of the black patch, and the proceeding was renewed till it was reduced to a mere speck.

"I have finished with my plaster," said the officer, on going out for the last time, "and now you shall be relieved from further persecution." And he killed him on the spot. The black speck was, we suppose, the concentrated point of honour.

The Duke of Brissac adopted a strange but successful device in putting down duelling in his regiment. He pretended to countenance the proceeding, but requested that his officers, before fighting, which they did almost every day, would report the circumstance to him. They agreed to this joyfully. Next day two made their appearance. The duke inquired the cause of quarrel. As usual, it was a mere matter of foolish contradiction. "Certainly it is worth while fighting for such a matter," observed the duke. And he gave them their congé. Next morning, at parade, the two officers were present. "What!" said the duke; "the affair had no results, then?" "Excuse me, colonel," said one, holding up his arm in a scarf, "I received a sword-wound." "Pooh! a scratch. And a question of etiquette, too! You must fight it out." So the officers had to fight again, and one of them received a wound that kept him confined three weeks to his bed. In the interval, several others applied for permission to fight, but the duke would not grant it; they must wait, he said, till the first quarrel was settled. One day he met the wounded officer taking fresh air, and leaning on the arm of a friend. "What!" he said, "on foot again? Capital! To-morrow you can fight again, and let this affair be finished with." The two officers met again, and both fell dead. The duke then summoned before him those who had requested permission to fight, and he said he would grant them their wish, but it must be to only two at a time, and in each case he was determined to see the quarrel settled as in the instance that had just occurred. The lesson had its effect. The duke received no more requests for permission to fight.

M. de Marcellus was a pious man. Being grossly insulted, he appealed to Richelieu, saying that some one had spat in his face.

"Go and wash yourself," simply observed the indignant minister. But the matter did not stop there. M. de Marcellus was elected one of the notables in 1768, and he found that no one would sit near him. He had not the courage to remain firm to his religious principles; he felt that he must wash off the affront in blood, and he challenged one of the deputies, only to be slain on the spot.

The Chevalier Saint-Georges, who was a half-caste, is said never to have met with any one who had a chance with him till he encountered that strange character, the Chevalier d'Eon, in London. The latter obtained an advantage over the Creole, having touched him seven times at a public "*assaut d'armes*."

Under the *Assemblée Nationale* a battalion of chasseurs took an oath

to consider every attack made upon the patriotic members as a personal insult. Boyer, on his side, organised a kind of guard, who were designated as the "bataillon des spadassincides." The Revolution deified Reason and legalised spadassincide. But it soon found other cats to whip than duellists, and combats of man to man disappeared in the *mêlée* that followed, till the Empire arose, when all Frenchmen, being turned into soldiers, the entr'actes of war were filled up with duels. Officers fought merely to keep their hands in, and that in face of the fact that Napoleon held duellists in the greatest contempt. He punished General Destaing for having killed General Reynier in a duel. If duels were common under the Empire, there were few that presented anything worthy of record. One of the most curious was one that had lasted nineteen years. It had its origin at Strasbourg. A captain of hussars, Fournier by name, and a "bretteur forcené," killed, under the most frivolous pretext, a youth of the name of Blumm, who was the only support of a family. The evening that Blumm was buried, General Moreau gave a ball, and he gave instructions to his aide-de-camp, Dupont, to refuse admission to Fournier. The latter, irritated, challenged the aide-de-camp for carrying out his general's orders, but luckily the latter came off best, and wounded the bully. But a month having elapsed, Fournier had so far recovered as to be able to call Dupont out again, and this time it was the latter's turn to be placed hors de combat. Being about to meet a third time, Fournier, who used to amuse himself by knocking the pipes out of his brother officers' mouths when riding by, proposed pistols. But to this Dupont naturally declined to accede, and they fought once more with swords, both being slightly wounded. The two antagonists became generals without having ceased to fight whenever an occasion presented itself. One night Dupont arrived at a village in the Grisons, so poor that there was not an inn in the place. There was only a light in one lone hut. Dupont opened the door and found himself face to face with Fournier.

"What you!" he said, gaily. "Well, then, we must have a bout with the sword."

And so saying, they set to work, conversing all the time. At length Dupont pierced Fournier's neck, and held him pinned against the wall at arm's length.

"Come, now," he remarked, "you must acknowledge that you did not anticipate that trick."

"Oh! I know one quite as good as that. When you are obliged to let go, I will give you one in the abdomen that will give your bowels fresh air."

"Thank you; but I shan't let go. I shall pass the night in this position."

"A pleasant perspective! Do you know that I am not at all at my ease?"

"Let go your sword, then, and I will let you go."

"No, not till I have disembowelled you."

Luckily the noise brought some officers in, who separated these inveterate enemies.

But after a lapse of time, Dupont wished to marry. This he could not very well do, so long as Fournier was alive. So he went to Paris to find him out.

"Ah! you here?" said Fournier. "We shall have another little bout, then."

"Yes," replied Dupont; "but listen to me for a moment first. I want to get married, but to do so I must get rid of you. So this time we will fight with pistols."

"What! are you mad?" said Fournier, astonished.

"No. I know your skill, but I propose to equalise the combat. There is a little wood near Neuilly. I propose that we go there, and that, after getting out of sight of one another, we shall track each other at our convenience."

"Agreed to. But don't think about marriage, for I promise you you shall die a bachelor."

On the day appointed Fournier and Dupont entered the wood. Each advanced stealthily through the thicket, till their eyes met in the foliage. Each at the same moment rushed behind a tree. The position was a delicate one. Dupont passed the tail of his coat beyond the trunk. It was struck in a moment by a ball that whistled by.

"So much for one," said the general.

A few moments more elapsed, when, holding his pistol pointed with his left hand, as if about to fire, he pushed his hat out with the right. It was struck in a second.

"That is the last," said Dupont; and he walked, pistol in hand, right upon Fournier. "Your life belongs to me," he said, "but I will not take it."

"Just as you like," replied the hussar.

"Only remember this, I preserve the rights which I suspend to-day. And if ever you cross my path, I will shoot you like a dog."

And thus ended the long succession of duels which altogether had been carried on for nineteen years.

Two generals of the Empire managed to fight six out of the hundred days of the Emperor's return. General d'Ornano was going to the Tuileries, when he met General Bouet, with whom he had had some slight misunderstanding. He, however, saluted him, but Bouet did not return it. Whereupon he turned back, and, addressing him, said:

"General, was it by mistake that you did not return my salute, or was it intentional?"

"It was not by mistake."

The next morning, without further explanation, the two generals exchanged balls. This was repeated for six days, till General Ornano received a ball, which perhaps prevented his being killed at Waterloo, and obliged him to use crutches for two years afterwards. General Bouet was hit at the same time, but his life was saved by a five-franc piece that lay accidentally in his waistcoat-pocket. Money and watches have saved several lives in duels.

At the Restoration scarcely a day passed without a meeting between Royalists and Imperialists. The insults chiefly took place beneath the wooden gallery (now the glass gallery) of the Palais Royal, where a tread on the toes, or a push with the elbow, sufficed. An old Imperialist fire-eater, a certain Colonel Dufai, thus took in hand one day a youth of herculean frame, Raoul by name, who wore the uniform of the Royal Guard; but, barely eighteen years of age, he was but little practised in

the use of arms. The parties merely adjourned to a street close by, that led upon the Louvre, and the combat began, but so great was the inequality of the parties, Colonel Dufai having disarmed his antagonist several times, that, to bring an impossible combat to a conclusion, he made the extraordinary proposition that they should be tied to one another with the exception of the right hand, in which should be a dagger, and that they should be thus placed in a hackney-coach with orders to drive twice round the place of the Carrousel. Two of the witnesses drove the vehicle, two others got up behind. First one cry of agony was heard, then another, and all was silent.

The accomplices drove the hack-horses furiously round the square. Two turns accomplished, they rushed to the carriage doors. All was perfectly quiet within, and the two bodies lay still tied together in a pool of blood. Dufai, however, recovered. His adversary had struck him four times in the breast, and torn his face and chin with his teeth!

But such a horrible encounter did not cure him of his ruffianly propensities. His next victim was Colonel de Saint-Morys, of the Gardes du Corps; and he also wounded General Viscount de Montélegier grievously. At length, the police got hold of him on account of a pamphlet he had published. Condemned to a month's imprisonment, he was so roughly treated that he became violent; he was then thrown down, put in a straight jacket, and tied by the neck and feet like a madman, or a wild animal, as he was.

There have been literary as well as military bullies. Martainville used to abrogate to himself the right of insulting people in his journal, and that of killing them if they ventured to complain. This gave, however, a chance to the complainant, and was therefore, perhaps, preferable to the system pursued by certain hebdomadals in our own times of doing an author an injury, and if he complains, reserving to themselves the right of adding insult to it. Benjamin Constant, who, like M. de Montlosier, used to discuss the right of the conquering and of the conquered with sword as well as pen in hand, was called out by a zealous Royalist, Forbin des Issarts, at a time when he was so unwell that it was agreed to fight with pistols seated in arm-chairs. The two deputies aimed so dexterously that they did not even hit the chairs.

It is not altogether a safe thing to tread upon the ground of duellists still living, or both Great Britain and America would furnish us with some curious types. We shall content ourselves with extracts from M. Emile Colombery's "*Histoire Anecdote du Duel*," and that gentleman throws the responsibility for modern instances back (except when otherwise indicated) upon M. de Campigneulles, author of a "*History of Ancient and Modern Duels*." This explanation will attest what a lively sense we have of the unpleasantness of being tied to a man armed with a dagger in a hackney-coach, or let loose in a thick covert or a dark room with a man boiling over with murderous intent, whether armed with a revolver or a bowie-knife. Mr. Robert Bell and Lord Tullamore, for example, are said to have had words at the Kildare-street Club, in March, 1845. A meeting being appointed for five o'clock the ensuing morning in Phoenix Park, Mr. Bell and his second arrived there at the time agreed upon, and were followed by a close carriage, from which, instead of the opponent and his friend, issued two police-officers. Lord Tulla-

more and his friend Captain Lindsay had been arrested on issuing forth from the club on the same morning. Among the exceptions indicated as not derived from M. de Campigneulles are such indiscreet writers as M. Véron, who tells a tale of M. Thiers engaging himself, before coming up to Paris, to some village beauty, and having in consequence to fight a ridiculous duel with a justly indignant parent. The ball, in fact, passed between the legs of the future minister and historian, and many were the jokes at his expense. General Gourgaud called out Count Philip of Ségur for certain passages in the latter's well-known "*History of the Campaign of Russia*," but nothing came of it. The ex-aide-de-camp and author were not animated with the same demoniacal fury that induced two officers, after wounding one another in single combat, to lie down and finish the affair on a mattress! M. Beaupoil de Sainte-Aulaire had to fight two duels, for a squib entitled "*Oraison Funèbre du Duc de Feltré*." He got safe through the first, which was with the son of the deceased, but was killed in the second by a cousin—M. de Pierrebouurg. No sympathy was expressed at his fate by his literary contemporaries, for he was sent out of the world with all the requisite formalities!

The Court of Appeal decided in four cases of homicide by duel—in one of which, that of Roqueplane and Durré, the first had fired in the air, the second insisted he should fire at him, which he did, and missed him, whereupon Durré shot his antagonist dead—that in all duels there is previous agreement, a common intention, reciprocity and simultaneity of attack and defence, and such a combat, when it takes place with equal chances on one side as the other, without disloyalty or perfidy, does not come within the cases provided for by the law. But in the case of Triens, who had killed his antagonist at six paces, he was condemned, as having been the provoker, and having fired the first, and that at a distance at which he was sure of hitting. In another instance, a verdict was given because one of the parties had aimed too long a time. As to Durré, he was also punished for having killed his antagonist at a time when he no longer ran any danger.

A distinguished and well-known notary of Paris, while breakfasting at the *Café de Foy*, indulged in some loud animadversions upon Marshal Marmont's conduct at *Essonne*.

"Sir, you shall give me satisfaction," said suddenly another consommateur present, and who hastily approached the table with his moustaches erect with anger.

"Are you Marshal Marmont?" quietly inquired the notary.

"I have not that honour; but I am his aide-de-camp."

"Give me your card then, sir; I will send you my head clerk."

Jules Janin declares that nothing succeeded in life with M. Mira after he had slain—albeit "with all the formalities"—the young poet Dovalle in a duel. He lost his situation, lost his fortune, and dragged an amiable young woman with him down into the dregs of poverty and obscurity. Jules Janin also relates a story of a young man of the name of Signol, who began his literary career by a successful piece at the *Porte St. Martin*. Unfortunately he had a bad temper. Being at the Italian Opera, he took a seat vacated between acts, but which was shortly afterwards claimed by a young man who happened to be the officer on duty that

night, and who asked for his seat with perfect politeness. Signol, however, not only refused to give up the seat, but struck the officer, which done, he went away, leaving his card. The officer sent his report at night. "Nothing new, but the officer on duty received a slap in the face." The colonel wrote on the margin of the report, "I give the officer on duty congé for to-morrow." Next day a carriage appeared at M. Signol's door to convey him to Vincennes. M. Signol was a practised swordsman; it was the first time that the young man who had been insulted had been engaged in single combat. Yet the struggle was not of long duration. In a few minutes Signol received his antagonist's sword right in the heart.

The revolution of 1830 was, at the time, generally discussed with a pistol or a sword in the hand. Eugène Briffault, of the *Corsaire*, opened the ball, on the occasion of the arrest of the Duchess of Berri, with a Royalist, but got a wound for his pains. This was followed by a general rising of the Legitimist party against the Republicans. Godefroi Cavaignac, Marrast, and Gardierin took the lead in challenging the opposite party. Armand Carrel and Roux-Laborie were, however, the first to meet. Roux-Laborie received two sword wounds in the arm, but Armand Carrel was struck in the abdomen when stretching out. The whole of the Liberal party expressed their sympathy, nor was the effervescence cooled down till their hero got better.

General Bugeaud and Dulong also fought on the question of the Duchess of Berri, when the latter received a ball just above the left eye, after which he never spoke a word. The Marquis of Dalmatia and M. de Briquerville, wearied with an ineffectual struggle with swords, were separated by their seconds when about to seize one another by the throat. M. Louis Veuillot, when taking his first flights in the art of apostrophising people, had to fight two duels: one with an actor, the other with the editor of a republican paper, the *Journal de Rouen*.

Mery practised a piece of consummate mysticism upon the Marseillais. A sarcophagus having been discovered near the city of the Phœceans, a letter appeared upon the subject in the *Messenger*, signed Marcredati. It was replied to in the *Mistral* by another archæologist, by name Biffi. The correspondence grew so animated that the police were put on the look-out; but notwithstanding their precautions, a funereal oration on Marcredati appeared in the *Messenger*, signed Neroni. The affair created a great sensation, and a monument was erected to the memory of the fallen archæologist. Mery laughed in his sleeve, for he was Marcredati, Biffi, and Neroni, all in one.

Imagine what were the delights of editorial responsibility when such a person was so certain of receiving a challenge for every manuscript returned, that at length he had to stereotype his answer:

"Sir, I have read your manuscript with the greatest attention, and I beg to decline it. I leave the choice of arms with you."

Marshal Soult being insulted by General Hulot, who had been placed on half-pay, the former said to him:

"General, you forget yourself. You forget, also, that I only fight with cannon-balls."

M. Véron has had the misfortune all his life of being the target of one publication or another. He fought the responsible editor of one journal

in the presence of eight witnesses, four on each side; and then the editor of the *Dandy*, with only one witness each. M. Raspail, who openly expressed the most supreme contempt for duellists, allowed himself to be exasperated into accepting a challenge. M. Gisquet, prefect of the police, challenged the editor of the *Courier* for having designated one of his official acts as imbecile. A public man would have enough to do in this country if he had to fight every man with a pen in his hands who designated his acts or sayings as stupid. Armand Carrel was one of the seconds, and the matter was quietly arranged. After the "Tour de Nesle" had been played for two years, M. Gaillardet claimed a demi-paternity. M. Alexandre Dumas declared that he was the only father. A meeting was the result, which ended, we believe, in a *déjeûner*. The court, however, decided that the bantling had two parents.

M. Mary-Lafon was bathing in the Marne one day, a Mr. M. G. near him. The latter suddenly disappeared. M. Lafon dived after him and brought him up again. Restored to his senses, the delivered overwhelmed his deliverer with expressions of gratitude. Mr. Lafon, to get rid of such excessive demonstrations, proposed an adjournment to a house of refreshment. But this only made matters worse. M. G. called him his father and his saviour, and persisted in publicly embracing him. Lafon, annoyed beyond bearing, threw a plate of strawberries at M. G., who retorted with a water decanter. A meeting was the consequence. After a first harmless discharge of pistols, M. Lafon inquired if the other would persist in his filial demonstrativeness.

"O mon père!" was the only reply.

"Load the pistols again, then," said Lafon. Another fire was exchanged with the same happy results.

"O mon père!" exclaimed the incurable M. G., as he rushed over the interval that separated the combatants, and threw himself into the arms of M. Lafon. There was no resisting such an energy of gratitude. The combat was obliged to be postponed *sine die*.

M. Louis Veuillot fought his third duel the same year. That was in 1834. Two shots were exchanged, but without any untoward results.

Villemot, in his "*Vie à Paris*," relates an anecdote of a certain Legitimist bully, Choquart by name, who is said to have been subsidised by the Count de Chambord. He had gone to provoke a certain contractor to fight a duel at a time when the person in question was engaged in pumping water. He took the bully under his arm and pumped upon him.

"Can you imagine such a rascal?" Choquart would say. "I went as a gentleman to propose an affair of honour, and he pumped upon me!"

"But the wretch!" some one would venture to observe, "did he pump a long time?"

"For a quarter of an hour, sir, and I could not move. The rascal was as strong as an Auvergnat."

This man—it is to be hoped the last of his order—was always getting into ridiculous positions. "After you, sir, with the *Quotidienne*," he would say, going into a café. "I beg your pardon," the other would reply, "it is the *Constitutionnel* that I am reading." "I suppose you mean to say I have told a lie?" the bully would retort, seeking a quarrel. Or he would say, "Sir, you are looking at me in an impertinent manner." "I, sir? I did not even notice you." "Then you mean to say I lie?"

Being at a masked ball one carnival, Choquart got into a quarrel with

a Turk. Cards were exchanged. Next morning our bretteur called, and found that his opponent was a linendraper.

"Monsieur Ballu!" shouted out the duellist, walking into the shop.

A young and pretty wife presented herself: "At your service, sir!"

"My name is Choquart. I come to settle an affair."

"My husband is ill, sir. He has been attacked with spitting of blood. The doctors say he cannot live six months."

"Well, madame," said Choquart, "I am a good fellow. I will call again in six months, and if he has deceived me, beware!"

The six months elapsed, Choquart presented himself, accompanied by Villemot, the narrator of the scene. M. Ballu was busy in his shop, in excellent health.

"Just so," said M. Choquart; "I expected as much. You have been laughing at me."

"Monsieur Choquart," exclaimed the draper, a little embarrassed, "I assure you I have been very ill. But I will never play the Turk again. You must really forget the past. It was carnival time."

"Not quite so quick, if you please," said Choquart. "You propose an apology. It must be in form."

"I really know nothing about forms, but I have a leg of mutton with haricots, and if you and your friend will do me the honour to dine with me, I shall be delighted, and so will my wife. Aglaé dear!" Aglaé not coming at the moment, the draper continued: "And I have some Madeira, M. Choquart; I should like to have your opinion about it."

"You have Madeira!" exclaimed Choquart, losing all command of himself. "You have no such thing. I only drank one glass of Madeira in my life, and that was at the Tuileries."

"Dame," said the merchant, terrified, "if I have no Madeira, I have a leg of mutton with haricots. Will you come and see it?"

Choquart allowed himself to be softened: "A leg of mutton, perhaps, but no jack!" he muttered.

"Yes, and an authentic jack," continued the draper. "Walk this way."

Choquart enjoyed his mutton, did not even pull faces at his sham Madeira, and made himself so far agreeable as to make the blood of his host and hostess run cold at the narrative of his duelling exploits.

At a supper of well-known characters, among whom were Bouffé, Eugène Briffaut, Armand Marrast, Villemot, and others, one Mouton had the misfortune to speak of Charles X. as a "vieux cornichon." Choquart insisted upon immediate chastisement, but at this moment he remembered that he owed Mouton five francs. "What a pity," he exclaimed, "I cannot thrash the man till I have paid him his five francs! Who will lend me five francs?" Naturally, every one declined for such a purpose. Bouffé, to keep the joke up, persuaded Mouton that he would never be safe until he had lent Choquart a hundred francs, which the latter never would be able to pay. Choquart took the money, saying, "It is the same thing; when I get my allowance I will pay you, and you shall have your beating. But Choquart never came up to this fabulous dishonourment. Latterly his greatest passions could be assuaged by the offer of a "petit verre!"

Of all the duels of recent times in Paris, none created so great a sensation as that of Emile de Girardin and Armand Carrel. The affair had

its origin simply in the fact that the former had started a paper at forty francs a year. The combatants were placed at forty paces, with liberty to approach within twenty. Armand Carrel fired after advancing ten. M. de Girardin had only advanced three or four, when he fired, and both pistols went off at the same time.

"I am hit in the thigh," exclaimed M. de Girardin.

"And I in the groin," said Carrel.

He had strength, however, to take a seat. As he was carried by his friends past the editor of the *Presse*, "Do you suffer much, Monsieur de Girardin?" he inquired.

"I only hope you do not suffer more than I do," was the reply.

The death of Armand Carrel produced an intense sensation, and has done much to diminish the passion for duelling on the Continent. M. Emile de Girardin was besieged with applications from persons anxious to revenge the publicist, but he placed the matter in the hands of his friends, who wisely declared that after so sad a catastrophe he, M. de Girardin, was not bound to accept of further challenges on the same account.

In 1841, M. Granier de Cassagnac was fined a hundred francs and expenses for inflicting a pistol-wound, in a duel, upon M. Lacrosse, now a senator. The Marquis de Calvière and the Duke d'Uzès received each a sword-wound in a duel brought about by the one calling the other a Pritchardist, when that sad affair was at its height.

In the affair Dujarier and Beauvallon, in reality that of the *Globe* against the *Presse*, and in which the former lost his life, Beauvallon was tried and acquitted; but it having been proved that Beauvallon and M. d'Ecquevilly had declared that the pistols had not been tried, whereas M. Arthur Bertrand showed that Dujarier's pistol had been recently discharged before the duel took place, the one was condemned to ten, and the other to eight years' imprisonment. Strange inconsistency of the law upon duelling! It was upon the occasion of this trial, which took place at Rouen, that Alexandre Dumas was cross-examined:

"Who are you?"

"Alexandre Dumas Davy, Marquis de la Pailletterie."

"Your profession?"

"I would say dramatic author, if I was not in the country of Corneille."

Upon which the president cynically observed:

"There are degrees, according to the age we live in."

We might continue our illustrations almost *ad infinitum*. Germany, Austria, Prussia, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and America, are all made to contribute their quota of incidents. But still, France surpasses all other nations in the propensity for duelling. The point of honour extends even to the Church.

M. Olivier, Bishop of Evreux, was conversing one day with Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris, upon the inconsistency and imperfection of the law in the matter of duelling:

"But," said the bishop to Monseigneur Affre, "if any one was to slap your face, what would you do?"

"Monsieur," replied the archbishop, "I know what I ought to do, but I do not know what I should do."

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE FIRST.

I.

THE MEET OF THE HOUNDS.

It was a bright day in autumn: the scene one of those fair ones rarely to be witnessed but in England. The sun, warm and glowing, almost befitting a summer's day, shone on the stubble of the corn-fields, whence the golden grain had recently been gathered, gilded the tops of the trees—so soon to pass into the "sear and yellow leaf"—illumined the blue hills in the distance, and brought out the nearer features of the landscape in all their light and shade. A fine landscape, as you gazed at it from this high ground, where you may suppose yourself to be standing: comprising hill and dale, water and green pastures, woods and open plains. Amidst them rose the marks of busy life; mansions, cottages, hamlets, railways; and churches, whose steeples ascended high—pointing the way to a better Land.

The town of Prior's Ash, lying in a valley, was alive that gay morning with excitement. It was the day appointed for the first meet of the hounds—the P. A. hounds, of some importance in the county—and people from far and near were flocking to see them throw off. Old and young, gentle and simple, lords of the soil and tradesmen, all were wending their way to the place of meeting. The master, Colonel Max, was wont on this, the inaugurating morning of the season, to assemble at his house for breakfast as many as his large dining-room could by any species of crowding contain; and a fine sight it was, and drew forth its numerous spectators, to watch them come afterwards, in procession, to the meet. As many carriages and four, with their fair occupants, would come to that first meet, as you could have seen in the old days on a county race-course. It was an old-fashioned local custom, this show; Colonel Max was pleased to keep it up; and he lacked not supporters. The opening, this year, was unusually early.

The gay crowd was arriving, thick and threefold; some from the breakfast, some from their homes. The rendezvous was a wide, open common; no space lacking. The restrained hounds snarled away at a short distance, and their attendants, attired for the hunt, clashed their whips among them.

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Riding a noble horse, and advancing from the opposite direction to that of Colonel Max and his guests, came a tall, stately man, getting in years. His features were regular as though they had been chiselled from marble; his fine blue eyes could sparkle yet; and his snow-white hair, wavy as of yore, was worn rather long behind, giving to him somewhat the appearance of a patriarch. But, the healthy bloom, which had once been characteristic of his face, had left it now: the paleness of ill health sat there, and he bent his body continually, as if too weak to bear up on his horse. His approach was discerned; and many started forward, as with one impulse, to greet him. None stood higher in the estimation of his fellow-men than did Sir George Godolphin; no other name was more respected in the county.

"This is good indeed, Sir George! To see you out again!"

"I thought I might venture," said Sir George, essaying to meet a dozen hands at once. "It has been a long confinement; a tedious illness. Six months, and never out of the house; and, for the last fortnight out but in a garden-chair. My lady wanted to box me up in the carriage this morning; if I must come, she said. But I would not have it: had I been unable to sit my horse, I would have remained at home."

"You feel weak still?" remarked one, after most of the greeters had had their say, and were moving away.

"Ay. Strength, for me, has finally departed, I fear."

"But you must not think that, Sir George. Now that you are so far recovered as to go out, you will improve daily."

"And get well all one way, Godolphin," joined in the hearty voice of Colonel Max. "Never lose heart, man."

Sir George turned his eyes upon Colonel Max with a cheerful glance. "Who told you I was losing heart?"

"Yourself. When a man begins to talk of his strength having finally departed, what's that, but a proof of his losing heart? Low spirits never cured anybody yet: but they have killed thousands."

"I shall be sixty-six years old to-morrow, colonel: and if, at that age, I can 'lose heart' at the prospect of the great change, my life has served me to little purpose. The young may faint at the near approach of death; the old should not."

"Sixty-six, old!" ejaculated Colonel Max. "I have never kept count of my own age, but I know I am that, if I am a day; and I am young yet. I may live these thirty years to come: and shall try for it, too."

"I hope you will, colonel," was the warm answer of Sir George Godolphin. "Prior's Ash could ill spare you."

"I don't know about that," laughed the colonel. "But I do know that I could ill spare life. I wish you could take the run with us this morning!"

"I wish I could. But that you might accuse me again of—what was it?—losing heart, I would say that my last run with the hounds has been taken. It has cost me an effort to come so far as this, walking my horse at a snail's pace. Do you see Lady Godolphin? She ought to be here."

Colonel Max, who was a short man, raised himself in his stirrups, and gazed from point to point of the gradually increasing crowd. "In her carriage, I suppose?"

"In her carriage, of course," answered Sir George. "She is no Amazon." But he did not avow his reason for inquiring after his wife's carriage—that he felt a giddiness stealing over him, and deemed he might be glad of its support. Neither did he explain that he was unable to look round for it himself just then, under fear of falling from his horse.

"I don't think she has come yet," said Colonel Max. "I do not see the livery. As to the ladies, they all look so like one another now, with their furbelows and feathers, that I'll be shot if I should know my own wife—if I had one—at a dozen paces' distance. Here is some one else, however."

Riding up quietly, and reining in at the side of Sir George, was a gentleman of middle height, with dark hair, dark grey eyes, and a quiet, pale countenance. In age he may have wanted some three or four years of forty, and a casual observer might have pronounced him "insignificant," and never have cast on him a second glance. But there was a certain attraction in his face, for all that; and his voice sounded wonderfully sweet and kind as he grasped the hand of Sir George.

"My dear father! I am so glad to see you here!"

"And surprised too, I conclude, Thomas," returned Sir George, smiling on his son. "Come close to me, will you, and let me rest my arm upon your shoulder for a minute. I feel somewhat giddy."

"Should you have ventured out on horseback?" inquired Thomas Godolphin, as he hastened to place himself in proximity with his father.

"The air will do me good; and the exertion also. It is nothing to feel a little weak after a confinement such as mine has been. You don't follow the hounds to-day, I see, Thomas," continued Sir George, noting his son's plain costume.

A smile crossed Thomas Godolphin's lips. "No, sir. I rarely do follow them. I leave amusement for George."

"Is he here, that graceless George?" demanded the knight, searching into the crowd with fond and admiring eyes. But the admiring eyes did not see the object they thought to rest on.

"He is sure to be here, sir. I have not seen him."

"And your sisters? Are they here?"

"No. They did not care to come."

"Speak for Janet and Cecil, if you please, Thomas," interrupted a young lady's voice at this juncture. The knight looked down; his son looked down; there stood the second daughter of the family, Bessy Godolphin. She was a dark, quick, active little woman of thirty, with an ever ready tongue, and deep grey eyes.

"Bessy!" uttered Sir George, in astonishment. "Have you come here on foot?"

"Yes, papa. Thomas asked us whether we wished to see the meet; and Janet—who must be master and mistress always, you know—answered that we did not. Cecil dutifully agreed with her. I did care to see it; so I came alone."

"But, Bessy, why did you not say so?" remonstrated Mr. Godolphin. "You should have ordered the carriage; you should not have come on foot. What will people think?"

"Think!" she echoed, holding up her pleasant face to her brother, in

its saucy independence. "They can think anything they please: I am Bessy Godolphin. I wonder how many scores have come on foot?"

"None, Bessy, in your degree, who have carriages to sit in, or horses to ride," said Sir George.

"Papa, I like to use my legs better than to have them cramped under a habit or in a carriage; and you know I never could bow to fashion and form," she laughed. "Dear papa, I am delighted to see you! I was so thankful when I heard you were here! Janet will be fit to eat her own head now, for not coming."

"Who told you I was here, Bessy?"

"Old Jekyl. He was leaning on his paliugs as I came by, and called out the information to me almost before I could hear. 'The master's gone to it, Miss Bessy! he is out once again! But he had not got on his scarlet,' the old fellow added; and his face lost its gladness. Papa, the whole world is delighted that you should have recovered, and be once more amongst them."

"Not quite recovered yet, Bessy. Getting better, though; getting better. Thank you, Thomas; the faintness has passed."

"Is not Lady Godolphin here, papa?"

"She must be here by this time. I wish I could see her carriage: you must get into it."

"I did not come for that, papa," returned quick Bessy, with a touch of her warm temper.

"My dear, I *wish* you to join her. I do not like to see you here on foot."

"I shall set the fashion, papa," laughed Bessy, again. "At the great meet next year, you will see half the stylish pretenders of the county toiling here on their two feet. I say I am Bessy Godolphin."

The knight ranged his eyes over the motley group, but he could not discern his wife. Sturdy, bluff old fox-hunters were there in plenty, and well got-up young gentlemen, all on horseback, their white cords and their scarlet coats gleaming in the sun. Ladies were mostly in carriages; a few were mounted, who would ride quietly home again when the hounds had thrown off; a very few—they might be counted by units—would follow the field. Prior's Ash and its neighbourhood was supplied in a very limited degree with what they were pleased to call masculine women: for, the term "fast" had not then come in. Many a pretty woman, many a pretty girl was present, and the sportsmen lingered, and were well pleased to linger, in the sunshine of their charms, ere the business, for which they had come out, began, and they should throw themselves, heart and energy, into it.

On the outskirts of the crowd, sitting her horse well, was a handsome girl of right regal features and black flashing eyes. Above the ordinary height of woman, she was finely formed, her waist slender, her shoulders beautifully modelled. She wore a peculiar dress, and, from that cause alone, many eyes were on her. A well-fitting habit of bright grass-green, ornamented on the corsage with buttons of silver-gilt; similar buttons were also on the sleeves at the wrist, but they were partially hidden by her white gauntlets. A cap, grass-green, rested on the upper part of her forehead, a green-and-gold feather on its left side, which glittered as the sun's rays played upon it. It was a style of dress which had not yet been

seen at Prior's Ash, and was regarded with some doubt. But, as you are aware, it is not a dress in itself which is condemned or extolled: it depends upon who it is that wears it: and, as the young lady, wearing this, was just now the fashion at Prior's Ash, the feather and habit were taken into favour forthwith. She could have worn none more adapted to her peculiar style of beauty.

Bending to his very saddle's bow, as he talked to her—for, though she was tall, he was taller still—was a gentleman of courtly mien. In his fine upright figure, his fair complexion and wavy hair, his good features and dark blue eyes, might be traced a strong resemblance to Sir George Godolphin. But the lips had a more ready smile upon them than Sir George's had ever worn, for his had always been somewhat of the sternest; the blue eyes twinkled with a gayer and more suspicious light, when gazing into other eyes, than could ever have been charged upon Sir George: but the bright complexion had been Sir George's once; imparting to his face, as it now did to his son's, a delicate beauty, almost as that of woman. "Graceless George," old Sir George was fond of calling him; but it was an appellation given in love, in pride, in admiration. He bent to his saddle-bow, and his gay blue eyes flashed with unmistakable admiration into those black ones as he talked to the lady: and the black ones most certainly flashed the admiration back again. Dangerous eyes, were those of Charlotte Pain's! And not altogether lovable ones.

"Do you always keep your promises like you kept that one yesterday?" she was asking him.

"I did not make a promise yesterday—that I remember. Had I made one to you, I should have kept it."

"Fickle and faithless!" she cried. "Men's promises are lasting as words traced upon the sea-side sand. When you met me yesterday in the carriage with Mrs. Verrall, and she asked you to take compassion on two forlorn dames and come in to Ashlydyat in the evening, and dissipate our ennui—what was your answer?"

"That I would, if it were possible."

"Was nothing more explicit implied?"

George Godolphin laughed. Perhaps his conscience told him that he had implied more, in a certain pressure he remembered giving to that fair hand, which was resting now, gauntleted, upon her reins. Gay George had meant to dissipate Ashlydyat's ennui, if nothing more tempting offered. But something more tempting did offer: and he had spent the evening in the company of one who was more to him than was Charlotte Pain.

"An unavoidable engagement arose, Miss Pain. Otherwise you may rely upon it I should have been at Ashlydyat."

"Unavoidable!" she replied, her eyes gleaming with something very like anger into those which smiled on her. "I know what your engagement was. You were at Lady Godolphin's Folly."

"Right. Commanded to it by my father."

"Oh!"

"Solicited, if not absolutely commanded," he continued. "And a wish from Sir George now bears its weight: we may not have him very long with us."

A smile of mockery, pretty and fascinating to look upon, played

upon her rich red lips. "It is edifying to hear these filial sentiments expressed by Mr. George Godolphin! Take you care, sir, to act up to them."

"Do you think I need the injunction? How shall I make my peace with you?"

"By coming to Ashlydyat some other evening while the present moon lasts. I mean, while it illumines the early part of the evening."

She dropped her voice to a low key, and her tone had changed to seriousness. George Godolphin looked at her in surprise.

"What is the superstition?" she continued to whisper, "that attaches to Ashlydyat?"

"Why do you ask me this?" he hastily said.

"Because, yesterday evening, when I was sitting on that seat underneath the ash-trees, watching the road from Lady Godolphin's Folly—well, watching for you, if you like it better: but I can assure you there is nothing in the avowal that need excite your vanity, as I see it is doing. When a gentleman makes a promise, I expect him to keep it; and, looking upon your coming as a matter of course, I did watch for you; as I might watch for one of Mrs. Verrall's servants, had I sent him on an errand and expected his return."

"Thank you," laughed George Godolphin. "But suffer my vanity to rest in abeyance for a while, will you, and go on with what you were saying?"

"Are you a convert to the superstition?" she inquired, disregarding the request.

"N—o," replied George Godolphin. But his voice sounded strangely indecisive. "Pray continue, Charlotte."

It was the first time he had ever called her by her christian name: and though she saw that it was but done in the unconscious excitement of the moment, her cheeks flushed with a deeper crimson.

"Did you ever see the shadow?" she breathed.

He bowed his head.

"What form does it take?"

George Godolphin did not answer. He appeared lost in thought, as he scored his horse's neck with his hunting-whip.

"The form of a hier on which rests something covered with a pall, that may be supposed to be a coffin; with a mourner at the head and at the foot?" she whispered.

He bowed his head again: very gravely.

"Then I saw it last night. I did indeed. I was sitting underneath the ash-trees, and I saw a strange shadow in the moonlight that I had never seen before——"

"Where?" he interrupted.

"In that wild-looking part of the grounds as you look across from the ash-trees. Just in front of the archway, where the ground is bare. It was there. Mr. Verrall says he wonders Sir George does not have those gorse-hushes cleared away, and the ground converted into civilised land, like the rest."

"It has been done, but the bushes grow again."

"Well, I was sitting there, and I saw this unusual shadow. It arrested my eye at once. Where did it come from? I wondered: what

cast it? I never thought of the Ashlydyat superstition; never for a moment. I only thought what a strange appearance the shadow wore. I thought of a lying-in-state; I thought of a state-funeral, where the coffin rests on a bier, and a mourner sits at the head and a mourner at the foot. Shall I tell you," she suddenly broke off, "what the scene altogether looked like?"

"Do so."

"Like a graveyard. They may well call it the Dark Plain! The shadow might be taken for a huge tomb, with two images weeping over it, and the bushes, around, assumed the form of lesser ones. Some, square; some, long; some, high; some, low; but all looking not unlike graves in the moonlight."

"Moonlight shadows are apt to bear fanciful forms to a vivid imagination, Miss Pain," he lightly said.

"Have not others indulged the same fancy before me? I remember to have heard so."

"As they have said. They never took the form to my sight," he observed, with a half-smile of ridicule. "When I know bushes to be bushes, I cannot, by any stretch of imagination, magnify them into graves. You must have had this Ashlydyat nonsense in your head."

"I have assured you that I had not. It was only after I had been regarding it for some time—and the longer I looked the plainer the shadow seemed to grow—that I thought of the Ashlydyat tale. All in an instant the truth flashed upon me—that it must be the apparition——"

"The *what!* Miss Pain?"

"Does the word offend you? It is a foolish one. The shadow, then, I remembered that the shadow, so dreaded by the Godolphins, did take the form of a bier with mourners weeping at it——"

"Was said to take it," he interposed, in a tone of quiet reproof: "that would be the better phrase. And, in speaking of the shadow being dreaded by the Godolphins, you allude, I presume, to the Godolphins of the past ages. I know of none in the present who dread it: save superstitious Janet."

"How touchy you are upon the point!" she laughed. "Do you know, George Godolphin, that that very touchiness betrays the fact that you, for one, are not exempt from the dread. And," she added, changing her tone again to one of serious sympathy, "did not the dread help to kill Mrs. Godolphin?"

"No," he gravely answered. "If you give ear to all the stories that the old wives of the neighbourhood love to indulge in, you will collect a valuable stock of fable-lore."

"Let it pass. If I repeated the fable, it was because I had heard it. But, now you will understand why I felt vexed last night when you did not come. It was not for your sweet company I was pining, as your vanity has been assuming, but that I wanted you to see the shadow.—How that girl is fixing her eyes upon us!"

George Godolphin turned at the last sentence, which was uttered abruptly. An open barouche had drawn up, and its occupants, two ladies, were both looking towards them. The one was a young girl, with a pale, gentle face and dark eyes, as remarkable for their refined

sweetness, as Miss Pain's were for their brilliancy. The other was a little lady of middle age, dressed youthfully, and whose naturally fair complexion was so excessively soft and clear, as to give a suspicion that nature had less hand in it than art. It was Lady Godolphin. She held her eye-glass to her eye, and turned it on the crowd.

"Maria, whatever is that on horseback? It looks green."

"It is Charlotte Pain in a grass-green riding-habit."

"A grass-green riding-habit! And her head seems to glitter! Has she anything in her cap?"

"It appears to be a gold feather."

"She must look beautiful! Very handsome, does she not?"

"For those who admire her style—very," replied Maria Hastings.

Which was certainly not the style of Maria Hastings. Quiet, retiring, gentle, she could only wonder at those who dressed in bright-coloured habits with gold buttons and feathers, and followed the hounds over ditches and gates. Miss Hastings wore a pretty white silk bonnet, and grey Cashmere mantle. Nothing could be plainer: but then, she was a clergyman's daughter.

"It is on these occasions that I regret my deficiency of sight," said Lady Godolphin. "Who is that, in scarlet, talking to her? It is like the figure of George Godolphin."

"It is he," said Maria. "He is coming towards us."

He was piloting his horse through the throng, returning greetings from everybody: a universal favourite was George Godolphin. Charlotte Pain's fine eyes were following him with somewhat dimmed brilliancy: he was not so entirely hers as she could wish to see him.

"How are you this morning, Lady Godolphin?" But it was on the hand of Maria Hastings that his own lingered: and her cheeks took the hue of Charlotte Pain's, as he bent low to whisper words that were all too dear.

"George, do you know that your father is here?" said Lady Godolphin.

George, in his surprise, drew himself upright on his horse. "My father here! Is he indeed?"

"Yes; and on horseback. Very unwise of him; but he would not be persuaded from it. It was a sudden resolution that he appeared to take: I suppose the fineness of the morning tempted him. Miss Maria Hastings, what nonsense has George been saying to you? Your face is as red as his coat."

"That is what I was saying to her," laughed George Godolphin. "Asking her where her cheeks had borrowed their roses from."

A parting of the crowd brought Sir George Godolphin within view, and the family drew together in a group. Up went Lady Godolphin's glass again.

"Is that Bessy? My dear, with whom did you come?"

"I came by myself, Lady Godolphin. I walked."

"Oh dear!" uttered Lady Godolphin. "You do do the wildest things, Bessy! And Sir George allows you to do them!"

"Sir George does not," spoke the knight. "Sir George had already desired her to take her place in the carriage. Open the door, James."

Bessy laughed as she stepped into it. She cheerfully obeyed her

father; but anything like ceremony, or, as the world may call it, etiquette, she waged war with.

"I expected to meet your sisters here, Bessy," said Lady Godolphin. "I want you all to dine with me to-day. We must celebrate the first going out of your father. You will bear the invitation to them."

"Certainly," said Bessy. "We shall be happy to come. I know Janet has no engagement."

"An early dinner, mind: five o'clock. Sir George cannot wait."

"To dine at supper-time," chimed in unfashionable Bessy. "George, do you hear? Lady Godolphin's, at five."

A movement; a rush; a whirl. The hounds were preparing to throw off, and the field was gathering. George Godolphin hastily quitted the side of Miss Hastings, though he found time for a stolen whisper.

"Fare you well, my dearest."

And, when she next saw him, after the noise and the confusion had cleared away, he was galloping in the wake of the baying pack, side by side with Charlotte Pain.

II.

LADY GODOLPHIN'S FOLLY.

PRIOR'S ASH was not a large town, though of some importance in country estimation. In the days of the monks, when all good people were Roman Catholics, or professed to be, it had been but a handful of houses, which various necessities had caused to spring up round the priory: a flourishing and crowded establishment of religious men then; a place marked but by a few ruins now. In process of time the handful of houses had increased to several handfuls, the handfuls to a village, and the village to a borough town; still retaining the name bestowed on it by the monks—"Prior's Ash."

In the heart of the town was situated the banking-house of Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin. It was an old-established and most respected firm, sound and wealthy. The third partner and second Godolphin, mentioned in it, was Thomas Godolphin, Sir George Godolphin's eldest son. Until he joined it, it had been Godolphin and Crosse. It was a matter of arrangement, understood by Mr. Crosse, that when anything happened to Sir George, Thomas would step into his father's place, as the firm's head, and George, whose name at present did not appear, though he had been long in the bank, would represent the last name: so that it would still remain Godolphin, Crosse, and Godolphin. Mr. Crosse, who, like Sir George, was getting in years, was remarkable for nothing but a close attention to business. He was a widower, without children, and Prior's Ash wondered who would be the better for the filling of his garners.

The Godolphins could trace themselves back to the ages of the monks. But of no very high ancestry boasted they; no titles, places, or honours; they ranked amongst the landed gentry as owners of Ashlydyat, and that was all. It was quite enough for them: to be lords of Ashlydyat was an honour they would not have bartered for a kingdom's dukedom. They held by Ashlydyat. It was their pride, their stronghold, their boast: had feudal times been in fashion now, they would have dug a moat

around it, and fenced it in with fortifications, and called it their castle. Why did they so love it? It was but a poor place, at best, nothing to look at; and, in the matter of space inside, was somewhat straitened. Oak-panelled rooms, dark as mahogany, garnished with cross beams, low ceilings and mullioned windows, are not the most consonant to modern taste. People thought that the Godolphins loved it from its associations and traditions; from the very fact that certain superstitions attached to it. Foolish superstitions, you will be inclined to call them, as contrasted with the enlightenment of these matter-of-fact days—I had almost said these days of materialism.

Ashlydyat was not entailed. There was a clause in the old deeds of tenure which prevented it. A wicked Godolphin (by which complimentary appellation his descendants distinguished him) had cut off the entail, and gambled the estate away; and though the Godolphins got it back again in the course of one or two lives, the entail was not renewed. It was now bequeathed from father to son, and was always the residence of the reigning Godolphin. Thomas Godolphin knew that it would become his on the death of his father, as surely as if he were the heir by entail. The late Mr. Godolphin, Sir George's father, had lived and died in it. Sir George succeeded, and then *he* lived in it—with his wife and children. But he was not Sir George then: therefore, for a few minutes, while speaking of this part of his life, we will call him what he was—Mr. Godolphin. A pensive, thoughtful woman was Mrs. Godolphin, never too strong in health. She was Scotch by birth. Of her children, Thomas and Janet mostly resembled her; Bessy was like nobody but herself; George and Cecil inherited the beauty of their father. There was considerable difference in the ages of the children, for they had numbered thirteen. Thomas was the eldest, Cecil the youngest; Janet, Bessy, and George were between them; and the rest, who had also been between them, had died, mostly infants. But, a moment yet, to give a word to the description of Ashlydyat, before speaking of the death of Mrs. Godolphin.

Passing out of Prior's Ash towards the west, a turning to the left of the high road took you to Ashlydyat. Built of grey stone, and lying somewhat in a hollow, it wore altogether a gloomy appearance. And it was intensely ugly. A low building of two stories, irregularly built, with gables and nooks and ins-and-outs of corners, and a square turret in the middle, which was good for nothing but the birds to build on. It wore a time-honoured look, though, with all its ugliness, and the moss grew, green and picturesque, on its walls. Perhaps on the principle, or, let us say, by the subtle instinct of nature, that a mother loves a deformed child with a deeper affection than she feels for her other children, who are fair, and sound of limb, did the Godolphins feel pride in their inheritance because it was ugly. But the grounds around it were beautiful, and the landscape, so much of it as could be seen from that unelevated spot, most fair to look upon. A full view might be obtained from the rooms in the turret, though it was somewhat of a mount to get to them. Dark groves, and bright, undulating lawns, shady spots where the water rippled, pleasant to bask in on a summer's day, sunny parterres of gay flowers, scenting the air; charming, indeed, were the environs of Ashlydyat. All, save one spot: and that had charms also for some minds—sombre ones.

In one part of the grounds there grew a vast quantity of ash-trees—

and it was supposed, though not known, that these trees may originally have suggested the name, Ashlydyat: as they most certainly had that of Prior's Ash, given to the village by the monks. As the village had swollen into a town, the ash-trees, growing there, were cleared away as necessity required; but the town was surrounded with them still.

Opposite to the ash-trees on the estate of Ashlydyat there extended a waste plain, totally out of keeping with the high cultivation around. It looked like a piece of rude common. Bushes of furze, broom, and other stunted shrubs grew upon it, none of them rising above the height of a two-year old child. The description given by Charlotte Pain to George Godolphin was not an inapt one—that the place, with these stunted bushes on it, looked, in the moonlight, not unlike a graveyard. At the extremity, opposite to the ash-trees, there arose a high archway, a bridge built of grey stone. It appeared to have formed part of an ancient fortification, but there was no trace of water having run underneath it. Beyond the archway, was a low round building, like an isolated windmill without sails. It was built of grey stone also, and was called the belfry: though there were as little signs of bells ever having been in it, as there was of water beneath the bridge. The archway had been kept from decay; the belfry had not, but was open in places to the heavens.

Strange to say, the appellation of this waste piece of land with its wild bushes, was the "Dark Plain." Why? The plain was not dark: it was not shaded: it stood out, open and broad, in the full glare of the sunlight. That certain dark tales had been handed down with the appellation, is true: and these may have given rise to the name. Immediately before the archway, for some considerable space, the ground was entirely bare. Not a blade of grass, not a shrub grew on it. Or, as the story went, *would* grow. It was on this spot that the appearance, the shadow, as mentioned by Charlotte Pain, would be sometimes seen. Whence the shadow came, whether it was ghostly or earthly, whether those, learned in science and philosophy, could account for it by Nature's laws, whether it was cast by any gaseous vapour arising in the moonbeams, I am unable to say. If you ask me to explain it, I cannot: if you ask, why then do I write about it, I can only answer, because I have seen it. I have seen it with my own unprejudiced eyes: I have sat and watched it, in its strange stillness; I have looked about and around it, low down, up high, for some substance, ever so infinitesimal, that might cast its shade and enable me to account for it: and I have looked in vain. Had the moon been behind the archway, instead of behind *me*, that might have furnished a loophole of explanation: a very poor and inefficient loophole; a curious one also; for how can an archway in the substance be a bier and two mourners in its shadow? but, still, better than none.

No; there was nothing whatever, so far as human eyes—and I can tell you that keen ones and sceptical ones have looked at it—to cast the shade, or to account for it. There, as you sat and watched, stretched out the plain in the moonlight, with its low, tomb-like bushes, its clear space of bare land, with the archway rising behind. But, on the spot of bare land, before the archway, would rise the shadow; not looking as if it were a shadow cast upon the ground, but a palpable fact: as if a

bier, with its two bending mourners actually stood there in the substance. I say that I cannot explain it, or attempt to explain it; but I do say that there it was to be seen. Not often: sometimes not for years together. It was called the Shadow of Ashlydyat: and superstition told that its appearance foreshadowed the approach of calamity, whether of death or other evil, to the Godolphins. The greater the evil that was coming upon them, the plainer and more distinct would be the appearance of the shadow—the longer the space of time that it would be observed. Rumour went, that once, on the approach of some terrible misfortune, it had been seen for months and months previously, whenever the moon was sufficiently bright. The Godolphins did not care to have the subject mentioned to them: in their sceptical atheism, they (some of them, at least) treated it with ridicule, or else with silence. But, like disbelievers of a different sort, the atheism was more in profession than in heart. The Godolphins, in their inmost soul, could cower at the appearance of that shadowed bier; as those others have been known to cower, in their loud anguish, at the approach of the shadow of death.

This was not all the superstition attaching to Ashlydyat: but you will probably deem this quite enough for the present. And we have to return to Mrs. Godolphin.

Five years before the present time, when pretty Cecil was in her fifteenth year, and most needed the guidance of a mother, Mrs. Godolphin died. Her illness had been of a lingering nature; little of hope in it, from the first. It was towards the latter period of her illness that what had been regarded by four-fifths of Prior's Ash as an absurd child's tale, a superstition unworthy the notice of the present-day men and women, grew to be talked of in whispers, as something "strange." For three months antecedent to the death of Mrs. Godolphin, the Shadow of Ashlydyat was to be seen every light night, and all Prior's Ash flocked up to look at it. That they went, is of no consequence: they had their walk and their gaze for their pains: but that Mrs. Godolphin should have been told of it, was. She was in the grounds alone one balmy moonlight night, later than she ought to have been, and she discerned people walking in them, making for the ash-trees.

"What can those people be doing here?" she exclaimed to one of her servants, who was returning to Ashlydyat from executing an errand in the town.

"It is to see the shadow, ma'am," whispered the girl, in answer, with more of straightforward truth than prudence.

Mrs. Godolphin paused. "The *shadow*!" she uttered. "Is the shadow to be seen?"

"It has been there ever since last moon, ma'am. It never was so plain, they say."

Mrs. Godolphin waited her opportunity, and, when the intruders had dispersed, proceeded to the ash-trees. It is as well to observe that these ash-trees, and also the Dark Plain, though very near to the house, were not in the more private portion of the grounds.

Mrs. Godolphin proceeded to the ash-trees. An hour afterwards, her absence from the house was discovered, and they went out to search. It was her husband who found her. She pointed to the shadow, and spoke.

"You will believe that my death is coming on quickly now, George." But Mr. Godolphin turned it off with an attempt at joke, and told her she was old enough to know better.

Mrs. Godolphin died. Two years subsequently, Mr. Godolphin came in contact with a wealthy young widow; young, as compared with himself: Mrs. Campbell. He met her in Scotland, at the residence of his first wife's friends. She was English born, but her husband had been Scotch. Mr. Godolphin married her, and brought her to Ashlydyat. The step did not give pleasure to his children. When sons and daughters are of the age that the Godolphins were, a new wife, brought home to rule, rarely does give pleasure to the first family. Things did not go on very comfortably: there were faults on each side; on that of Mrs. Godolphin, and on that of her step-daughters. After a while, a change was made. Thomas Godolphin and his sisters went to reside in the house attached to the hank, a handsome modern residence, hitherto occupied by Mr. Crosse. "You had better come here," that gentleman had said to them: he was no stranger to the unpleasantness at Ashlydyat. "I will take up my abode in the country," he continued. "I would prefer to do so. I am getting to feel older than I did twenty years ago, and country air may renovate me." The arrangement was carried out. Thomas Godolphin and his three sisters entered upon their residence in Prior's Ash: Janet acting as mistress of the house, and as chaperone to her sisters. She was then past thirty: a sad, thoughtful woman, who lived much in the inward life.

Just about the time of this change, certain doings of local and public importance were enacted in the neighbourhood, in which Mr. Godolphin took a prominent share. There ensued a proposal to knight him. He started from it with aversion. His family started also: they and he alike despised these mushroom honours. Not so Mrs. Godolphin. From the moment that the first word of the plan was breathed to her, she determined that it should be carried out; for the appellation, my lady, was as very incense in her ears. In vain Mr. Godolphin strove to argue with her: her influence was in the ascendant, and he lay under the spell. At length he yielded; and, though hot war waged in his heart, he bent his haughty knee at the court of St. James's, and rose up Sir George.

"After a storm comes a calm." A proverb pleasant to remember in some of the sharp storms of life. Mrs. Godolphin had carried her point, in being too many for her step-daughters; she had triumphed over opposition and become my lady; and now she settled down in calmness at Ashlydyat. But she grew dissatisfied. She was a woman who had no resources within herself, who lived but in excitement, and Ashlydyat's quietness overwhelmed her with ennui. She did not join in the love of the Godolphins for Ashlydyat. Mr. Godolphin, ere he had brought her home to it, a bride, had spoken so warmly of the place, in his attachment to it, that she had believed she was about to step into some modern paradise: instead of which, she found, as she expressed it, a "cranky old house, full of nothing but passages." The dislike she formed for it, in that early moment, never was overcome.

She would beguile her husband to her own pretty place in Berwickshire; and, just at first, he was willing to be beguiled: but after he became Sir George (not that the title had anything to do with it) public

local business grew upon him, and he found it inconvenient to quit Ashlydyat. He explained this to Lady Godolphin: and said their sojourn in Scotland must be confined to an autumn visit. So she perforce dragged out her days at Ashlydyat, idle and listless.

We warn our children that idleness is the root of all evil; that it will infallibly lead into mischief any who indulge in it. It so led Lady Godolphin. One day, as she was looking from her drawing-room windows, wishing all sorts of things—that she lived in her pleasant home in Berwickshire; that she could live amidst the gaieties of Loudon; that Ashlydyat was not such a horrid old place; that it was more modern and less ugly; that its reception-rooms were of lofty height, and garnished with gilding and glitter, instead of being low, gloomy, and grim; that it was situated on an eminence, instead of a flat, so that a better view of the lovely scenery around might be obtained. On that gentle rise, opposite, for instance—what would be more enchanting than to enjoy a constant view from that? If Ashlydyat could be transported there, like they carry out wooden houses to set up abroad; or, if only that one room, she then stood in, could, with its windows——

Lady Godolphin's thoughts arrested themselves here. An idea had flashed over her. Why should she not build a pretty summer-house on that hill; a pavilion? The Countess of Cavemore, in this very county, had done such a thing: had built a pavilion on a hill within view of the windows of Cavemore House, and had called it "Lady Cavemore's Folly." But the previous week she, Lady Godolphin, in driving by it, had thought what a pretty place it looked; what a charming prospect must be obtained from it. Why should she not do the same?

The idea grew into shape and form. It would not leave her again. She had plenty of money of her own, and she would work out her "Folly" to the very top of its bent.

To the top of its bent, indeed! None can tell what a thing will grow into when it is first begun. Lady Godolphin made known her project to Sir George, who, though he saw no particular need for the work, did not object to it: if Lady Godolphin chose to spend money in that way, she might. So it was put in hand. Architects, builders, decorators were called together; and the Folly was planned out and begun. Lady Godolphin had done with ennui now: she found employment for her days, in watching over the progress of the pavilion.

It is said that the consummation of our schemes generally brings its share of disappointment. It did so in this instance to Lady Godolphin. The Folly turned out to be a really pretty place; the views from its windows magnificent; and Lady Godolphin was as enchanted as a child is with a new toy. The disappointment arose from the fact that she could not make the Folly her home. After spending a morning in it, or an evening, she must quit it to return to that grey Ashlydyat—the only eyesore to be seen, when looking from the Folly's windows. If a day turned out wet, she could not walk to the Folly; if she was expecting visitors, she must stay at home to receive them; if Sir George felt ill—and his health was then beginning to suffer—she could not quit him for her darling Folly. It was darling because it was new; in six months' time, Lady Godolphin would have grown tired of it; have rarely entered it: but, in her present mood, it was all-in-all.

Slowly she formed the resolution to enlarge the Folly—slowly for her, for she deliberated upon it two whole days. She would add “a reception-room or two,” “a bedroom or two,” “a kitchen,” so that she might be enabled, when she chose, to take up her abode in it for a week. And these additions were begun.

But they did not end; did not end as she had intended them. As the Folly grew, so grew the ideas of Lady Godolphin: there must be a suite of reception-rooms, there must be several bedrooms, there must be domestic offices in proportion. Sir George told her that she would spend a fortune: my lady answered that, at any rate, she should have something to show for the outlay.

At length it was completed: and Lady Godolphin's Folly—for it retained its appellation—stood out to the view of Prior's Ash, which it overlooked; to the view of Ashlydyat; to the view of the country generally, as a fair, moderate-sized, attractive residence, built in the villa style, its white walls dazzling the eye when the sun shone upon them.

“We will reside there, and let Ashlydyat,” said Lady Godolphin to her husband.

“Reside at the Folly! Leave Ashlydyat!” he repeated, in consternation. “It could not be.”

“It will be,” she answered, with a half self-willed, half-caressing laugh. “Why could it not be?”

Sir George fell into a reverie. He admired the modern conveniences of the Folly, greatly admired the lovely scenery, which, look from what room of it he would, charmed his eye. But for one thing, he had been content to do as she wished, and go to live there. That one thing—what was it? Hear the low-breathed, reluctant words he is beginning to say to Lady Godolphin.

“There is an old tradition in our family—a superstition, I suppose you will call it—that if the Godolphins quit Ashlydyat, their ruin is near.”

Lady Godolphin stared at him in amazement. Nothing had surprised her on her arrival at Ashlydyat, like the stories of marvel which she had been obliged to hear. Sir George had cast ridicule to them, if alluded to in his presence; therefore, when the above words dropped from him, she could only wonder. You might search a town through, and not find one less prone to superstition than was Lady Godolphin: in all that pertained to it, she was a very heathen. Sir George hastened to explain away his words.

“The tradition is nothing, and I regard it as nothing. That such a one has been handed down, is certain, and it may have given rise to the reluctance, which the early Godolphins entertained, to quit Ashlydyat. But that is not our reason: in remaining in it we only obey a father's behest. You are aware that Ashlydyat is not entailed. It is bequeathed by will from father to son: and, to the bequest in each will, so far as I have back cognisance of the wills, there has always been appended a clause—a request—I should best say an enjoiner—never to quit Ashlydyat. ‘When once you shall have come into Ashlydyat's possession, guard it as your stronghold: resign it neither to your heir nor to a stranger: remain in it until death shall take you.’ It was inserted in my father's will, by which Ashlydyat became mine: it is inserted in mine, which devises the estate to Thomas.”

"If ever I heard so absurd a story!" uttered Lady Godolphin, in her pretty childish manner. "Do I understand you to say that, if you left Ashlydyat, to take up your abode elsewhere, it would be no longer yours?"

"Not that, not that," returned Sir George. "Ashlydyat is mine until my death, and no power can take it from me. But, a reluctance to quit Ashlydyat has always clung to the Godolphins: in fact, we have looked up to it as a step impossible to be taken."

"What a state of thralldom to live in!"

"Pardon me. We love Ashlydyat. To remain in it, is pleasant; to quit it, would be pain. I speak of the Godolphins in general; of those who have preceded me."

"I understand now," said Lady Godolphin, resentfully. "You hold a superstition that if you were to quit Ashlydyat for the Folly, some dreadful doom of ruin would overtake you. Sir George, I thought we lived in the nineteenth century."

A passing flush rose to the face of Sir George Godolphin. To be suspected of leaning to these superstitions chafed his mind unbearably; he had almost rather be accused of dishonour: not to his own heart would he admit that they might have weight with him. "Ashlydyat is our homestead," he said. "And when a man has a homestead, he likes to live and die in it."

"You cannot think Ashlydyat so desirable a residence as the Folly. We *must* remove to the Folly, Sir George; I have set my heart upon it. Let Thomas and his sisters come back to Ashlydyat."

"They would not come."

"Not come! They were inwardly rebellious enough at having to quit it."

"I am sure that Thomas would not take up his residence here, as Ashlydyat's master, during my lifetime. Another thing: we should not be justified in keeping up two expensive establishments outside the town, leaving the house at the bank to lie idle. People might lose confidence, if they saw us launch forth into extravagance."

"Oh, indeed! What did they think of the expense launched upon the Folly?" mockingly smiled my lady.

"They know it is your money which has built that: not mine."

"If Thomas and the rest came to Ashlydyat, you might let the house attached to the bank."

"It would take a great deal more money to keep up Ashlydyat than it does the house at the bank. The public might lose confidence in us, I say. Besides, no one but a partner could be allowed to live at the bank."

"You seem to find a combating answer to all my propositions," said Lady Godolphin, in her softest and sweetest, and least true tone; "but I warn you, Sir George, that I shall win you over to my way of thinking before the paper shall be dry on the Folly's walls. If Thomas cannot, or will not, live at Ashlydyat, you must let it."

In every tittle did Lady Godolphin carry out her words. Almost before the Folly's embellishments were matured to receive them, Sir George was won over to live at it: and Ashlydyat advertised to be let. Thomas Godolphin would not have become its master, in his father's life-

time, had Sir George filled its rooms with gold to bribe him. His mother had contrived to imbue him with some of the Ashlydyat superstition—to which *she* had lived a slave—and Thomas, though he did not bow down to it, would not brave it. If ruin was to come—as some religiously believed—when a reigning Godolphin voluntarily abandoned Ashlydyat, Thomas, at least, would not help it on by taking part in the step. So Ashlydyat, to the intense astonishment of Prior's Ash, was put up in the market for hire.

It was taken by a Mr. Verrall: a gentleman from London. Prior's Ash knew nothing of him, except that he was fond of field sports, and appeared to be a moneyed man: but, the fact of his establishing himself at Ashlydyat, stamped him, in their estimation, as one worthy to be courted. His wife was a pretty, fascinating woman; her sister, Miss Pain, was beautiful: their entertainments were good, their style was dashing, and they grew into high fashion in the neighbourhood.

But, from the very first day that the step was mooted of Sir George Godolphin's taking up his residence at the Folly, until that of his removal thither, the shadow had hovered over the Dark Plain at Ashlydyat.

III.

THE DARK PLAIN IN THE MOONLIGHT.

THE beams of the setting sun streamed into the dining-room at Lady Godolphin's Folly. A room of fine proportions; not dull and heavy, as it is much the custom for dining-rooms to be, but light and graceful as could be wished.

Sir George Godolphin, with his fine old beauty, sat at one end of the table; Lady Godolphin, good-looking also in her peculiar style, was opposite to him. She wore a white dress, its make remarkably young, and her hair fell in ringlets, young also. On her right hand sat Thomas Godolphin, courteous and calm as he ever was; on her left hand was Bessy, whom you have already seen. On the right of Sir George sat Maria Hastings, singularly attractive in her quiet loveliness, in her white spotted muslin dress with its white ribbons. On his left, sat his eldest daughter, Janet. Quiet in manner, plain in features, as was Thomas, her eyes were yet wonderful to behold. Not altogether for their beauty, but for the power they appeared to contain of seeing all things. Large, reflective, strangely-deep eyes, grey, with a circlet of darker grey round them. When they were cast upon you, it was not at you they looked, but at what was within you—at your mind, your thoughts; at least, such was the impression they conveyed. She and Bessy were dressed alike, in grey watered silk. Cecil sat between Janet and Thomas, a charming girl, with blue ribbons in her hair. George sat between his sister Bessy and Maria Hastings. Thomas was attired much as he had been in the morning: George had exchanged his hunting clothes for dinner dress.

Lady Godolphin was speaking of her visit to Scotland. Sir George's illness had caused it to be put off, or they would have gone in August: it was proposed to proceed thither now. "I have written finally to say that we shall be there on Tuesday," she observed.

"Will papa be able to make the journey in one day?" asked Bessy.

"He says he is quite strong enough now to do so," replied Lady Godolphin. "But I could not think of his running any risk, so we shall stay a night upon the road. Janet, will you believe that I had a battle with Mr. Hastings to-day?"

Janet turned her strange eyes on Lady Godolphin. "Had you, madam?"

"I consider Mr. Hastings the most unreasonable, changeable man I ever met with," complained Lady Godolphin. "But, clergymen are apt to be so. So obstinate, if they take up a thing! When Maria was invited to accompany us in August, Mr. Hastings made not a single demur; neither he nor Mrs. Hastings: they got her—oh, all sorts of new things for the visit. New dresses and bonnets; and—a new cloak, was it not, Maria?"

Maria smiled. "Yes, Lady Godolphin."

"People who have never been in Scotland acquire the notion that in temperature it may be matched with the North Pole, so a warm cloak was provided for Maria for an August visit! I called at the rectory to-day with Maria, after the hounds had thrown off, to tell them that we should depart next week, and Mr. Hastings wanted to withdraw his consent to her going. 'Too late in the season now,' he urged; or some such plea. I told him she should not get frozen; that we would be back before the cold set in."

Maria lifted her sweet face, an earnest look upon it. "It was not the cold papa thought of, Lady Godolphin: he knows I am more hardy than to fear that. But, as the winter approaches, there is so much more to do, both at home and abroad. Mamma has to be out a great deal: and this will be a heavy winter with the poor, after all the sickness."

"The sickness has passed," exclaimed Lady Godolphin, in a tone so sharp, so eager, as to give rise to a suspicion that she might fear, or had feared, the sickness for herself.

"Nearly so," assented Miss Godolphin. "There have been no fresh cases since——"

"Janet, if you talk of 'fresh cases' at my table, I shall retire from it," interrupted Lady Godolphin, in agitation. "Is fever a pleasant or fitting topic of conversation, pray?"

Janet Godolphin bowed her head. "I did not forget your fears, madam. I supposed, however, that, now that the sickness is subsiding, your objection to hearing it spoken of might have subsided also."

"And how did the controversy with Mr. Hastings end?" interposed Bessy, to turn the topic. "Is Maria to go?"

"Of course she is to go," said Lady Godolphin, with a quiet little laugh of power, as she recovered her good humour. "When I wish a thing, I generally carry my point. I would not stir from his room until he gave his consent, and he had his sermon on the table, and was no doubt wishing me at the antipodes. He thought Maria had already paid me a visit long enough for Sir George to have tired of her, he said. I told him that was not his business: and that whether Sir George or anybody else was tired of her, I should take her to Scotland. So he yielded."

Maria Hastings glanced timidly at Sir George. He saw the look. "Not tired of you yet, are we, Miss Hastings?" he said, with, Maria

fancied, more gallantry than warmth. But fancy, with Maria, sometimes went a great way.

"It would have been a disappointment to Maria," pursued Lady Godolphin. "Would it not, my dear?"

"Yes," she answered, her face flushing.

"And so very dull for Charlotte Pain. I expressly told her, when I invited her, that Maria Hastings would be of the party."

"Charlotte Pain!" uttered Bessy Godolphin, in her quick fashion, "is she going with you? What in the world is that for?"

"I invited her, I say," said Lady Godolphin, with a hard look on her bloom-tinted face: a look that it always wore when her wishes were questioned, her actions reflected on. None brooked interference less than Lady Godolphin.

Sir George bent his head slightly towards his wife. "My dear, I consider that Charlotte Pain invited herself. She fished pretty strongly for the invitation, and you fell into the snare."

"Snare! It is an honour and a pleasure that she should come with us. What do you mean, Sir George?"

"An honour, if you like to call it such; I am sure it will be a pleasure," replied Sir George. "A most attractive young woman is Charlotte Pain: though she did angle for the invitation. George, take care how you play your cards."

"What cards, sir?"

"Look at that graceless George! at his eye of conscious vanity!" exclaimed Sir George to the table generally. "He knows who it is that makes the attraction here to Charlotte Pain. Wear her if you can win her, my boy."

"Would Charlotte Pain be one worthy to be won by George Godolphin?" quietly spoke Janet.

"Rumour says she has thirty thousand charms," nodded Sir George.

"I never would marry for money, if I were George," cried Cecil, indignantly. "And, papa, I do not see so much beauty in Charlotte Pain. I do not like her style."

"Cecil, did you ever know one pretty girl like the 'style' of another?" asked George.

"Nonsense! But, George, you are never going to fall in love with Charlotte Pain! Are you?"

"As if I should tell tales out of school!" laughed Mr. George.

"Did she ride well to-day, George?" inquired his father.

"She always rides well, sir," replied George.

"I wish I had invited her to dinner!" said Lady Godolphin.

"I wish you had," assented Sir George.

Nothing more was said upon the subject; the conversation fell into other channels. But, when the ladies had withdrawn, and Sir George was alone with his sons, he renewed it.

"Mind, George, I was not in jest, when speaking of Charlotte Pain. It is getting time that you married."

"Need a man think of marriage on this side of thirty, sir?"

"Some men need not think of it on this side forty or on this side fifty, unless they choose: your brother Thomas is one," returned Sir George.

"But they are those who know how to sow their wild oats without it."

"I shall sow mine all in good time," said George, with a gay, half-conscious laugh.

"I wish you would fix the time and keep it, then," was the marked rejoinder. "It might be better for you."

"Fix the time for my marriage, do you mean, sir?"

"You know what I mean. But, I suppose you do intend to marry some time, George?"

"I dare say I shall. It is a thing that comes to most of us as a matter of course; like the measles or vaccination," spoke irreverent George. "You mentioned Charlotte Pain, sir: I presume you have no urgent wish that my choice should fall upon her?"

"If I had, would you comply with it?"

George raised his blue eyes to his father. "I have never thought of Charlotte Pain as a wife."

"She is a fine girl, a wonderfully fine girl; and if, as is rumoured, she has a large fortune, you might go farther and fare worse," remarked Sir George. "If you don't like Charlotte Pain, find out somebody else that you would like. Only, take care that there's money."

"Money is desirable in itself. But it does not invariably bring happiness, sir."

"I never heard that it brought unhappiness, Master George. I cannot have you both marry portionless women. Thomas has chosen one who has nothing: it will not do for you to follow his example. The world is before you: choose wisely."

"If we choose portionless women, we are not portionless ourselves."

"We have a credit to keep up before the public, George. It stands high; it deserves to stand high; I hope it always will. But I do consider it necessary that one of you should marry a fortune; I should have been glad that both had done it. Take the hint, George: and never expect my consent to your making an undesirable match, for it would not be given."

"But, if my inclination fixed itself upon one who has no money, what then, sir?" asked bold George, carelessly.

Sir George pushed from before him a dish of filberts, so hastily as to scatter them on the table. It proved to his sons, who knew him well, that the question had annoyed him.

"Your inclinations are as yet free, George: I say the world is before you, and you may choose wisely. If you do not; if, after this warning, you suffer your choice to rest where it is undesirable that it should rest, you will do it in deliberate defiance. In that case I should disinherit you: partially, if not wholly."

Something appeared to be on the tip of George's tongue, but he checked it, and there ensued a pause.

"Thomas is to be allowed to follow his choice," he presently said.

"I had not warned Thomas with regard to a choice; therefore he has been guilty of no disobedience. It is his having chosen as he has, that reminds me to caution you. Be careful, my boy."

"Well, sir, I have no intention of marrying yet, and I suppose you will not disinherit me for keeping single," concluded George, good humouredly. He rose to leave the room as he spoke, throwing a merry

glance towards Thomas as he did so, who had taken no part whatever in the conversation.

The twilight of the evening had passed, but the moon shone bright and clear, rendering the night nearly as light as day. Janet Godolphin stood on the lawn with Miss Hastings, when George stepped out and joined them.

"Moon-gazing, Janet!"

"Yes," she answered. "I am going on to the ash-trees."

George paused before he again spoke. "Why are you going thither?"

"Because," whispered Janet, glancing uneasily around, "they say the shadow is there again."

George, himself, had heard that it was: had heard it, as you know, from Charlotte Pain. But he chose to make mockery of his sister's words.

"Some say the moon's made of green cheese," quoth he. "Who told you that nonsense?"

"It has been told to me," mysteriously returned Janet. "Margery saw it last night, for one."

"Margery sees double, sometimes. Do not go, Janet."

Janet's only answer was to put the hood of her cloak over her head, and walk away. Bessy Godolphin ran up at this juncture.

"Is Janet going to the ash-trees? She'll turn into a ghost herself some time, believing all the rubbish Margery chooses to dream! I shall go and tell her so."

Bessy followed in the wake of her sister. George turned to Miss Hastings.

"Have you a cloak also, Maria? Draw it round you, then, and let us go after them."

He caught her to him with a fond gesture, and they hastened on. Down from the eminence where rose the Folly, to the lower ground nearer Ashlydyat. The Dark Plain lay to the right, and as they struck into a narrow, overhung walk, its gloom contrasted unpleasantly with the late brightness. Maria Hastings drew nearer to her companion with an involuntary shiver.

"Why did you come this dark way, George?"

"It is the most direct. In the dark or in the light you are safe with me. Did you notice Sir George's joke about Charlotte Pain?"

The question caused her heart to beat wildly. "Was it a joke," she breathed.

"Of course it was a joke. But he has been giving me a lecture upon—upon——"

"Upon what?" she inquired, helping out his hesitation.

"Upon the expediency of sowing my wild oats and settling down into a respectable man," laughed George. "I promised him it should be done some time. I cannot afford it just yet, Maria," he added, his tone changing to earnestness. "But I did not tell him that."

Meanwhile, Janet Godolphin had gained the ash-trees. She quietly glided before them underneath their shade to reach the bench. It was placed quite back, quite amidst them, in what might almost be called an alcove formed by the trees. Janet paused ere turning in, her sight thrown over the Dark Plain.

"Heavens and earth, how you startled me! Is it you, Miss Godolphin?"

The exclamation came from Charlotte Pain, who was seated there. Miss Godolphin was startled also: and her tone, as she spoke, betrayed considerable vexation.

"*You* here, Miss Pain! A solitary spot, is it not, for a young lady to be sitting in alone at night?"

"I was watching for that strange appearance which you, in this neighbourhood, call the shadow," she explained. "I saw it last evening."

"Did you?" freezingly replied Janet Godolphin, who had an unconquerable aversion to the superstitious sign being seen or spoken of by strangers.

"Well, pray, and where's the shadow?" interrupted Bessy Godolphin, coming up. "I see nothing, and my eyes are as good as yours, Janet: better, I hope, than Margery's."

"I do not see it to-night," said Charlotte Pain. "Here are more footsteps! Who else is coming?"

"Did you ever know the shadow come when it was watched for?" cried Janet to Bessy, in a half-sad, half-resentful tone, as her brother and Maria Hastings approached. "Watch for it, and it does not come. It never yet struck upon the sight of any one, but it struck unexpectedly."

"As it did upon me last night," said Charlotte Pain. "It was a strange-looking shadow: but, as to its being supernatural, the very supposition of it is ridiculous. I beg your pardon if I offend your prejudices, Miss Godolphin."

"Child! why did you come?" cried Janet Godolphin to Maria.

"I had no idea you did not wish me to come."

"Wish! It is not that. But you are little more than a child, and might be spared these sights."

There appeared to be no particular sight to spare anybody. They stood in a group, gazing eagerly. The Dark Plain was stretched out before them, the bare patch of clear ground, the archway behind; all bright in the moonlight. No shadow or shade was to be seen. Charlotte Pain moved to the side of George Godolphin.

"You told me I was fanciful this morning, when I said the Dark Plain put me in mind of a graveyard," she said to him in a half-whisper. "See it now! Those low-scattered bushes look precisely like grave-mounds."

"But we know them to be bushes," returned George.

"That is not the argument. I say they *look* like it. If you brought a stranger here first by moonlight, and asked him what the Plain was, he would say a graveyard."

"Thus it has ever been!" murmured Janet Godolphin to herself. "At the first coming of the shadow it will be here capriciously; visible one night, invisible the next: betokening that the evil is not here yet, that it is only hovering! You are sure you saw it, Miss Pain?"

"I am quite sure that I saw a shadow, bearing a strange and distinct form, there, in front of the archway. But I am equally sure it is to be accounted for by natural causes. But that my eyes tell me there is no building, or sign of building above the Dark Plain, I should say it was

cast from thence. Some fairies, possibly, may be holding up a sheet there," she carelessly added, "playing at magic lantern in the moonlight."

"Standing in the air," sarcastically returned Miss Godolphin. "Archimedes offered to move the world with his lever, if the world would only find him a place, apart from itself, to stand on."

"Are you convinced, Janet?" laughed George.

"Of what?"

He pointed over the Plain. "That there is nothing uncanny to be seen to-night. I'll send Margery here when I go back."

"I am convinced of one thing—that it is getting uncommonly damp," said practical Bessy. "I never stood under these ash-trees in an evening yet, let the atmosphere be ever so cold and clear, but a dampness might be felt. I wonder if it is in the nature of ash-trees to exhale damp? Maria, the rector would not thank us for bringing you here."

"Is Miss Hastings so susceptible to cold?" asked Charlotte Pain.

"Not more so than other people are," was Maria's answer.

"It is her child-like, delicate appearance, I suppose, that makes us fancy it," laughed Bessy Godolphin. "Come, let us depart. If Lady Godolphin could see us here, she would go crazy: she says, you know, that damp brings the fever."

They made a simultaneous movement. Their road lay to the right; Charlotte Pain's to the left. "I envy you four," she said, after wishing them good night. "You are a formidable body, numerous enough to do battle with any assailants you may meet in your way, fairies, or shadows, or fever, or what not. I must encounter them alone."

"Scarcely," replied George Godolphin, as he drew her arm within his, and turned with her in the direction of Ashlydyat.

Arrived at Lady Godolphin's Folly, the Miss Godolphins passed indoors; Maria Hastings lingered a moment behind them. She leaned against a white pillar of the terrace, looking forth on the lovely night. Not altogether was that peaceful scene in accordance with her heart, for, in that, warred passionate jealousy. Who was Charlotte Pain, she asked herself, that she should come between them with her beauty; with her——

Some one was hastening towards her; crossing the green lawn, springing up the steps of the terrace: and the jealous feeling died away into love.

"Were you waiting for me?" whispered George Godolphin. "We met Verrall, so I resigned Mademoiselle to his charge. Maria, how your heart is beating!"

"I was startled when you ran up so quickly; I did not think it could be you," was the evasive answer. "Let me go, please."

"My darling, don't be angry with me: I could not well help myself. You know with whom I would rather have been."

He spoke in the softest whisper; he gazed tenderly into her face, so fair and gentle in the moonlight; he clasped her to him with an impassioned gesture. And Maria, as she yielded to his tenderness in her pure love, and felt his stolen kisses on her lips, forgot the jealous trouble, that was being wrought by Charlotte Pain.

NOTES ON NOTE-WORTHIES,

OF DIVERS ORDERS, EITHER SEX, AND EVERY AGE.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

. . . And make them men of note (do you note, men?).—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1.

D. Pedro. Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of *mine* that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!

Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. 3.

And these to Notes are frittered quite away.—*Dunciad*, Book I.

Notes of exception, notes of admiration,

Notes of assent, notes of interrogation.—*Amen Corner*, c. iii.

XLIV.—RIENZI.

M. FERRARI, the "ideal historian" (self-styled) of Italy and her Revolutions, after passing in review some of the great seigneurs, who took a leading part in the peninsular politics, midway in the fourteenth century, bids us throw a Roman drapery over one of these magnates—endow him, for instance, with the *vertu maladroite* of Boccanegra, the impetuous tone of the Duke of Athens, the malice of the Carrari, the address of the Pepoli, the "imposture acerbe et les fictions sanglantes" of the Buonconti,—and we shall then, he says, have Cola di Rienzi, who at Florence would have been called a tyrant, and who on the Roman stage presents himself in the character of a tribune.

He was of low extraction, the chronicle tells us. "His father was an innkeeper, his mother a laundress;* nourished on the milk of eloquence, a good grammarian, a better rhetorician, an excellent commentator, oh! with what rapidity he read! He loved right well Titus Livius, Seneca, Cicero, and Valerius Maximus; it was his delight to recount the great doings of Julius Cæsar. Daily he studied the marble bas-reliefs scattered throughout Rome; he alone could read the ancient epitaphs, translating and interpreting these flowers of marble. Oh! where, was his frequent cry, where are those brave Romans? Where is their justice? Can that age of theirs ever return?—A handsome man he was, and a notary."

* Miss Mitford emphasises these occupations, on the paternal and maternal side both, in her once popular and successfully acted tragedy:

"*Rienzi* [to Angelo]. . . . Would'st shame me
With my poor parentage!—Sir, I'm the son
Of him who kept a sordid hostelry
In the Jews' quarter; my good mother cleansed
Linen for honest hire."

MITFORD'S *Rienzi*, Act IV. Sc. 2.

During the distress occasioned by a famine, he becomes the people's tribune as against the Guelf or Ghibelin nobles, whom he attacks violently in public, and even at their own banquet-tables,* where they receive and treat him as a buffoon (*crepavano dalle risa*). At length he one day declares the country in danger, for which purpose he spreads forth a symbolic painting to the public gaze. The picture exhibits four grounded vessels, Babylon, Troy, Carthage, Jerusalem; and Faith is there, with this legend issuing from her mouth: Should Rome too perish, whither should I fly for refuge? Italy and the cardinal virtues are there, making moan and much lamentation; wolves are there, and dogs, and vipers, and a host of odd-looking animals which represent the barons, evil counsellors, corrupt judges, vulgar brigands, and miscellaneous vermin of Rome,—in short, civil war itself, at once chronic and acute. Other allegorical pictures establish a theatrical communication, assiduously kept up, between the crowd and the notary, who, at last, after hearing a matter of thirty masses, arms himself, puts himself at the head of a hundred soldiers, and, drawing the people on with him, occupies the Capitol, and there proclaims a new system of laws: death in every case of homicide, without distinction of ranks; asylum to assassins forbidden; a decree to have every trial disposed of within a fortnight; all the castles of the barons taken from them and given up to the people; ecclesiastics subjected to common law; no Roman to be allowed to be any nobleman's hanger-on, or client; and a number of other "despotic and indispensable" measures, which reinstate the city in its supremacy over the country. The high roads are made safe for travellers, obnoxious officials are put down or put out of the way, the Colonna family are off, and Rienzi reigns as tribune, "severe yet clement, by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, liberator of the republico." The pontifical vicar nominates him co-vicar; the barons take oaths to him, and attend him everywhere, their heads bare, their lips closed. When he appears in public, he gratifies the mob with *largesse*; the splendour of his fêtes dazzles them; his wife is seen encom-

* We must quote Mary Russell Mitford again. *Rienzi loquitur* :

"Add, that my boasted schoolcraft
Was gained from such base toil, gained with such pain
That the nice nurture of the mind was oft
Stolen at the body's cost. I have gone dinnerless
And supperless, the scoff of our poor street
For tattered vestments and lean hungry looks,
To pay the pedagogue.—Add what thou wilt
Of injury. Say that, grown into man,
I've known the pittance of the hospital,
And, more degrading still, the patronage
Of the Colonna. Of the tallest trees
The roots delve deepest. Yes, I've trod thy halls,
Scorned and derided midst their ribald crew,
A licensed jester, save the cap and bells:
I have borne this—and I have borne the death,
The unavenged death, of a dear brother."

The reader will remember the prominence given to this last incident in Sir Bulwer Lytton's historical romance, *The Last of the Tribunes*. Nor does Gibbon omit to mention that Rienzi was "stimulated by the loss of a brother and the impunity of the assassins."—Gibbon's *Rom. Empire*, ch. lxx.

passed by high-born ladies, and by female attendants who fan her with veils when she goes to St. Peter's.

Thus far, however, M. Ferrari goes on to say, this domination on Rienzi's part is but a fantastic dream before the tomb of the ancients, a brilliant cloud between the sovereign Church and the republic of the barons—a cloud that would soon dislign and vanish, were not Rienzi to devise means of baffling his two adversaries, by a larger system than the Roman municipality could afford. Accordingly, he conceives the design of reuniting in one alliance all the revolutions of Italy; amid frantic enthusiasm he lays claim to all the rights, all the privileges, all the provinces, all the supremacy, that tradition, glory, idealism, and national vanity attributed to the ancient empire of Cæsar over all peoples upon earth. A new Gregory VII. under secular guise, in the name of history, of antiquity, of poetry, &c., he declares all the revolutions of Italy to be Roman, he legitimatises them, absorbs them, pronounces the towns free, naturalises their inhabitants, entrusts his banner to their soldiery, and summons the *soi-disant* Emperor of the Romans, Louis of Bavaria, and his adversary, Charles IV., to appear disarmed before him. And since both Church and Empire declared themselves Roman; since all juridical and religious fictions and fables turned on Rome; since the coronation ceremony, that Gordian knot into which were interlaced the symbols of the East, derived its power from the tradition of Romulus and Cæsar, united with that of Peter and Paul; the tribune counted on gaining over the Pope by his hyperboles, and imposing on the entire universe the lordship of Rome. The seven crowns, the sceptre, the globe surmounted by a cross, the imperial mantle, all the insignia with which he decorated himself, effected an artificial confusion of the ancient with the modern, of tradition with revolution, of "Marius or Cæsar with the tribunitian religion of the Franciscans," to confirm his insurrection with "dazzling ceremonies and cosmopolite intentions."—All these demonstrations, however, floating between the sublime and the ridiculous, depended, for whatever questionable force they had, on the presumed adhesion of the Pope,—on the postulate that the Church would support them by her legates, her anathemas, and her transmundane prodigies, all placed at the service of the Roman renaissance. Let the Pope refuse his adhesion, withdraw his presumed consent, and expose all the falsity and fantasy in the mad idea ascribed to him, of desiring to drive out the barbarians from the self-styled Roman provinces, and thinking to humiliate the Emperor Charles IV., whom he himself opposed to the tyrant-philosopher, Louis of Bavaria,—and then the tribune must needs sink to the position of a play-actor, covered with ridicule at least as ignominious as his elevation had been splendid; as if, to adopt Wordsworth's image,

—the sun

That rose in splendour, was alive, and moved
In exultation with a living pomp
Of clouds—his glory's natural retinue—
Should drop all functions by the gods bestowed,
And, turned into a gewgaw, a machine,
Set like an Opera phantom.*

* The Prelude, book xi.

Or again, supposing Rienzi desirous of avoiding the ridiculous odium of declaring war against the universe with a haodful of Romans covered with tinsel and rags; supposing him bent on keeping up his cosmopolite rôle, and intent on imitating the history of Gregory VII., transferred to the profane forms of the age; then, compelled to follow the Pope, at whatever price, he must needs pass over to the enemy, and betray the revolution, and add infamy to shame. These two hypotheses were realised, one after the other, in the chequered course of Cola di Rienzi.*

After the public troubles which agitated Rome, says a philo-Romish historian, the party of Italian patriotism began at last to understand that "Italy's noblest expression was the Pope: the revolt which essayed to awaken from their tomb the triunes of pagan Rome had a character of ludicrous impotency, while the Rome of the apostles preserved that impress of magnificence which by her was communicated to Italy at large."†

Well might principalities and powers be uneasy, however, at the rise and progress of the tribune revived. Well might they be perturbed at the actual achievements and possible after-fortunes of him and his following:

—What if they should heave with thoughts
That, born in rugged commonwealths of old,
Have started from the sceptred sleep of years
To shake our monarchies?‡

The first steps of every popular champion, as Mr. Merivale observes, are bold and decided. At the outset he has a distinct object before him; he knows what his grievances are, if not their true remedies. He may delude himself as he proceeds with the fancy that he is reconstructing, but there is no deception about the fact that he is pulling down. His days and years are marked by the successive demolition of real and substantial things, while his new creations are perhaps no more than ideas.§ It may, perhaps, be said of Rienzi, in the first flush of innovating or restorative zeal, as Macaulay says of Machiavelli, that, in the energetic language of the prophet, he was "mad for the sight of his eyes which he saw," liberty extinguished, commerce decaying, &c.: "He pines for the strength and glory of ancient Rome, for the fasces of Brutus and the sword of Scipio, the gravity of the curule chair, and the pomp of the triumphal sacrifice."|| His feeling would be that of Shakspeare's antique Roman (modern antique, some will call him):

Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.¶

* See Ferrari, *Hist. des Révolutions d'Italie*, t. iii. ch. vii.

† Capesigne, *L'Eglise au Moyen Age*, t. ii. ch. xix.

‡ Talfourd, *The Castilian*, l. 1.

§ See Merivale, *Romans under the Empire*, vol. ii. ch. xix.

|| Macaulay's *Essay on Machiavelli*—which, by the way, concludes with an aspiration for the time "when the foreign yoke [on Italy] shall be broken, when a second Prociada shall avenge the wrongs of Naples, and a happier Rienzi shall restore the good estate of Rome."

¶ Julius Caesar, l. 2.

A passage in one of M. Villemain's later Lectures* tells us that, in Italy of the fourteenth century, while the literati sought out old manuscripts, and vaunted the genius of the old Romans, and kept repeating the names of Cicero and Brutus, something of the same rapture affected the common people too. The unlettered multitude, like the lettered few, dreamt of recovering the power, and equalling the achievements, of their ancestors. This imitative movement, as Villemain calls it, was more particularly natural at Rome, where ruins existed with such eloquence as the savants would never rival. But it happened to this plagiarism of the heroic, as to the plagiarisms of style, perpetrated by writers of that day, who tried to imitate Livy or Cicero. The form was copied, the genius was missing. Instead of resuscitating the ancient memories of the tribunate, a new patriotism should have been created, befitting the Italians of latter-day Rome. *Ce saint empire romain*, a mere parody of the empire of the Cæsars, was represented at Rome by a "magistrat sans pouvoir." Rienzi was continually among the people, telling them about Brutus and Horatius Cocles, pointing out the ruins to them, inventing history for them, when his knowledge of it failed. Some of his most inspiring allusions were founded on errors of the Latinists. In the Church of St. John Lateran an immense tablet of brass was kept, whereon was inscribed a decree in which the Senate recognised various privileges of the Emperor Vespasian, and among others, the right of extending the *pomærium*. Rienzi interpreted this word as the same with *pomarium*, an orchard; and he thence inferred that the whole of Italy, the garden of Rome, belonged of right to the Eternal City. M. Villemain is at one with every sober critic in pitying the "quelque chose de fastueux et de théâtral"† which mingled with, and mannerised, and marred all the best measures of the tribune, even in his best days. The late Mr. Justice Talfourd, in his vacation rambles through Avignon, records "the fantastic recollections of Rienzi, the theatrical tribune of a scenic Rome, here idly plotting the renewal of a pictorial republic"‡—and elsewhere speaks of that "half-hero, half-mountebank" Rienzi.§ Mr. Landor makes Petrarch say, in an Imaginary Conversation with Boccaccio, that Cola Rienzi might have established good and equitable laws, the enactment of which would have been countenanced by the Papacy even, from hatred of the barons, and with the hope of eventually perverting and subjugating the people as before. But, "the vanity of this tribune, who corresponded with kings and emperors, and found them pliable and ductile, was not only the ruin of himself and of the government he had founded, but threw down, beyond the chance of retrieving it, the Roman name."|| Sir Bulwer Lytton, indeed, carefully distinguishing between the period of Rienzi's power as Tribune, and that of his power as Senator, finds the Tribune vain, haughty, fond of display, but cannot descry these faults in the Senator. He finds in the Tribune vast ambition, great schemes, enterprising activity—which sober into less gorgeous and more quiet colours in the portrait of the Senator. He finds that in neither instance did Rienzi fall from his own faults, and that the vulgar moral of ambition,

* Cours de Littérature Française.

† Tableau de la Littérature du Moyen Âge, XIII^{me} Leçon.

‡ Supplement to Vacation Rambles, p. 66.

§ Landor, Works, vol. i. p. 403.

|| Ibid., p. 156.

blasted by its own excesses, is not the true moral of the Roman's life; that, both in his abdication as Tribune, and his death as Senator, Rienzi fell from the vices of the People. "The Tribune was a victim to ignorant cowardice—the Senator, a victim to ferocious avarice." The strange apathy of the People is traced by Sir Edward to the fact that Rienzi was excommunicated—which curse would be the more effective as against one who "owed his rise as much to religious as to civil causes." For Rienzi, we are reminded, aimed evidently to be a religious reformer, and imparted a religious character to all his devices, ceremonies, and watchwords. "The monks took part with his enterprise, and joined in the revolution. His letters are full of mystical fanaticism. His references to ancient heroes of Rome are always mingled with invocations to her Christian Saints. The Bible, at that time little read by the public civilians of Italy, is constantly in his hands, and his addresses studded with texts. His very garments were adorned with sacred and mysterious emblems." Nor has Sir Edward any doubt that the ceremony of Rienzi's knighthood, which Gibbon ridicules as an act of mere vanity, was but another of his religious extravagances; for he peculiarly dedicated his knighthood to the service of the San Spirito; and his bathing in the vase of Constantine was quite of a piece, not with the vanity of the Tribune, but with the extravagance of the fanatic.*

The same elaborate apologist, not to say eulogist, much less panegyrist, of the "last of the Tribunes," contends that, for a man who rose to so great a power, Rienzi's faults were singularly few—and that as for *crimes*, he committed none. "He is almost the only man who ever rose from the rank of a citizen to a power equal to that of monarchs without a single act of violence or treachery. When in power, he was vain, ostentatious, and imprudent—always an enthusiast—often a fanatic; but his very faults had greatness of soul, and his very fanaticism at once supported his enthusiastic daring, and proved his earnest honesty." It is evident, the dissertator adds, that no heinous charge could be brought against him even by his enemies, for all the accusations to which he was subjected, when excommunicated, exiled, fallen, were for two offences, which Petrarch rightly deemed the proofs of his virtue and his glory: first, for declaring Rome to be free; secondly, for pretending that the Romans had a right of choice in the election of the Roman emperor. "Stern, just, and inflexible as he was when Tribune, his fault was never that of wanton cruelty. The accusation against him, made by the gentle Petrarch, indeed, was that he was not determined enough—that he did not consummate the revolution by exterminating the patrician tyrants." What, then, on the whole, we are asked, are such offences as an "unnecessary ostentation, a fanatical extravagance, and a certain insolent sternness,"—what the splendour of a hanquet, or the ceremony of knighthood, or a few arrogant words—compared with the vices of almost every prince who was his contemporary? "This is the way to judge character: we must compare men with men, and not with ideals of what men should be. We look to the amazing benefits Rienzi conferred upon his country. We ask his means, and see but his own abilities." In this view of the case he might seem to exemplify a stanza in Wordsworth's Ode to Enterprise:

* See Appendix and Notes to Sir E. B. Lytton's "*Rienzi*."

If there be movements in the patriot's soul
 From source still deeper, and of higher worth,
 'Tis thine the quickning impulse to control,
 And in due season send the mandate forth ;
 Thy call a prostrate people can restore,
 When but a single Mind resolves to crouch no more.*

But to return to Sir Bulwer Lytton's summing up of Rienzi's ways and means, resources and restrictions, lets and hindrances, and decline and fall: "His treasury becomes impoverished—his enemies revolt—the Church takes advantage of his weakness—he is excommunicated—the soldiers refuse to fight, the people refuse to assist, the barons ravage the country, the ways are closed, the provisions are cut off from Rome. A handful of banditti enter the city—Rienzi proposes to resist them—the people desert—he abdicates. Rapine, famine, massacre ensue—they who deserted, regret, repent—yet he is still unassisted, alone—now an exile, now a prisoner, his own genius saves him from every peril, and restores him to greatness. He returns, the Pope's legate refuses him arms—the people refuse him money. He re-establishes law and order, expels the tyrants, renounces his former faults :—is prudent, wary, provident—reigns a few weeks—taxes the people, in support of the people, and is torn to pieces! One day of the rule that followed is sufficient to vindicate his reign and avenge his memory—and for centuries afterwards, whenever that wretched and degenerate populace dreamed of glory or sighed for justice, they recalled the bright vision of their own victim, and deplored the fate of Cola Rienzi. That he was not a tyrant is clear in this—when he was dead, he was bitterly regretted. The people never regret a tyrant! From the unpopularity that springs from other faults there is often a reaction; but there is no reaction in the populace towards their betrayer or oppressor. A thousand biographies cannot decide upon the faults or merits of a ruler like the one fact, whether he is beloved or hated ten years after he is dead. But if the ruler has been murdered by the people, and is then repented by them, their repentance is his acquittal."†

Rienzi was murdered, says the annotator, because the Romans had been in the habit of murdering whenever they were displeased. "They had very shortly before stoned one magistrate, and torn to pieces another. In the same causes and the same career, a people may be made to resemble the bravo whose hand wanders to his knife at the smallest affront, and if to-day he poniards the enemy who assaults him, to-morrow he strikes the friend who would restrain."‡ The people of Rome could claim no exemption from the general stigma affixed on the populace in general, and simply as such, by an English contemporary of the Tribune himself :

O stormy people, unsad and ever untrew,
 And undiscret, and chaunging as a fane,
 Delyting ever in rombel that is newe,
 For lyk the moone ay wax ye and wane;
 Ay ful of clapping, dere y-nough a jane,§
 Your doom is fals, your constaunce yvel previth,
 A ful gret fool is he that on yow leevith.||

* Wordsworth, *Poems of the Imagination*. To Enterprise.

† Appendix I. to "Rienzi." Edit. 1848.

‡ Ibid., Notes.

§ A *jane* is a small coin of Genoa (Janua). The meaning is, Your praise is dear enough at a farthing. See Bell's *Chaucer*, vol. II. p. 154.

|| Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*: The Clerkes Tale.

The change for the worse in Rienzi's character and habits, plans and policy, which is so universally recognised by historians, Sir Edward Lytton would, as we have seen, limit exclusively to his first lease of power—to the ante-Avignon period, when he was Tribune, as distinguished from his restoration period, when Senator. The change itself, the deterioration in simplicity, sincerity, singleness of eye and aim, is so palpable as to furnish a trite text for the common-places of morality. Singular was the prudence, and opportune the boldness, he manifested at first, says his poet-friend in the *Pentameron*. "His modesty, his piety, his calm severity, his unbiassed justice, won to him the affections of every good citizen, and struck horror into the fastnesses of every castellated felon." According to this believer, he might by degrees have restored the republic of Rome, had he preserved his moderation: he might have become the master of Italy, had he continued the master of himself: but he allowed the weakest of the passions to run away with him:* he fancied he could not inebriate himself soon enough with the intemperance of power. "He called for seven crowns, and placed them successively on his head. . . . Not content with exasperating and concentrating the hostility of barbarians, he set at defiance the best and highest feelings of his more instructed countrymen, and displayed his mockery of religion and decency by bathing in the porphyry font of the Lateran. How," exclaims Petrarch, "my soul grieved for his defection! How bitterly burst forth my complaints, when he ordered the imprisonment of Stefano Colonna in his ninetieth year! For these atrocities you know with what reproaches I assailed him, traitor as he was to the noblest cause that ever strung the energies of mankind." And afterwards the poet is made to affirm in his wrath, that the calmness, the sagacity, the sanctitude of Rienzi, in the ascent to his elevation, rendered him only the more detestable for his abuse of power. And to Boccaccio's suggestion, Surely the man grew mad, Petrarch's answer is, that men often give the hand to the madness that seizes them. "He yielded to pride and luxury: behind them came jealousy and distrust: fear followed these, and cruelty followed fear. Then the intellects sought the subterfuge that bewildered them; and an ignoble flight was precluded by an ignominious death."† Hence has the Last of the Tribunes come to be classed, by such writers as Walpole,‡ with mere demagogues like John of Leyden and Massaniello, Jack Cade and John Wilkes.

"Wilkes is undone," wrote Walpole to Mann, in 1768; "and though

* The question of Rienzi's intemperate habits is thus dealt with, in passing, by his devoted English apologist: "We must compassionate even more than condemn the man to whom excitement has become nature, and who resorts to the physical stimulus or the momentary Lethe, when the mental exhilarations of hope, youth, and glory, begin to desert him. His alleged intemperance, however, which the Romans (a peculiarly sober people) might perhaps exaggerate, and for which he gave the excuse of a thirst produced by disease contracted in the dungeons of Avignon—evidently and confessedly did not in the least diminish his attention to business, which, according to his biographer, was at that time greater than ever."—Notes to Appendix I. to "*Rienzi*."

† Landon's *Pentameron*, Second day's interview.

‡ In one of his Letters to Mann, in 1779, Horace Walpole relates how the citizens of London, revolted from the Court on the late disgraces, have voted Wilkes into the post of Chamberlain, a place of fifteen hundred pounds a year. And adds: "How Massaniello and Rienzi and Jack Cade would stare at seeing

he has had great support, his patrons will be sick of maintaining him. He must either sink to poverty and a gaol, or commit new excesses, for which he will get knocked on the head. A Rienzi cannot stop: their histories are summed up in two words—a triumph and an assassination.”* Like Wordsworth’s

paper kite high among fleecy clouds,
which is seen to

Pull at her rein like an impetuous courser,
we may be said to

Behold them breast the wind, then suddenly
Dashed headlong, and rejected by the storm.†

It would, indeed, have been a social and religious miracle, as Dean Milman remarks—alluding to Rienzi’s career as Tribune—if the Romans, after centuries of misrule, degradation, slavery, superstition, had suddenly appeared worthy of freedom; or able to maintain and wisely and moderately to enjoy the blessings of a just and equal civilisation. “They had lived too long in the malaria of servitude. Of the old vigorous plebeian Roman, they had nothing but the turbulence; the frugality, the fortitude, the discipline, the love of order, and respect for law, are virtues of slow growth. They had been depressed too long, too low. If victims of the profligacy and tyranny of the nobles, submission to such outrages, however reluctant, however cast off in an excess of indignation, is no school of high and enduring dignity of morals, that only safeguard of sound republican institutions. The number, wealth, license of the Roman clergy, were even more fatally corruptive. Still, as for centuries, the Romans were a fierce, fickle populace.”‡ Whoso counted on the stability of their fervid impulses, made the fatal error of

mistaking
Proud spring-tide swellings for a regular sea.§

him sit down as comfortably as an Alderman of London!—If he should die of a surfeit of custard at last!”—Letters of Hor. Walpole, vol. vii. p. 283.

In his Character of Lord Shelburne, again, Walpole has another side-wind shot at Rienzi. Shelburne, he says, shook off his few real adherents, offended or flattered his associates as any little momentary view prompted, precipitated his measures before his schemes were digested, “and, like the frantic Tribune, Nicolo Rienzi, seemed to think that the trappings of his post were the buttresses of his power.”—Last Journals of Hor. Walpole, vol. ii. p. 623.

As to Rienzi’s attention to the “trappings of his post,” we might do worse than adopt, on his behalf, and to some extent, the philosophy of Mr. Henry Taylor’s hero:

“Perhaps the state
And royal splendour I affect, is deemed
A proof of pride—yet they that these condemn
Know little of the springs that move mankind.
’Tis hut a juvenile philosophy
That strips itself and casts such things aside,
Which, be they in themselves or vile or precious,
Arc means to govern.”

TAYLOR’S *Philip van Artevelde*, Second Part, Act II. Scene 1.

* Walpole’s Letters, vol. v. p. 93.

† The Prelude, book i.

‡ Latin Christianity, vol. v. book xii, ch. x.

§ Wordsworth, *Introd. to the Prelude*.

And we doubt whether a better portrait, on the whole, has ever been drawn of the belated Tribune than that by the learned Dean of St. Paul's. "Nor was Rienzi himself, though his morals were blameless, though he incurred no charge of avarice or rapacity, a model of the sterner republican virtues. He wanted simplicity, solidity, self-command. His ostentation, in some respects politic, became puerile. His processions, of which himself was still the centre, at first excited, at length palled on the popular feeling. His luxury—for his table became sumptuous, his dress, his habits splendid—was costly, burthensome to the people, as well as offensive and invidious. The advancement of his family, the rock on which demagogues constantly split, unwise. Even his religion, the indispensable, dominant influence in such times, was showy and theatrical; it wanted that depth and fervour which spreads by contagion, hurries away, and binds to blind obedience its unthinking partisans. Fanaticism brooks no rivals in the human heart."* Referring to his victory over the Colonnas, and the captivity of his other foes, the historian elsewhere observes that Rienzi might now seem "secure at the height of his greatness." But before a month has passed, he is a lonely exile: everything seems suddenly, unaccountably, desperately, to break down beneath him; the bubble of his glory bursts, and becomes thin air.† "And yet within a month!—let me not think on't!" Substituting a month for a year, one remembers Robert Browning's stanzas, wherein a discarded patriot contrasts present with past—recalling his triumphal entry into the now frowning, ungrateful city:

The air broke into a mist with bells,
The old walls rocked with the crowds and cries.
Had I said, "Good folks, more noise repels—
But give me your sun from yonder skies!"
They had answered, "And afterward, what else?"
Alack, it was I who leaped at the sun,
To give it my loving friends to keep.
Nought man could do, have I left undone—
And you see my harvest, what I reap
To-day, now a *month* is run.‡

He had dark and inward presentiments, we are told, of his approaching fall. "Weakened by want of sleep, and these perpetual terrors, I was no longer fit to bear arms, or give audience to the people." To this prostration of mind Rienzi attributes his hasty desperate abandonment of his power.§ For more than two "dismal, disastrous years" (1348, 1349) of plague and earthquake, Rienzi "couched unknown" among the wild Apennines, a tertiary of the Order of the Fraticelli, those "austerest of the austere Franciscans." In the Jubilee year he is said to have stolen

* Milman, v. 528.

† Ibid., p. 532.

‡ Browning's *Men and Women*: *The Patriot, An Old Story*.

§ "An awful thing it is—the failure of the energies of a master-mind. He who places implicit confidence in his genius will find himself some day utterly defeated and deserted. 'Tis bitter! Every paltry hind seems but to breathe to mock you. Slow, indeed, is such a mind to credit that the never-falling resource can at least [last?] be wanting. But so it is. Like a dried-up fountain, the perennial flow and bright fertility have ceased. . . . Then comes the madness of retrospection."—Disraeli's "Alroy," pt. ix. ch. xvii.

into Rome in disguise: "the Tribune was lost in the multitude of adoring strangers." Anon he is the Pope's prisoner, and consoles himself, in his gloomy cell, with the Bible and Livy. Who could have supposed, it may well be asked, that this man, hardly escaped from death as a dangerous usurper of the papal authority, and who had endeavoured to incite the Emperor to reduce the papal power within the strict limits of papal jurisdiction, that the writer of those stern and uncompromising invectives against the desertion of Italy by the Popes, the unsparing castigatör of the vices of the clergy, the heaven-appointed reformer (as he advanced) of the Church, the harbinger of the new kingdom of the Holy Ghost; that he should emerge from his dungeon to reappear in Italy as the follower of the papal Legate, and reassume the supreme government in Rome with the express sanction of the Pope? Under this phase he is scarcely recognisable as Byron's last of Tribunes and last of Romans:

Then turn we to Rome's latest tribune's name,
From her ten thousand tyrants turn to thee,
Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—
The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—
Rienzi!—last of Romans! While the tree
Of Freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth a leaf,
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—
The forum's champion, and the people's chief—
Her new-born Numa thou—with reign, alas! too brief.†

With Dr. Milman's portrayal of the Senator's brief sway, we take our last look of Nicolas Lorenzo. "But Rienzi had not learned wisdom. He was again bewildered by the intoxication of power; he returned to his old pomp, and his fatal luxury. He extorted the restoration of his confiscated property, and wasted it in idle expenditure. He was constantly encircled by his armed guard; he passed his time in noisy drunken banquets. His person became gross, hateful, and repulsive. Again called on to show his military prowess against the refractory Colonnas, he was again found wanting. The stern and equal vigour which had before given a commanding majesty to his wild justice, now seemed to turn to caprice and wantonness of power. His great measure, by which he seemed determined, this time at least, to escape the imputation of pusillanimity as shrieking from the extermination of his enemies, was sullied with ingratitude, as well as treachery. . . . The second government of Rienzi was an unmitigated tyranny, and ended in his murder in a popular insurrection. With the cry of 'Long live the people' was now mingled 'Death to the Tribune, to the traitor Rienzi.' "† And death there *was*, in that death-cry. Nor were the mob appeased with death pure and simple. The poor corpse they abused with shameful rancour, frienzied and foul.

* Milman, v. 550.

† Childe Harold, canto iv.

‡ History of Latin Christianity, book xii. ch. xi.

CURIOSITIES OF PERSIAN GEOGRAPHY.*

THE Arab tribes of the Hedjaz, called by the birth of Islamism to preach the Koran beyond the desert, and to conquer a fourth of the globe, started upon their adventurous career with but a very indifferent acquaintance with the routes followed by the caravans between the Mediterranean, the Red Sea, and the Persian Gulf. It was not till after the death of the Prophet, and till the regenerated monotheism of the Semites had overthrown the old civilisation of the Cæsars and of the Chosroes, that the victors felt the necessity of becoming acquainted with the extent of their new acquisitions, of estimating their resources, and of marking out highways which should converge from all points of their frontiers to the sacred shrine at Mekkah. But even then the progress made was trifling; and it was not till the brilliant reign of Al Mansur and Al Mamun, whose "castles of the stars" (as the Orientals delight to designate an astronomical observatory) still adorn the long valley of the Euphrates, that geography took its place, in the next rank to the mathematical sciences, at the colleges of Baghdad.

The khalifs enriched their libraries with translations of Euclid, Archimedes, and Ptolemy; and these, with the Indian astronomical tables, became the point of departure for the labours of Abu Mansur Yalila, of Ahmed Habesch (the Abyssinian), and of Ferghani. The extension taken by the Arabian commerce towards the end of the eighth century became a powerful auxiliary to science. The narratives of the merchant Sulaiman and Abu Zaid, as also those of the dragoman Sallen, and the "Book of Cities" (Kitabal Amsar) of Jahez, were the first-fruits of these distant journeys, and their popularity has saved them from oblivion. Whilst these simple stories upheld the taste for travel and the love of the marvellous, others, among whom were some Neo-Mussulmans, as Kodamah and Ibn Khordadbeh, were employed in reducing into form the financial, agricultural, and industrial resources of the provinces subjected to the Koran.

It is to this happy concurrence in the progress of travel abroad, with scientific labours at home, that we are indebted for the summaries that signalised the tenth century, more especially the Cyclopædias of Masudi. Two other writers appeared at the same time, who occupy an important place in the history of geography in the middle ages, and whose names frequently appear in the "Mo'djem." The first sheikh, Abu Ishak, a native of Isthakr (Persepolis), had more taste for travel than knowledge to render his observations useful to posterity; he visited successively Persia, Mesopotamia, and Syria, and he gave in his "Book of Climates" (Kitab al Akalim) not only the result of his own observations, but that of those who had preceded him. The care with which he describes Persia—his native country—imparts a high value to his work, and we are much

* Dictionnaire Géographique, Historique et Littéraire de la Perse et des contrées adjacentes, extrait du Mo'djem el Bouldan de Yaqout, et complété à l'aide de documents Arabes et Persans pour la plupart inédits. Par C. Barbier de Meynard, Ancien Attaché à la Légation de France en Perse, Membre du Conseil de la Société Asiatique. Paris: Imprimerie Impériale.

indebted to Yakut for having so frequent recourse to him in what concerns that country. The second, Ibn Haukal, whose investigations were carried further than those of the Isthakhri, availed himself in like manner of the labours of his predecessors, more especially of the latter, and his "Book of Ways and Provinces" (*Kitab al Masalik wal Mamalik*) is still a handbook with comparative geographers.

The eleventh century was illustrated by a writer whose prodigious erudition imparted a vigorous impulse to knowledge generally. Abu Rihan, surnamed Al Biruni, having visited India in the suite of the renowned conqueror Mahmud the Ghaznevide, was enabled to lift the veil that hid this cradle of humanity, and geography became indebted to him for many a discovery. The latter portion of this century, and the early part of the twelfth, without being utterly unproductive, only contributed slightly to the progress of knowledge. The works of the day were more of a local character, as the dictionaries of Bakri and of Zamakhschcri, or were only remotely related to geography, as the treatises on "Origins" (*Ansah*), due to Sem'ani and to Al Hazemi. The only name that did credit to the twelfth century was that of Idrisi or Edrisi, to whose labours cosmography is singularly indebted. The narratives of travel of Ibn Jubair and of Haravi, which belong to the same epoch, are also deserving of mention, for the good faith and sagacity of their authors.

Such were the rich materials which travels and erudition placed at the disposal of Yakut when he conceived the plan of his great dictionary. As a writer, he possessed sufficient knowledge to profit by these labours, and patience enough to co-ordinate them; but at his epoch criticism was not sufficiently advanced to enable him to distinguish between what was truth, what hypothesis, and what falsehood. Luckily these faults, common to all his contemporaries, are almost compensated for by the boldness and grandeur of his conceptions. Ohaid Allah al Bakri, in his "Dictionary of Unintelligible Names," and the Imam Zamakhschcri, in his "Book of Mountains," scarcely went beyond the limits of Arabia; their object was mainly to clear up certain passages in the Koran, or to determine the position of places noticed by the poets of old. Neither the one nor the other dreamt of enriching their treatises by those numerous historical, biographical, and literary notices which make the "Mo'djem" an encyclopædic monument unique in the East.

Obaid Allah Yakut, son of Abd Allah, was born in 1178, of a Greek family. His life, entirely devoted to travel and indefatigable studies, does not present many features of very marked interest. Falling in early years into the hands of Mussulmans, he was brought up in the religion of the Prophet, and was purchased by a merchant residing at Baghdad, but who was a native of Hamah, on the Orontes, and to which circumstance the young slave was indebted for his surname of Hamawi. He was also called Rumi, or Greek, from his infidel origin, and Baghdadi on account of his long residence in the city of the khalifs. The name of Yakut (*ruhy*), commonly given to slaves in the East, does not appear to have been to his taste, and he endeavoured to change it to Yakub (*Jacob*) by a slight modification in the orthography, but posterity has not sanctioned the substitution.

Thanks to the liberality of his master, he studied with success the sciences at that time cultivated at Baghdad, especially theology and

belles lettres. After having obtained his *idjazet*, or diploma, he assumed the title of *Shehab ed din*, "the abode of faith," which, whilst it attested to his university degree, also upheld his religious faith. Emfranchised by his master and associated by him in his business, which was chiefly devoted to the sale of books, he made several long journeys. He visited the north of Persia, and remained some time at the island of Kish, which was at that epoch one of the most important commercial emporia between India, Egypt, Syria, and Europe. Upon the death of his master, he dwelt successively at Damascus, Aleppo, and Mosul; he traversed the north of Irak Ajemi and of Khorasan, and he remained for three years at Merv, the capital of ancient Margiana, and where his literary tastes and knowledge of books brought him into connexion with several remarkable persons. Merv was at that epoch one of the most flourishing centres of Mussulman civilisation: the vast libraries that it possessed, and of which he has left us a detailed list, the hospitable reception that he met with there, and perhaps certain religious sympathies—for Yakut has been accused of Shi'ah tendencies—had decided him to spend the remainder of his days there, in study and devotion, when the approach of the formidable hosts of Jenghiz Khan obliged him to precipitately abandon the home of his predilection. Notwithstanding the dangers to which he exposed himself, he took the less direct road back, in order to visit Khwarezm and Azarbaijan. On his return to Mosul, he did not find in that city, threatened by the Mongols, the calm essential to his literary pursuits, so he transported himself first to the Sinjar, and finally to Aleppo, where he died in the year 1229.

It was whilst living at Merv, in the year of the Hejra 615 (A.D. 1218), that Yakut conceived the idea of writing his Geographical Dictionary. He was one day in company with several learned men at the house of Fakir ed din, Abd er Rahim, son of the learned jurisconsult Semani, when conversation fell upon the name of a place mentioned in the traditions. A discussion having arisen upon the point, it attained so much warmth that Yakut determined to collect all the testimonies that were to be found in existing treatises of geography in favour of his opinion. With this view he consulted the different libraries in the city, and read all the best works, and in doing so he was first struck with the infinite difficulty presented to such researches by the want of order and method that existed in all. He henceforward determined to save posterity from the same ungrateful task as he had imposed upon himself, by embodying all that he could collect in so vast a field in one great work, and that arranged in alphabetical order. The last ten years of his life were devoted to this labour and to the revision of the documents collected by him during his travels, and he appears, in addition to his great dictionary, to have edited a little work called "*Merasid el Ittila*; or, *Fields of Observation*," a treatise on geographical synonyms named "*Moshtarek*," and several other books that have been lost.

Of all the mighty empires which have flourished in the East, that of Persia is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable and the most celebrated. Enduring through a succession of vicissitudes almost unparalleled for more than two thousand five hundred years—by turns the prey of foreign enemies and the sport of internal revolution, yet ever subjected to despotic rule—alternately elevated to the summit of glory and prosperity and

plunged into misery and degradation,—she has from the earliest period of her existence either been the throne of the lords of Western Asia, or the arena on which monarchs have disputed for the sceptre of the East. Poor and comparatively limited in extent, the more warlike of her sovereigns enriched themselves and enlarged their dominions by the most brilliant conquests; while under timid and pacific princes, not only did her acquisitions crumble away, but her own provinces were frequently subdued by bolder and more rapacious neighbours. Thus her boundaries were continually fluctuating with the character of her monarchs. In the time of the Greeks, the Persian empire embraced Lesser Asia, and its capital was at Babylon, the seat of empire in the East. In the time of the Romans, the capital, Ctesiphon, was on the other side of the Tigris; and when the power of the khalifs arose in what had so long been a Persian province, Persians were expelled beyond the long mountain ranges of Kurdistan, and have with some exceptions (as in Khuzistan, or Susians, and in Azarbaijan) remained so circumstanced ever since.

Proneness to civilisation, and hereditary capabilities and susceptibilities for education, probably handed down from a remote antiquity, when the Kayanian and Sassanian dynasties were among the most glorious on the face of the earth, still characterise the Persian. He is in this respect a very different being from the more solid and obtuse Turk, who has expelled him from Western Asia; but quick, intelligent, impressionable, and even polished as the Tajik may be, he is far less candid, less enduring, and less courageous than the Turk. Crossing the frontier from Mosul, or ancient Nineveh—the abode of predilection of Yakut—a marked difference is at once perceived. The traveller, after fighting his way across the giant snow-clad heights of the Gordyæn, or Kurdish Alps, descends upon the open, populous, and cultivated plain of Urimiyah, with city, lake, and islands. There is not much difference perceptible in the outward aspect of things. The Persian loves seclusion, and most of the better class of houses are built in detached garden-plots, hemmed in by dreary mud-walls, but the people themselves are civil and communicative. They will congregate round a traveller resting beneath a tree, and while away his time by conversation and songs. Within, the same differences are at once perceptible. Looking-glasses, paintings, tables, and chairs, a pair of snuffers or of spectacles, at once tell a tale of a people more familiar with comforts and conveniences than the Turk—we mean the Turk near Persia, naturally not at Constantinople or Smyrna.

Yakut says of Lake Urimiyah that it was called Kebukhan, and that there was on it an island, with a rock fortress and four villages, the inhabitants of which lived by piracy on the shores of the lake. This appears to have been a state of things that lasted a long time, for it is alluded to by other and subsequent writers. Masudi, in his “Golden Meadows,” calls the lake Kendewan, and Hamd Allah Mustofi calls it Khajent, and says that certain Mongolian kings were buried on the rock fortress which Abulfeda calls Tala. Of the city he says little, save that its original name is Urmui, or Urmedji, and that it is asserted to have been the home of Zaradusht (Zoroaster), and to have been founded by the fire-worshippers. Several learned men are also noticed as natives of this place, one of whom, Yunis, was chief secretary to the Khalif Nasir lid din Allah. Close by is Selmas, a city of Sunnis, with a cool

climate, abundant fruit and water, but perpetually at war with the Kurds, and which, although protected by a wall eight thousand paces round by the Vizir Khadjeh, was even in Yakut's time already half ruined. Also Dih Khirdjan, also called Kharrakhan, an important town which took its name from Khirdjan, the treasurer of Khosroes. A still more interesting region presents itself in the mountain districts on the way from Urimiyah to Irbil, and called by Rawliuson Ushnei, but by Yakut written Ushnuh. Some copies of the "*Nuzhet*," M. Meynard tells us, have it Ushnuyeh; but Yakut's orthography is conntenanced by Ibn Haukal. Its learned men were named after the place, Ushnani, Ushnuhi, and Ushnaili. This district contains some hundred villages of Sunnis, is well watered, productive in corn, grass, vines, and fruits. The pears are celebrated. A colony of Chaldean Christians has been established in this region for several centuries, and on the mountain-pass is a monument of the times of Darius.

To the north is Khoi, or Khuï, the circumference of whose walls is equal to six thousand five hundred paces, on a tributary to the Araxes. The people are so fair, that this district has been termed the Turkistan of Persia. It comprises eighty villages, and is rich in fruit as well as cereals. Stuffs are also manufactured here, known as Khoidji. Two learned Orientals are also quoted by Yakut as natives of this otherwise favoured spot.

To the east is Tahriz, or Tebriz—Ahu Sa'ad and Abu Zakaria give the latter orthography—the capital of Azarbaijan—the country of the fire-worshippers. Yakut says that this city was only a village when Er Rewad al Azdi established himself there after the conquest of Azarbaijan; but Hamd Allah Mustofi, in his "*Nuzhet*," attributes its foundation to Zobaidah, the wife of Harun ar Rashid, in 175. It was destroyed by an earthquake in 244, and rebuilt by Motewekkel, but once more tumbled down by similar causes in 434. The Kadi Roku ed din states in his work, "*The Record of the Possessors of Provinces*," that this disaster was predicted by the astronomer Abu Thaher, of Shiraz. Forty thousand inhabitants are said to have perished under the walls, although many, warned by the prediction, had fled the city. It was, according to Mustofi, at this epoch that the city was rebuilt by Ibn Muhammad Revadi (Rewad of Yakut) al Azdi, whose children, according to Yakut, erected a castle and surrounded it with walls. Tahriz became the capital of all Persia under the Mongols, and its population increased so, that vast suburbs arose round the walls, six thousand paces in circumference, and to which access was given by ten different gateways. Ghazan Khan included a portion of these, with the mounts Velian and Sendjan, within another wall, five thousand paces in circumference, and having six gates. Ghazan also founded a necropolis, with a magnificent mausoleum for himself. The minister Khadjeh Rashid ed din built another suburb on Mount Velian, and the Vizir Tadj ed din erected the grand mosque in the quarter called Nareman, whose court was larger than that of the palace of Khosroes, at Ctesiphon. The city escaped the ire of the Tartars in 608, and, according to Ahmed Razi, that of the Turks under Sulaiman in 939; but the author of "*Zinet al Medjalis*" deploras the devastation of the city by the Osmanlis.

Tabriz, with its vast suburbs and innumerable public buildings, churches,

and mausoleums, still rivals any other city of Persia. Its inhabitants are fair, chiefly Sunnis or Shafites, and the epigrams of poets declare the men to be frivolous and deceitful, and the women cross-tempered. Fruits abound, and are delicious. Yakut says he never tasted anything like the apricots of Tabriz, and the exquisite silks and satins known as the 'etabi, siklathun, and khitabi, are manufactured there. The list of learned, pious, and worthy men, natives of the place, or buried there, is, as may be imagined, very considerable. The city is watered by the Mehran Rud, which has its sources in Mount Sahund, and is divided into innumerable branches, in order to irrigate the surrounding country.

Ardebil, situated nearer the Caspian, was the capital of Azarbaijan before Islamism. Yakut says that, according to local tradition, this city was founded by King Firuz, who called it Nadan Firuz, and Abu Sa'ad conjectures that it is indebted for its name to Ardebil ben Irmini ben Laftbi ben Yunan, but the Nuzhet records that it was founded by Kai Khosru (the Chosroes of the Romans). Firdusi also relates in the "Shah Nameh" that when Kai Khosru, and Firiburz, son of Kai Kaus (Cyrus of the Romans), disputed the throne, it was agreed that it should belong to he who could reduce the renowned stronghold of Behmen Diz, on the neighbouring mountains of Silan, and that Kai Khosru succeeded. Ardebil suffered much from the Tartars, as did also Seraw, between it and Tabriz, whose inhabitants were all massacred by the Mongols in 617. "May God curse them!" adds Yakut.

Another capital of Azarbaijan was Meraghah, on the Safi Rud, a tributary to Lake Urimiyah. Yakut calls it the greatest and most celebrated city of Azarbaijan, but it was most celebrated for its observatory, erected by Khadjeh Nasir ed din Thusi, by order of Hulagu Khan. The Ilkhanian tables of Mongolian origin are known to astronomers. Yakut says its olden name was Emdadha Rud; others relate that Sehr ben Kethir encamping in the neighbourhood in the time of the conquests of Mirwan, the chief said to his troops, "Here is a neighbourhood rich in pasturage;" whence the expression "al Meraghah" remained to it—a tradition which is confirmed by Makrizi.

Myaneh, or Miana, celebrated for its deadly bugs, lies half way between Meraghah and Tabriz, whence its name, which signifies in Persian "the middle." Yakut says its original name was Myandji, and Mustofi writes Myanedj; and curious enough, he adds that the air is unwholesome, and that mosquitoes and other insects abound. It is easy to understand how the bites of insects, acting upon a person afflicted at the same time by malaria, may have given origin to the modern reports of the deadly nature of the bug-bites of Myaneh.

South of Myaneh, and in the hilly district (for Myaneh is in the valley of the Safi Rud, the great tributary to the Caspian from Azarbaijan), is the once great town of Zendjan, or Zenjan of the Persians, whose inhabitants, like those of Meraghah, speak a dialect of the Pehlvi. Abu'l Kazim Sa'ad ez Zendjani, a sheikh so celebrated that the imams of the Holy Kabah used to consider a day lost when he was not visited, used to say, "Avaricious as an Ahwazian, stupid as a Schirazian, and talkative as an inhabitant of Ray." We shall hope to arrive at Ahwas in the course of our peregrinations, but, in the mean time, Ray, a once renowned city of Azarbaijan, and which has been identified in modern times with the

Rhages and Rhazes of the Greeks and Romans, deserves a moment's notice at our hands. Yakut describes it as being one of the largest cities of the world, and says it is recorded in the ancient chronicles of Persia that King Kai Kaus, or Cyrus, had a wheel constructed, with the necessary mechanism, by which to raise himself to heaven. God permitted the winds to carry him as high as the clouds, and then abandoned him to his fate, and he fell into the sea of Jordan. Was this a primitive balloon? When Kai Khosru ascended the throne, he is said to have had this machine repaired, and to have made use of it to go to Babylon, and, arrived at the place where is now Ray, gave orders to build a city there, Ray signifying in Persian a wheel.

The antiquity of Ray is attested by many Oriental writers, who designate it as *Umm al bilad*, "the mother of cities," but they do not agree among themselves as to the founder. Some attribute it to Raz, son of Isfahan; others, to Huschang, the Pishdadian. It seems to have attained the zenith of its opulence under the Khalif Mehdi, and seldom has the spirit of hyperbole and exaggeration, so characteristic of Orientals, been pushed so far as by Ahmed Razi, the author of the "*Seven Climates*," who makes it the rival of Baghdad in the number of its mosques, colleges, monasteries, and other public edifices. It was ruined by religious dissensions, earthquake, and the Mongols, who put more than seven hundred thousand of its inhabitants to the sword. Yakut relates how the Shiites, the Shafites, and the Hanefites, or followers of Abu Hanifah, used also to exterminate one another within its walls with religious fervour; and he adds, what is more curious, that Obaïd Allah ben Zaid ("may he be cursed in eternity!") offered the government of Ray to Omar ben Sa'ad ben Abi Wakas, on condition that he would lead his army against Hussain. This alone is sufficient to attest Yakut's stout Shiah partisanship. He adds, that when Ahmed ben Ismail, the Samanide, coming from Dailam, encamped outside the city, he would not enter into it. "I will not govern that fatal city," he said, "which was the cause of the murder of Hussain, son of Ali; it is a Dailamian city, always in enmity with God, and placed under the constellation of the scorpion." Veramin and Teheran having successively become the favourite abodes of the Suffavian dynasty, Ray fell into decline, and there remains in the present day nothing but a heap of ruins and a picturesque village, where reposes, beneath a dome of lapis-lazuli, the Shah Zadeh Abd al Azim, one of the last descendants of the house of Ali.

On the road from Myaneh to Teheran, we have, first, Zendjan, before noticed. Higher up the same river that waters Zendjan, the Shah Rud, and which is itself a tributary to the Saff Rud, is the town of Sulthanyeh, founded by the Mongol sultan, Arghun Khan, and which, from its rich pastures, good waters, and fertile soil, has continued to enjoy prosperity. Still higher up the Shah Rud is Rud Bar, a common name in Persia, signifying, as it does, simply a station on a river. This particular town is not, however, noticed by Yakut, but it is in the "*Nuzhet*," which speaks of it as a district comprising fifty fortresses, among which is Alah Amut (corrupted into Alamut), the Eagle's-nest, the renowned fortress of the Ismaelians, or Assassins, so called from Hassan, son of Sabbah, who seized the place in 483, after its first foundation by Hassan ben Zaid Bakari in 246. This castle was sacked by Hulagu Khan. Next comes a city of ancient re-

noun, Kazwin (Casbin of the maps, and Qazwin of the French), founded, according to Ibn al Fakih, as quoted by Yakut, by Shapur Zu'l Aktaf, but, according to Hamd allah Mustofi, the author of the "*Nuzhet*," and whose native city it was, by Shapur, son of Ardashir Babigan. When Kazwin was taken by the Saracens, they are said by their co-religionists to have improved the place much, and they established themselves as a permanent garrison, or independent military colony, as they did at Basrah and other places in the first days of Islamism. The Prophet Muhammad had said of this place: "Kazwin is the image of the garden of Adam in Paradise;" and elsewhere: "A troop of men will be fought in Kazwin whose oath has no value." The Arabs of Kazwin carried their warlike expeditions as far as Kufa, where they were called the "red men of Dailam." Well might one of their poets have said, "How many deserts, and how many stony mountains and naked gorges have we passed?" Another wrote: "The tribe of Bekir, different from ours, inhabits the Irak, its defiles, and arid hills" (this probably in allusion to Diyarbekir); "the tribe of Thaleb dwells on the Enphrates, in the midst of islands surrounded by the river. Thou, thou art at Kazwin, at the head of the brave. What a difference between thy home and theirs!" Harun ar Rashid took a great fancy to Kazwin, and erected a mosque and other buildings there. One day, Yakut relates, the khalif mounted upon the doine, which was very lofty, and commanded a view of the whole city. At the same moment he heard the bugle sounded, and saw all the inhabitants hastily close their shops, seize their arms, and rally under their flags. The sight moved the khalif. "These are good soldiers," he said, "and merit that one should take an interest in them." He consulted with his advisers, and when each had given his opinion, he said: "The most equitable thing to be done is to exempt them from the capitation tax, and only exact from them a territorial contribution." He fixed this himself at ten thousand pieces of silver per annum.

Teheran, or, more properly, Thehran, the modern capital of Persia, was formerly a mere suburb of Ray, in which the nobility were wont to reside to enjoy cooler air. It was indebted for its first embellishments to Shah Thanasp, and rose upon the ruins of Ray and Veramin, which latter was on the road from Teheran to Ispahan. On the same road is Kum, or Qoum, whose inhabitants, although Yakut declares that the town was of Mussulman origin, were such ardent Shiites, and so opposed to the immediate followers of the Prophet, that they would never bear the name of Abu Bekir. A zealous Sunnite governor once summoned the notables of the place, and said to them, "I know that you hate the companions of our holy Prophet, so much so that you will not confer their names on your children. I take the all-powerful God to witness, that if you do not bring before me one of your countrymen whose name is Omar or Abu Bekir, and if his name is not attested by authentic proofs, I will inflict a terrible chastisement upon you." They asked for three days' delay, and at the expiration of that time they were only able to produce a miserable, ragged, and deformed beggar, who bore the name of Abu Bekir. When this creature was brought before the governor, the latter thought it was in derision, and ordered a general bastinado. But, luckily, one of the notables exclaimed, "Prince, act as you deem right; but know that the climate of Kum does not allow persons whose name is Abu Bekir to

become more handsome than this man." The governor could not help laughing, and he pardoned the notables. In the same neighbourhood are Kashan, celebrated for its great black scorpions, and its fine porcelain, called kashi; as also Savah, or Sawah, the chief town between Teberan and Hamadan, said to have been founded on the site of a lake which dried up the day of the Prophet's birth. The Mongols are also said to have destroyed here one of the finest libraries in the world. In Yakut's time the inhabitants were Shiites, whilst those dwelling at Awah, six miles off, were Sunnites, and there was, in consequence, constant war between them.

Hamadan derives its name from Hamadan, son of Felew dj, son of Sem, or Shem, son of Noah, according to Hisham, as quoted by Yakut. A book of the Syrians says that it was built by Kermis, son of Solomon. Learned Persians declare that Hamadan simply means the well-beloved. Shirweih says it was built by Solomon himself, who was assisted by the genii Sakhar, who placed seven hewn stones round the city to keep out the cold. The cold climate of Hamadan is, indeed, a favourite theme with Yakut, and he exhausts poets and orators in illustration of what to us is a very refreshing idea in connexion with anything Persian. There was also a lion at Hamadan hewn out of a single block of stone, and said to date back to the times of Solomon. Hamadan was long besieged by the generals of Bokht en Nasr (Nebuchadnezzar), who only succeeded in conquering it by breaking down the dykes and flooding the city. "Dara," son of Darius, according to Yakut, repaired the city, and made it his treasure city (Ecbatana) and the home of his harem during his war with Alexander. It was subsequently sacked by the Mongols, but this was after it had been brought under the yoke of Islamism by Merdavidj, the Dailamite. The fact is, and it is recorded even by an Orientalist—Muhammad Medjdi—that notwithstanding the severity of its mountain climate, Hamadan is one of the most agreeable towns in Persia wherein to dwell. It is also, from its productiveness, one of the cheapest. The ancient name appears to have been Saron, and some chronicles relate that it was founded by Jem, later in descent from Noah than Felew dj, was fortified by Dara (Darius), and completed by Behmen, son of Isfendiar.

Hamadan is on the El Wand, and between that chain and the Kurdish mountains is the district of Ardelan and Luristan, with the chief towns Musamabad, Senna, Kungawur, Kirmanshah, Korrumabad, and Burujird. Kirmanshah, or Kirmanshahan, called by the Arabs Karmicin, is on the highway from central Persia by Holwan to Arabia. This city belongs to the heroic ages of Persia. According to Ibn al Fakih, King Kobad, son of Firuz, exploring his kingdom, remarked that there was no place more favoured by climate and nature, all the way from Madain (Ctesipbon) to Balkh, than the territory that stretches from Karmicin to the mountain of Hamadan. He founded a city there, and had a palace built for himself which rested upon a thousand pillars. There, also, is the Castle of Shirin (Kasr Shirin), and the portico on which are represented King Parwiz, his horse Shabdiz, and his slave Shirin. At Karmicin is likewise the famous platform upon which Khosru Parwiz met the Faghfur, or King of China, the Khakan of the Turks, the Dahir (Maharadja), or King of India, and the Kaiser (Cæsar), king of the countries of Rum.

It appears that the early histories of the great cities of Ispahan, Yezd, and Shiraz, are involved in as much obscurity by the Orientals as others of less note. Yakut says of the first that it was primitively called Jay, and then Yahardiyah, or the Fair City. But Mustofi says it consisted originally of four boroughs founded by Thahomur and Jamshid, and united into one by Kai Kbnad, the first of the Kayanian dynasty, who made this city the capital of his empire. Nor is there greater unanimity with regard to the origin of its name; but the majority are in favour of a compound word—"esp," horseman, and "han," country. Abu Ohaidah says Ispahan is simply a plural form of the word "espahi," horseman; whence our "spahis," and, still more vulgarly, "sepoys."

Under the Sassanians the right of bearing the royal standard was exclusively granted to the Ispahanians, and Yakut tells us that the right originated thus: Zohak, who was also called Ezdehak Biurasf and "the man with the two serpents," governed Persia with a cruel despotism. He exacted every day a tribute of two men, who were killed in order that their brains should feed two serpents that had grown from out of his shoulders. One day it happened to be the turn of a blacksmith of Ispahan. He took the leathern apron which he used at his work, stuck it on a pole, and ran through the streets exciting the inhabitants to revolt against Zohak. They did so, and raised Afaridun, the ancestor of the Sassanians, in his place, after which the leathern apron was adopted as the royal standard. Yakut adds, that many of the captive Jews were transported here by Nebuchadnezzar, and that their quarter (Yahndiyah) soon surpassed the original one of Jay. Masur ben Sadan also says that there is not a noble family of the place without Jewish blood in it. The character generally attributed to the Ispahanians by Oriental writers is that of cupidity, luxury, and debauchery. Saheb Abu'l Kazim avails himself of this reputation of the place—the human impulses being always, according to Orientalists, influenced by climate—to say, that "on arriving in this city I feel an inclination to cupidity arise in me which I never feel anywhere else!" Other chronicles relate that out of this city shall issue Deddjal, or Antichrist.

Of Yezd nothing curious is recorded. Yakut treats of it as a district, of which the chief town, he says, is Ketheh. Ahmed Razi, who had no doubt been there, is more full, and gives a long list of native doctors, among whom were the Emirs Shems ed din ("the sun of faith") and Rokn ed din Yezdi, who erected numerous colleges, mosques, and other pious foundations, and established khans on the road to Shiraz. The latter city, although of little importance previous to Islamism, when it superseded Isthakhr, or Persepolis, as the capital of Fars, and so well known to Europeans as the home of favourite Persian poets, is for some reason or other spoken of by Yakut, after Al Beschari, in the most contemptuous terms. "Its streets are narrow, and its windows too near to the soil, and it is as dirty as it is narrow and confined. Licence and disorder reign there incessantly; doctors and men of letters enjoy no consideration there. (*Hinc illæ lachrymæ!*) It is even said that a tendency to magism, as of old, is still to be met with. Violence and injustice weigh the people down; blood flows incessantly; a frenzied corruption exists in all classes. Filth fills the streets, and does not leave the most pure and pious men free from pollution, and one is suffocated by the pes-

tilential miasmas that spread over everywhere." The writer of this article feels it his duty to attest that such things did not exist a quarter of a century ago, but higotry, tyranny, injustice, revolt, and cowardice, were rife.

We cannot leave this subject without some gleanings in regard to Susiana, a region of predilection with us, as best adapted for the rule of any maritime power to whom political and commercial influence in south-western Asia might at any time be desirable, the more especially as a counterpoise to Russia. Sus is noticed as the last home of the Prophet Daniel, and Yakut repeats the well-known legend that Omar had the river turned out of its bed, and then hurried the prophet before the waters were restored to their original course, so that his bones should never be discovered. Sus was one of the last places in Susiana that fell into the power of the Muhammadans.

Owing to the Arabic form of names adopted by Yakut, and these being Frenchified by M. de Meynard, the English reader will often, at first, imagine that many a well-known Persian city is not even noticed in the dictionary. The town written in our maps, Shuster, occurs, for example, under the head of Touster; and we could quote worse cases. Yet Yakut himself says that Tuster is only an Arabian alteration of the Persian Shuster, or Schouster, as M. de Meynard has it. The name is, in fact, derived from ancient Sus or Shus, with the termination *ter*, which corresponds to the superlative degree—the greatest Shus—Shuster having succeeded as a provincial capital to Sus. Hanzah of Ispahan says Sus had the shape of a falcon, Shuster that of a horse, and Jundi Shapur that of a chess-board. Few would think of looking out for Jundi Shapur under the head of Djoundi Sabour; but the French Orientalists always add the "D" to the initial "j," or "jeem" as they add the "o" to the long "u," expressed by Anglo-Indians by two "oo's." Of Dizful, Yakut says its ancient name was Endimischk, and that it was indebted for its prosperity to Ardashir Babigan, who erected its bridge, as Shapur did the dyke at Shuster: hence its name Dizful, "the bridge of the citadel." The city is only remarkable for the golden tree (*Zarrin derakt*), which blossoms with fine yellow flowers all the year round. Al Ahwaz was the Muhammadan name given to all Kbusistan; but Yakut says it was, in his time, limited to the modern Ahwaz, at the bar on the Karun, and which, when it was ancient Aginis, was the "Suk el Ahwaz," or the great market-town of the country. Ahwaz was once known as Hormuz Shahir, or the city of Ormuz. Yakut condemns the place evidently at second-hand. Its fevers, he says, are perpetual and permanent, the town is full of vipers and enormous scorpions, the streets are filthy, and the climate fatal to strangers. Needless to say that all this is exaggeration. The people of Ahwaz were always hostile to the Arabs, which is sufficient to account for any amount of misrepresentation. These few and insignificant drawbacks are not, however, in any way advanced as affecting the value of the work before us. It is invaluable to travellers, and we hope the remaining parts will be given to the public, and as ably edited. France has reason to be proud of her consular and diplomatic agents, when such men as M. de Meynard are employed on an Eastern legation. The work he has given to the public is indeed an inexhaustible mine of geographical, historical, and literary information, as far as regards Persia.

THE GREVAVOE ELOPEMENT.

I.

"It's nae euse, bairns," said Laurie Sweynson of Grevavoe to his family—"it's nae euse strugglin' langer. Oot we moost go frae da owld bit o' hoose, an' it metters little whare we seek a habitation upo' dis side o' da kirkyard. We may as weel geen ta dis 'Marica as ta onny idder place!"

Such were the words, we say, addressed by Laurie, or Laurence, Sweynson, of Grevavoe, in Zetland, to his wife and children at the time in his history when we present him to the reader. But the latter, if he have anything of the Northman's predilection for genealogy, and any particle of that intellectual faculty which phrenologists denominate "locality," and, in fact, any common curiosity, will, doubtless, desire to be informed who the said Sweynson was, and what sort of place his present abode, which he so mournfully talked of leaving, and what adverse circumstances had been able to breed in him such a very dismal condition of mind.

The Sweynsons were a very old family, indeed, although Laurence held but an indifferent position in society.

Long, long before the islands had passed into the hands of a king of Scotland—when no language but good old Norse was heard from the lips of the inhabitants—when wild savage Eric and Hacos scoured the northern seas, and thawed almost the icy wilderness around them with their boisterous heat—when, it may be, he who appeared in vision to the noblest of modern poets, and exclaimed,

I was a Viking old!

still "skimmed the half-frozen sound," or breathed ont his vows to the blue-eyed daughter of old Hildebrand—did the ancestors of Laurence Sweynson quit their home on the northern continent, and effect their settlement on the shores of Zetland. The place on which they settled was well chosen, and well calculated to keep alive their early recollections of glorious old "Gamle Norge." Grevavoe (by some held to denote the *voe** of the Gref, or Count) is a narrow winding arm of the sea, some miles in length, and many travellers from the mainland of Great Britain, on looking on it for the first time, have believed that they had at length stumbled on a Zetland river. In fine weather it has all the appearance of this, though the season must be a very mild one in which it does not show some white breach along its rocky margin. But few rivers will bear comparison with its wild beauty, when in the short days of winter the strong blasts from the northward, which it faces, roar and thunder along its waters, and dash the great waves against its steep banks and the precipitous cliffs which guard its entrance. We have always pictured to ourselves that it must have been on such a day as this that the first Norseman sailed up the *voe* in his gallant old bark. The time would be afternoon, when, with a wild hoarse cheer, the stalwart, weather-beaten, red-bearded children of Odin jumped to land in that

* Creek.

comparatively snug arm of the voe a couple of miles from the entrance. They would offer up a thanksgiving to the gods of Scandinavia after their own rude fashion, quaffing the good strong liquor which they had brought along with them. Then the mighty chief would ascend to the eminence above, and gaze northward.

In the gloomy dusk of the winter afternoon the desolate, lonely voe glides away before him, fed by that mighty ocean on which he had been cradled—fed, perhaps, by waters which had not long since washed the shores of the sacred old fatherland!

"Surely," he thinks, "great Odin and his brethren tore this narrow cleft in the side of the island, frolicking after some drinking-bout in the halls of Valhalla! A little stronger pull, and the voe would have been a voe no longer, but a strait, for the northern portion of the island would have separated from this on which I stand! Here shall I stay, monarch of all I see around me, and hunt the seal, and sail forth on my noble expeditions proudly, and return here to dispose of my booty unseen and unmolested!" And the chieftain would descend to the bivouac by the sea-shore as the darkness came down like a curtain, revealing only the bold outline of the cliffs, and the white spray in the far north dashing mountains high up the rocks, then sweeping before the powerful blast till it washed his hard, tough cheek with its grateful coolness. Here he would settle and enjoy the life the gods gave him like one worthy of their favours, perhaps occasionally visiting the fatherland to slay a few old friends and acquaintances, just by way of keeping up the good will of Odin and company, and making more sure and certain of a place at the eternal drinking-bout in the mansions of the gods when Zetland and old Scandinavia had alike vanished from his sight! And when the summons came for him, he would say, "Bury me there by the sea-shore where I first landed, oh brethren! The gods did not will it that I should sleep by the side of the paternal fiord, but this is well worthy to be my last resting-place, and I am satisfied! Here we shall have no effeminate sultriness, no zephyr breezes such as the boy-men of the south delight in! No; here, in death as in life, I shall be a true son of Scandinavia, and my spirit shall ride rejoicing on the wings of the winter blasts!"

But the aspect of Grevavoe had much changed since then. In winter-time, as of old, the fierce gusts blew up the voe, bearing the salt spray before them; but they roared now over no solitary hill-side, but o'er farms green and cultivated. Spring dotted the green banks, which sloped to the water's edge, with daisies and primroses, not intended to "waste their sweetness in the desert air," but to be plucked and tumbled among by noisy bairns and more noisy dogs, their playmates; summer bloomed o'er a busy fleet of fishing-boats spreading their sails before the gentle breeze, and working their way towards "the deep water" out to north; autumn covered the "rigs" along the steep hill-side, and the moister ground beside the murmuring little burn in the valley with waving corn, and merry, loud-tongued men, women, and children to cut it down and gather it into the yards; winter brought even to this out-of-the-way place Hallow-e'en games and merry-makings to the sound of the fiddle in honour of old Father Christmas, who, we dare say, enjoyed himself as much here as he ever did in old English baronial hall, for the patriarch-

like Mark Tapley is generally most "jolly" under unfavourable circumstances.

Laurence Sweynson occupied a small farm perched on the side of the almost precipitous hill which towered over Grevavoe and the long valley which looked like a continuation of it, and doubtless in days of yore had formed a portion of it. A rough, queer-looking old cottage was Sweynson's, built out of irregularly-shaped stones, with a little lime thrown in here and there, more apparently by way of ornament than for any useful purpose. The accommodation consisted of two rooms, the larger of which opened directly out of doors, and had a hard, natural floor, rough and unequal, like an ill-made road, with a small elevation about the centre, whereon the fire was kindled, and from which the smoke streamed upward to a hole in the thatched roof, intended to act as a chimney, or "lum." Intended to act, we say, because it was much too small and too remote from the fire to effect much in that way, so the greater portion of the smoke paid no attention to it whatever, but spread itself about the apartment, drying and imparting a flavour of peat to any little trifle of fish, flesh, or fowl suspended round the walls, and occasionally making its escape through the open door or window. This room was the ordinary sitting-room, dining-room, and sleeping-room of the greater portion of the family, for round its walls was ranged a row of little fixed shut-up beds like presses, and it was denominated "the but end." The inner apartment, called "the ben," was a very superior sort of place: it had a wooden floor, a fireplace in the wall, a press for crockery, a tolerably good table, and a bed adorned with gaudy-printed cotton curtains, in which the heads of the family usually slept. The fine arts had not been overlooked in the decoration of this room, as was amply testified by some brilliant pictures of scriptural subjects, representing patriarchs and apostles in fanciful costumes (principally grass-green and scarlet, with a little of the colour flowing into their hair and countenances); a large tea-tray, beautifully adorned with an exciting painting of a sea-fight between two miraculously shaped vessels bearing the Dutch and French colours respectively, which was seldom degraded by being put to its intended use, and stood bolt upright on the mantelpiece, staring at you as you entered the room; and, beside this, one or two of those unmeaning groups in earthenware representing supernatural-looking brigands, shapeless shepherds and shepherdesses, and club-footed dogs of morose aspect. The byre and barn were attached to the "but end" gable of the house, and communicated with "the but," and with one another, and in cold weather one or two of the cows were generally accommodated with a place of repose near the fire by the special invitation of Mr. Sweynson and his family. Then there were always a few pigs grunting about, poking their noses into tempting pots and dishes, and sometimes managing to prig a potato or two about dinner-time, when the "gude-wife" wasn't looking, or was employed at a distance from the tongs or any other handy instrument of punishment wherewith to revenge the theft; and half a dozen fowls and a duck or two, not unfrequently disported with the dogs and cats the snug corners in the vicinity of the fire. Mr. Laurence Sweynson presided over this happy family of lower animals, together with we are afraid to say how many of the higher order, who called him "da," or, on state occasions, "fayder."

Once upon a time, the house and farm occupied by Laurie Sweynson had been the property of his family, and, as he used to say himself, "If a' hed hed deir rights," it would now have been his. Laurence's father, old Olie Sweynson, had inherited the place and a little money from his father, Sweyn Ollason, and he might with ease have lived upon it after the manner of his ancestors, and handed it unencumbered to his eldest son Laurence. But he was ambitious, Mr. Olie Sweynson. He wanted to roll the snowball round and round, and make something immense of it, but not having the power to accomplish this—to continue the metaphor a little further—he merely kicked it about, and allowed it to dwindle and melt away. He took to shopkeeping, or to being a "merchin," as he called it; that is, he took out the necessary licenses, and filled his "ben end" with shelves covered with moleskin, whisky, a little cloth, a little leather, some sou'westers, some handkerchiefs, some twine, some tea, some fish-hooks, sugar, tobacco, cotton prints, pepper, salt, and, withal, snuff. He got lots of customers very soon, and naturally calculated on making large profits. But this came in the way: Mr. Olie's education had been neglected by his parents, and it had never been deemed necessary to instruct him in the art of caligraphy, or handwriting, while, from the same reason, his notions on the subject of arithmetic were confined and shadowy. We are told, on the authority of his immortal son, that the equally immortal Tony Weller, of Dorking, learned writing from the bills in the booking-offices, and that he consequently always "printed." Mr. Olie Sweynson had not had such extensive opportunities for improving his imperfect education, but, strange to tell, he likewise "printed" when he endeavoured to register his thoughts and calculations for the benefit of his family, his contemporaries, and posterity. Most likely he had learned the trick from the pages of his large old family Bible. But, unfortunately, with the view of economising paper, he was in the habit of making his notes and memoranda sometimes on a slate and sometimes on the door and walls of his apartment in chalk. So, as he was very liberal in giving credit, and not very particular as to whom he admitted to lounge in the shop, and moreover as, partly from laziness, and partly from not knowing the small characters of the alphabet very well, and having a most vague idea of any intelligible manner of spelling proper names, he was in the habit of indicating individuals in his peculiar set of commercial books by their initials alone, he very shortly got his affairs into a considerable state of muddle and confusion. His creditors, unfortunately, kept their books more carefully than their debtor, and the consequence was that Mr. Sweynson found himself, at the end of ten years or so, a tenant on the land he had once owned, and most of his cattle and sheep gone. After this, the poor old man's mind was visibly injured. It was generally supposed by his neighbours that he was "in the hills"—that is, that the fairies had walked off with his ancient spirit, and left instead a miserable, unearthly substitute. Of course, he gave up shopkeeping. By the aid of his son Laurence, who lived with him, and went first to the Greenland whale-fishing, and afterwards to the ling fishing at home, he was kept from starvation, and enabled to spend the remainder of his days in idleness, or employment equally unprofitable. Day after day, when the weather was not absolutely stormy, his old, thin, spare form might have been seen wending its way clad in a coarse blue jacket

and short trousers of the same material, an old skin coat over all, a red nightcap on the head, and worsted stockings and rivlins* on the feet, towards the sea-shore. In the morning, he might be observed with "a limpet pick" and small box picking bait off the rocks, and in the afternoon, after partaking of his frugal dinner of fish and potatoes, returning, when the tide was flowing in, to the rocks with two or three fishing-rods—"sillock-wands," he called them—under his arm, and on his back a small basket made of the stalks of dockens (Anglicè, docks), called a "bendie," for the reception of any fish he might catch. Here he would sit "at the craigs"—that is, fishing from the rocks for "piltocks," and "sillocks,"† and small cod, till a late hour of the night. Usually he had companions who were able to keep him from any harm, old men like himself, only sounder in the upper story, women, and boys, who especially sought his conversation, and made him their butt. The poor old fellow had acquired a habit of talking to himself, and his youthful comrades told many a long yarn purporting to have originated with him—but more frequently being, no doubt, imaginary—the most favourite of which was an account of his having, on one occasion, while fishing all alone on a very windy night, captured a fine log of wood (described as a "red-roagrin tree," whatever that may be), which he conveyed home without assistance, and placed in his kail-yard, but which had disappeared in the morning, and was always supposed to have been coveted, and thus surreptitiously appropriated by the "evil man" (which was a polite way of designating the devil). Generally, Olie caught enough fish for his own supper. When he had accomplished this he went home, had his supper cooked, ate it, and went to bed, to rise next morning to a similar day's work. He was almost always accompanied in his walks and angling expeditions by his grandson Tammie, a little urchin of ten years of age, or thereabouts, a perfect miniature of his grandfather, and so old-fashioned and eccentric that he also was reported to be only the illegitimate representative of some young Sweynson who had been taken "to the hills." The boys who tormented old Olie naturally did not pass Tammie by, and could tell a great many sayings of his also, principally of a religious nature, Tammie's mental bias lying in that direction, though his views on the subject were peculiar and original. At last, the boys missed old Olie and young Tammie from "the craigs" for two or three evenings in succession. Meeting Tammie near his home they inquired whether his grandfather intended patronising the fishing that night, thus: "Is dee graandfayder gaen ta da craigs da night, boy?" to which Tammie startled his interlocutors by replying, with terribly solemn expression and tone, "Na, na, he's geen ta da better craigs—he's geen ta da Loard's craigs!" In fact, the old man was dead, and Tammie's Scandinavian imagination doubtless pictured him enjoying in a sublimated state of existence, and in a spiritual manner, the recreations he had been attached to in life.

Laurence Sweynson, Olie's eldest son and Tammie's father, continued tenant of the land of which the new proprietor had given them a lease. He was kindly treated by his new landlord, who had long known the

* Shoes made in a very rough and primitive manner out of seal-skin, or cow-hide, much worn by the Shetland peasantry.

† Coal-fish of different ages.

family, and was the largest proprietor in the island. But misfortune overtook "the laird" also. His income had been good, and amply sufficient for his wants had he lived economically, but he had a taste for company, and disliked the confinement of his native islands, and took to spending a great portion of the year in Edinburgh, where he lived in a stylish and expensive manner. So very soon he got involved, and had to part with a great portion of his land, and amongst the first went that which he had purchased from the Sweynsons. But the most painful part of the transaction for poor Laurence had yet to come. A younger brother of his, Eric, "a ne'er do well," after being several times imprisoned for theft and discarded from all employment at the laird's for insolence and insubordination, disappeared, and was supposed to have gone to sea. More than twenty years had gone by, when, just while the laird's property was in the market, Eric Sweynson returned home, a man possessed of money, which he said he had made as shipmaster in foreign parts. He said he intended to settle now in his native place, and when the laird's lands were brought to the hammer, he became the purchaser of his brother's farm, as well as a good deal of ground besides. He built a house—not a large one, for he said he did not intend to marry—and set up a shop, which he managed with much greater tact and care than his unfortunate old father. There was little chance of any debtor escaping from having his name registered in the books of Mr. Eric. All went down, and more than ought to have gone down, so said the people—at least, they said it quietly and among themselves, for "Messter Sweynson" was a terrible person, and they were much in his clutches. The old laird interfered seldom in business matters now; he lived a quiet and solitary life on the remnant of his property, and Mr. Eric Sweynson was the next person of consequence in the island (always excepting "the minister"), and had it all his own way. The people brought the ling and cod, and the other large fish caught—often at the peril of their lives—during the months of summer at the "haaf fishing;" and Mr. Eric gave them just about what price appeared to him suitable, paying them for the most part in stores in preference to the current coin of the realm. The price of fish and of stores varied now and then, but this might be taken as a general rule, the former was always low, and the latter high. So Mr. Eric Sweynson did what his parent never could accomplish, he rolled the snowball to advantage. His poor brother fared no better than the rest in his dealings with him. He had to work and slave for his living just the same. Eric condescended to promote him to be skipper of one of his six-oared boats for the haaf, and many a fine summer's night found Laurence Sweynson in one of these unprotected barks in company with six other men, far out to northward, where the water was deep and green, and nought of terra firma to be seen when the day broke upon them but the top of Roness Hill, in Northmavine, faintly visible on the remote horizon like a little porpoise. The people used to comfort Laurence by telling him it would all come to him or his family in the end; but this he appeared to doubt, for his opinion of his brother's family affection was not great, and he thought Eric would not improbably bit upon some plan of disposing otherwise of his property; and his expectations from his brother were so very small, that he actually, after consulting with his old laird, had almost made up his mind to emigrate, at the time our story commences, rather than continue to suffer the fraternal

yoke and snubbing. An intimation from his brother that he contemplated improving the farm and making some addition to the house, and that he would in these circumstances raise the rent, determined Laurence to remove his family from the old place in which he and they had been born. It was a melancholy undertaking, but he saw no other course open to him, and his friend the laird having a brother in America, who could put him and his children in the way of employment there, it was proposed that there he should go. Still he hung on in his old quarters, until his brother should seriously proceed to put his threat into execution.

Some time before matters had come to this pass, the community of Grevavoe had received an unexpected and strange addition to its members. It was rumoured one day that the laird was about to let or sell a portion of his remaining property to "a gentleman frae da suddard," and only the week after this "gentleman" was reported to have arrived on a visit at "The Ha'," as the laird's house was still called. Soon afterwards the stranger made himself visible in public, walking about with the laird, and evidently inspecting the different farms with interest. He was a short, stont, red-faced personage, with a seafaring air about him, dressed in a rough monkey jacket with bright buttons, and a cap with a faded gold band. It was at once understood he was "an offisher," and the laird soon set all doubt at rest upon this point, by stating publicly that his guest's name was Lieutenant Tomkins, of his Majesty's navy, and now on half-pay.

People who had been in Lerwick recently then recollected that Lieutenant Tomkins had for two or three years in succession come to that town in command of the revenue cutter sent down to try and prevent smuggling at the time of the annual visit of the Dutch herring fishermen, that he had been noted there for eccentricity and a predilection for the bottle, and that he had latterly, on being put on half-pay, and superseded in the command of the cutter by a younger man, returned to Lerwick by one of the Leith traders, and taken up his residence there, bringing with him his family, consisting of a daughter and two sons. Here, however, he soon got into hot water. He was very dictatorial and overbearing, especially when he was drunk, which was, on an average, four entire days in the week, and every evening after dinner; and he frequently had card-parties at his place of abode, which were almost invariably broken up by the host accusing one or more of the guests of cheating, and throwing a pack of cards, or a glass of grog, or some other light portable missile across the table into the countenance of the offending individual. This, of course, frequently led to a row, wherein Lieutenant Tomkins did not always come off the victor. Then the gallant officer assumed the right in virtue of his rank as a commissioned officer in H.M.S. of interfering continually in municipal affairs. He was constantly thrusting himself into public meetings without invitation, for the purpose of blowing up the bailie for some imaginary heinous offence, or writing letters to the latter functionary and the other town authorities, threatening, if they persisted in their wicked ways, to address communications on the subject to the Board of Admiralty and the *Times* newspaper. The natural consequence of all which was, that Lieutenant Tomkins's circle of acquaintance was in a few months confined to his own children, his servant, and the tradesmen whom he honoured with his patronage, for he paid regularly, and was understood to have "lots of money," in addition to his half-pay.

At this crisis of affairs, Lieutenant Tomkins suddenly determined to quit the ungrateful town which had rejected the dictatorship he had magnanimously offered to give it, and to go and live in the country. Hearing that Mr. Murray, the laird of Grevavoe, was parting with some of his property, he wrote that gentleman, whom he had met once or twice, stating that he would be disposed to take a lease of some portion of the property at a liberal rent, and erect a house thereon at his own expense. Mr. Murray had heard no favourable accounts of the lieutenant, but he did not find himself in a position to reject this offer, and he hoped that solitude and a rural life would tend to render the officer a more agreeable neighbour than the Lerwick people had found him. So the lieutenant came to Grevavoe, and, after a careful survey of the estate, he fixed on a place known to the people by the very startling name of "Purgatory." Why it had got this name we are unable to tell; probably because it was rather bleak and retired. However, Lieutenant Tomkins did not mind the name very much, and he merely remarked, "Purgatory—haw! haw! might have been worse, you know—might have been worse. Might have been hotter than that even, you know; keep us in mind of religion and that sort of thing, you know, since it's so far to go to church—ha! ha! We can call it something else hy-and-by." There was a good deal of ground about Purgatory capable of improvement, and it was prettily situated near the mouth of the voe, with a nice sea-view, though rather exposed to the north winds in winter. There was an old cottage on the place, unoccupied and roofless. This, of course, soon disappeared, and in its place Lieutenant Tomkins's new mansion arose rapidly, for money can accomplish much, and he brought to the work the best masons and wrights he could get in the islands. It was a moderate sized house, just large enough for a small family, and as soon as it was habitable, Lieutenant Tomkins brought to it his children, his goods and chattels, and took possession. He bought cattle and sheep, and horses and pigs, &c. &c., hired a man to plough for him, sowed corn and turnips, planted potatoes and cabbage, enclosed grass-fields, and, as he said, "got the place to look ship-shape in a pig's whisper." And then he bethought himself of changing the name of his residence. Purgatory did not describe the place at all in its improved circumstances; some other name must be fixed upon, and it must be impressed upon the minds of the people. This he set about in his own eccentric fashion. He decided that the place should be called Trafalgar Hall, and he immediately had a board stuck up at the principal gate in the stone wall with which he had surrounded his land, having painted on it, in large characters, "This is Trafalgar Hall; Lieutenant Tomkins, Royal Navy." However, this bold innovation did not by any means have the effect of altering the time-honoured appellation, and although the people made a point in the hearing of the new tenant of talking of the new mansion as "Tirfiggir Hall," yet amongst themselves it was always alluded to as "Purgatory Ha'," or "Lootenan' Tunkins," or simply, by way of abbreviation, as "Tunkins," while some of the wits amongst the lads and lasses of the neighbourhood, having ascertained that Lieutenant Tomkins's christian name was Nicholas, dubbed the edifice "Nick's Ha'," and irreverently named the gallant occupant "Auld Nick." He was not by any means very popular, "Auld Nick." There was no open hostility to him, for, as the sage and worldly-wise schoolmaster wrote for his pupils to copy, "Money com-

mands respect ;" but he was always worrying the people in his vicinity. He had a harsh code of laws in his little kingdom, to which he required from those with whom he came in contact rigid obedience. He delighted in "pounding ;" and as somehow or other his gates were frequently left invitingly open, and the interior was very tempting to poor weak-minded cattle and horses, the lieutenant constantly had some of these misguided animals in pound, from which they were by no means permitted to emerge until the unfortunate proprietor had "paid the uttermost farthing."

This was not the way to gain popularity, but popularity was a thing Lieutenant Tomkins did not desire. He sought to be feared rather than loved, and had a great contempt for the "rag-tag and bob-tail," as he called the peasantry. And it did not tend to increase the affection with which he was regarded that he thought proper, soon after his arrival, to form an alliance, "offensive and defensive," with Mr. Eric Sweynson. It so happened that Purgatory was near this gentleman's habitation, and Mr. Eric and Lieutenant Tomkins were thrown a good deal together, for the lieutenant must have some one to talk to on politics, and foreign places, and such-like subjects ; and Mr. Murray lived some two or three miles off, and occupied himself now in reading and sedentary pursuits, while "the minister" lived even farther away, and although fond occasionally of a "leetle drop" of whisky himself, yet thought it necessary to look upon Lieutenant Tomkins as a heathen almost unapproachable, on account of his habits and his avoidance of church. So Lieutenant Tomkins and Mr. Eric Sweynson became great friends, and shortly it was stated that the lieutenant proposed joining the latter in mercantile pursuits. The people were never very certain as to the exact time when this compact was concluded, or the precise extent to which Lieutenant Tomkins was empowered to interfere in the management of Mr. Eric Sweynson's business. Indeed, it was not intended that they should know ; and both Lieutenant Tomkins and Mr. Eric Sweynson possessed talents for secrecy and diplomacy which would scarcely have disgraced Prince Metternich or Louis Napoleon Bonaparte—we beg his pardon, the Emperor Napoleon III. It was presumed that Lieutenant Tomkins had no direct interest in the affairs of the shop. No one ever saw him even behind the counter, although Mr. Eric Sweynson was not above standing there, and selling with his own hands, with the assistance of his miserable little nephew Tammie, who for the services he rendered—and they were many and laborious, poor fellow—got scarcely as much victuals as he could eat, and two suits of moleskin clothes per year. But "the Loo-tenan'" evidently took an interest in the fish. During the season, he was very active in visiting the fishing station, some miles off, and also in poking about the large beach between his house and Sweynson's, where a portion of the fish was dried and salted. Also on summer nights, when the wind had suddenly risen, after the departure of the six-oared boats to the deep water, he would walk for miles along the north coast, and ascend every height with his spy-glass. And when the deep-sea fishing was over for the year, when the men had broken up the temporary establishments at the fishing station, where they lived each week of the season, from Monday to Saturday, and bringing home their boats on the final Saturday, and drawing them up high and dry, had proceeded there and then, as was their wont, to hold their "foy," or merry-making, on the occasion along with all their relatives and friends, Lieutenant Tomkins was sure to make

his appearance, and, partaking of a friendly glass of whisky (or perhaps two, or perhaps three, or perhaps more), would give cheerful toasts, and talk on haaf-fishings, past, present, and to come, with the ease and knowledge of a born native of Shetland. In all of which wanderings Lieutenant Tomkins was sure to be accompanied by his two interesting sons, Messrs. Bob and Horatio Nelson (his father called him Nelson, and the people called him "Messter Rashy"), youths of twelve or fourteen, who were universally considered to be the pests of the neighbourhood; in fact, as little Tammie Sweynson in his Scripture phraseology said, "Shildren o' da deevil." Boys are not uncommonly mischievous, but the Master Tomkineses were especially so. Tripping up old women, breaking old men's "sillock wands," abstracting the fish from the "bevdies" when an opportunity offered, and substituting crabs, torturing the latter animals to an unprecedented extent, putting soot and earth into pots containing victuals being cooked for meals,—those were amongst the innocent and mild amusements of these popular youths. Of course, on the principle of "give a dog a bad name, and hang him," everything in the way of mischief concocted in the neighbourhood was ascribed to the instrumentality of the Tomkineses, or the "peerie* Nickies," as they were nicknamed. Complaints were occasionally made to the lieutenant, but seldom with any success. Not that the gallant officer was a too-indulgent parent; he frequently amused himself by administering a little wholesome castigation to his hopeful boys; but he preferred doing this, irrespective of their conduct, at the moment, and just when it suited himself. Sunday afternoon, or just after post-day, or when the weather was rather wet, and confined people to the house, and similar seasons of an irritating description, were generally observed by him by a little thrashing of the youngsters. Hence he was naturally very much loved by the dear lads; and Mr. M'Candle, the minister, told with pious horror how he had once been asked by Mr. Bob Tomkins, whether Scripture required us to love our parents; how, feeling interested in the thirst for religious information displayed by one so young, and anxious to assuage it, he had eagerly replied in the affirmative, when Mr. Bob had remarked energetically, "Well, I don't love pa; do you, Nelson?" And Mr. Nelson had as energetically returned, "No; I hate him. He's an old beast. I wish he was dead." "How unlike," Mr. M'Candle added, "to their sweet sister!"

The fact was, that M'Candle was rather "spooney" in this "sweet sister" quarter. Miss Julia Tomkins was several years older than her brothers; in fact, was almost marriageable when she came to Grevavoe. She was an exceedingly interesting young person, wore ringlets (rather red they were, but they were none the worse for that), had very large black eyes, and was altogether, as the people said, "a boannie lass." She went to church pretty regularly on her little Shetland pony, which Mr. M'Candle could not fail to remark with admiration, and was exceedingly affable and agreeable with every one, especially—the reverend gentleman thought—with him. She read lots of novels, privately, whenever she could get hold of them—which M'Candle did *not* know—and had a very extensive correspondence with female friends with whom she had become acquainted at school in Edinburgh and elsewhere, to whom

* *Peerie*—little, small.

she wrote, by every mail, several sheets of sentimental remarks on things in general, and M'Candle and matrimony in particular. Not that she cared a bit about M'Candle, at whom she frequently laughed when closeted with her confidential maid, Miss Christina (otherwise Kirsty) Sweynson, Tammie's sister. But M'Candle was better than nothing; he was somebody to flirt with, after his heavy fashion; if she was shut up all her life at Grevavoe she might never meet another suitor; and at all events her correspondents in the south didn't know anything of M'Candle, and to them he could be represented as a paragon of beauty and manly excellence. Two things were in his favour—he was six feet high, and he could play the fiddle; these facts enabled her to talk of him without very far going beyond truth, as being of “noble form,” and “a worshipper of the Muses,” “an adorer of music,” and a little touching up of the picture quite filled the fair correspondents with envy, who were divided in opinion as to whether M'Candle would be most like the Apollo Belvidere, the Admirable Crichton, or the Marquis of Anglesey. All which time Miss Julia was quizzing the infatuated M'Candle behind his back, wondering whether a cruel fate would oblige her to give her hand to this wretched swain, and praying that it might not.

M'Candle was, to tell the truth, not at all very prepossessing. He was gaunt, and he was bony; he had very big feet and hands, and a bald head, with little bumps over the crown, which looked as if he had been from childhood under the professional treatment of that eminent pbrenologist, Midshipman Easy's father. As to his intellectual qualifications—well, there were differences of opinion on that point. Lieutenant Tomkins told Mr. Eric Sweynson confidentially, that *he* thought that M'Candle was “a great fool.” However, most of the people agreed that he was a “bewteefil precher.” There wasn't much variety in his preaching, certainly, but some people don't like that. His sermons were principally historical, the subjects for the most part being from the Old Testament. He would get hold of David, or Abner, or Eli, or Gehazzi, or some such character, and repeat the unfortunate person's history over, and over, and over again, in every possible shape and form, backwards and forwards, and beginning at the middle, delicately insinuating how much better he would have filled the positions of these individuals, had circumstances permitted it, and every now and then pulling up to give vent to a few incoherent moral reflections, commencing with, “Oh, my dear braytlren!” delivered in a loud whine, at all of which episodes the old women who were deaf and sat near the pulpit, and who had gone to sleep comfortably as soon as the text was given out, wakened up, groaned, shook their heads, said “Amen!” audibly, wept a little, ate a few carriage seeds, and relapsed to sleep just as the pastor returned to David or Gehazzi.

There was, as we have hinted, not much cordial feeling between Tomkins and M'Candle at first. But Miss Julia's diplomacy smoothed matters somewhat, for she was her father's favourite. So, by-and-by, M'Candle was invited by the lieutenant to “look over some afternoon;” then, having “looked over” once, to “look over” again; then to stay and have a tumbler of toddy, then to have another tumbler of toddy; then, the night being dark, and the road bad (and the toddy rather strong), to remain all night; and, finally, the reverend gentleman frequently came and had tumblers of toddy along with Lieutenant Tomkins and Mr. Eric Sweyn-

son, and stayed all night. Still, however, the lieutenant continued a sinner. He only went to church about once a year, and it was reported by the people who sat near him, that he had been heard on those occasions whistling to himself—yes, actually, while M'Candle was most pathetic in addressing his "dear braythren"—whistling that touching song,

'Twas on a windy night,

At two o'clock in the morning,

gently under his breath, and when he was tired of that, going to sleep and snoring audibly. However, Lieutenant Tomkins's toddy was very good, and he wasn't a bad fellow when he wasn't quite drunk, or when you didn't contradict him, so M'Candle winked at the eccentricity of his religious convictions. The lieutenant, indeed, had become most affable to Mr. M'Candle, and when the divine ventured respectfully to suggest that it would be for the immense benefit of Messrs. Bob and Horatio Nelson Tomkins if they were put under his care to complete their studies, the affectionate parent complied at once (very glad, in fact, to get rid of the ingenuous youths for a short time), and Mr. M'Candle had a large room fitted up at his manse for the especial use of the Messrs. Tomkins, who were admitted as parlour-boarders. But unfortunate M'Candle was obliged very soon to request Lieutenant Tomkins to remove his charges again, "for," as he mournfully remarked, "they raly would require meelattry deescipleene and a coort-mortal on them every morning, sir." There was no sort of prank which could be imagined that these misguided boys did not bring to bear upon M'Candle and his household. They wakened him in the morning, about four, fighting with the water out of the wash-hand jug, their boots, Mr. M'Candle's boots, which they found outside his door, his books, and the kitchen fire-irons. Then old Kitty, his servant, would fetch him after breakfast to look at the young gentlemen's bedroom, with the pathetic request, "Na, just look ye here, sir;" upon which the bewildered minister, entering, would find all the bedclothes stripped off the bed, and thrown on the fender and floor, the jug in the bed, brushes and combs in the basin, and Virgil and Sallust in a woful condition on the threshold.

"An' I widna care fur dat, sir," old Kitty added, one day, "if da waratches wid remyn i' deir nown room nn' uggly deir nown articles, but may I be blissed if dat Messter Rasy haesna' been an' pittin' me best mutch* upo' da filty dug, an' dan Messter Bub goes and rives o'er da lass's bit o' kist, an' geens awa doon o'er da shore wi' her pitticotts upon him, an' her muckle caim i' da croon o' his head."

But even all this the minister might have forgiven for the sake of the angelic Julia (seeing that, after all, old Kitty and "the lass," her satellite, had the worst of it, and that upon them, not him, devolved the task of turning chaos into order), had the high-spirited youths refrained from personal insult and attack on himself. But these quickly followed.

"Mr. M'Candle," said Master Bob to him one day, "had you ever a father?"

"Yes, my dear."

"My eye! had you? What an ugly old thing he must have been! What a funny nose you have!"

* Cap.

"Mr. M'Candle, inquired Master Nelson, on another occasion, "why don't you marry Kitty? Wouldn't she take you? I'm sure no one else would. I heard Julia say to Kirsty Sweynson that she wouldn't marry you if you were made of gold and silver."

All this was very galling to the divine. However, he put up with it, and he didn't believe that his adored one had ever given utterance to the remark reported by her brother. But there are bounds to endurance. The young imps played practical jokes on him. They put cinders into his tea, nettles into his boots, and the cat, after having been rolled in the ashes, into his bed. They took the dog to church, and encouraged him to howl and worry other dogs in the aisle during service. They stole his sermons. They conveyed away his book of psalms and psaphrases from the pulpit and substituted "Robinson Crusoe." They made "the lass" laugh during family prayers; and, on a similar occasion, they gave the dog snuff and set him a-sneezing. Finally, there was a regular row. Mr. M'Candle determined to stand this insolence no longer; and one day at dinner he ordered Master Bob to leave the room, having detected him, during grace, making wry faces expressive of levity and contempt. Master Bob appeared to comply, but, returning immediately afterwards, stealthily, he got behind the divine's chair, and when the reverend gentleman was endeavouring to discover the component parts of something black which was in his barley-broth, and narrowly inspecting his plate—for he was rather short-sighted—the irreverent urchin ducked the unfortunate gentleman's face into the hot mixture; nearly skinning his fine Roman nose with the scalding and the friction combined. Then, feeling that rebellion of this description was not to be pardoned, and that they had passed the Rubicon and might not return, the Master Tomkinases fled. They did not go straight home, but took refuge in a cottage for the night. However, the lieutenant soon unearthed them, and conveyed them home, promising them "a reglar good cow-hiding next Sunday," which promise, on the arrival of the Sabbath, he faithfully kept.

The minister was rather ashamed to show his face at Lieutenant Tomkins's for some time after this; he felt as if he had lost caste by the ignominy which had been thrust upon him, and he suspected that Miss Tomkins would be likely to look upon the whole thing in a ridiculous light. However, when they did meet, the young lady kept her countenance wonderfully, sympathised with him in a most grave manner on the treatment which he had received, and expressed her opinion that "no person would ever make anything of those horrid boys." She also had a request to prefer, which had been suggested to her by her hand-maiden Kirsty, which was that Mr. M'Candle should take little Tammie as a pupil, the latter to make himself "generally useful" in Mr. M'Candle's establishment in return therefor. M'Candle, delighted to have it in his power to grant a favour to the lady of his love, joyfully assented; and not only this, but he "belled the cat" voluntarily, broke the matter to Mr. Eric Sweynson, and after a little grumbling on the part of that estimable individual, obtained his consent. So little Tammie Sweynson went to the manse and pursued his studies in a very satisfactory manner, while the young Master Tomkinases returned to their old habits again, much to the annoyance of the inhabitants of Grevavoe.

CAGLIOSTRO:

MESMERIST, MAGICIAN, AND NECROMANCER.

IN philosophical Paris, as it was in the eighteenth century, the belief in prodigies and in the supernatural kept pace with the teachings of the Encyclopædia and the march of religious scepticism. This has always been the case; in proportion as mankind hold themselves aloof from the teachings of a refined and polished system, or discard faith for rationalism, without either the science or knowledge as such men as the Encyclopædists really possessed—without a basis, in fact, for their scepticism—they inevitably fall into the wildest mazes suggested by imagination and wonder, two of the most active principles in the human economy.

Cagliostro appeared on the scene at the same time that it was occupied by Mesmer, and hence they have been proclaimed as rivals. Certain it is that Cagliostro cured as well as Mesmer, but he did this without passes, steel wands, or manipulations. Nor did Cagliostro, like Mesmer, extract money from his patients; on the contrary, one of his greatest peculiarities was that wherever he went he exhibited the most remarkable prodigality, he cured the sick for nothing, provided them with means, and even generously helped themselves or their families. As to his means of accomplishing these munificent ends, he was as carefully silent as he was upon the system by which his cures were brought about. He went on boldly, acting as with authority, and everywhere he produced an astonishment which no doubt singularly contributed to his success. His noble stature and handsome physiognomy were aided by an Oriental costume of extraordinary magnificence. He was attended by a numerous suite, and King Louis XVI., who laughed at Mesmer, denounced at one time as guilty of high treason those who would have done an injury to Cagliostro.

According to French accounts, Cagliostro arrived from Russia when he first ventured into their extra martial and civilised territory. It is even said that whilst he was at St. Petersburg, Potemkin paid great attentions to his wife Lorenza, or Seraphina, as she was variously designated, and that he purchased Cagliostro's silence by large subsidies. But the Czarina Catherine II. gave still larger subsidies to obtain the removal of her rival, and naturally succeeded. This may probably be set down as one of those absurd stories so easily received by Parisians to account for the possession of large means by disreputable persons.

Whether from prudence or discretion, Cagliostro did not go at once to Paris, which at that epoch (1780) belonged exclusively to Mesmer. He selected Strasbourg, where Count de Puységur established two of the greatest magnetic societies that have existed in Europe as the theatre of his preliminary operations. Cagliostro, it is also said, was an adept in freemasonry. He had been admitted in England (how does this tally with his coming from Russia?) to the rank of Great Oapt, that is to say, of supreme chief of Egyptian freemasons. Hence, at Strasbourg, he began by forming adepts in that branch of science which he declared it was his wish to engraft on the ancient European freemasonry. An amusing and

not an unimportant anecdote is related in connexion with his first entrance into the capital of Alsatia.

It was the 19th of September, 1780. A considerable number of people had gone out to the bridge of Kehl to await the arrival of the wonderful man, whose appearance had been previously elaborately announced. His distant travels in Asia, Africa, and Europe were the theme of most conversations. The immense riches that he had acquired by transmuting the vile metals into gold occupied the attention of others. Some called him a saint and a prophet, gifted beyond other mortals; others declared him to be an infernal genius in compact with Satan. The first party were the most numerous, the more especially so as Cagliostro gave out himself that the Deity had justified his mission by granting to him the power of performing miracles, and that he had frequent communication with angels.

"Communication with angels!" exclaimed an old man, overhearing the latter opinion openly broached—"communication with angels! Why, what age can this man be?"

"They say," was the reply, "that Monsieur Count Cagliostro is three thousand years old, but he appears to be not more than thirty-six."

"Thirty-six!" re-echoed the contemplative old man; "about the age of the rascal that duped me. I must certainly see this man."

At this very moment the Grand Copt arrived at the village of Kehl, followed by a numerous suite of valets and attendants in magnificent liveries. He assumed the airs of a prince, and by his side sat his wife Seraphina, glittering with diamonds and other meretricious charms. Scarcely had the procession arrived fairly on the bridge than the old man rushed forward, and seizing the carriage horses, he exclaimed:

"It is Joseph Balsamo, the very rascal who duped me." And then apostrophising the individual himself, he angrily exclaimed, "My sixty ounces of gold!—my sixty ounces of gold!"

The Grand Copt was not ruffled, his dignity and magnificence were alike undisturbed, but he appealed to his powers as a ventriloquist, and in the silence that succeeded to the storm, the following words were heard to descend, as it were, from the skies:

"Take away that madman; he is possessed by the infernal spirits."

Many fell on their knees; those who had more control over themselves hastened to hurry away the poor old man, possessed by the devils, and nothing further occurred to impede the triumphal entry of the Grand Copt into the city of Strasbourg.

The procession halted at a place where all the sick and the afflicted, previously recruited by Cagliostro's emissaries, were assembled. It is said that the great empiric sent them all home cured, some by touch, others by the help of money, and some by his universal remedy. It is not known what this was. A writer in Michaud's Biography pretends that it was simply composed of gold and aromatics. This is more easily said than proved. When Cagliostro issued forth, after effecting these multiple cures, he was followed by the acclamations of the crowd to the hotel where apartments had been taken for him, and where, the same evening, he gave a soirée to the *élite* of society in Strasbourg. The marvels wrought on these occasions were analogous to the phenomena of magnetism. He operated through the medium of a boy or girl, whom

he designated his doves. These doves were supposed to be essentially innocent. They received a kind of consecration at his hands, and then they pronounced, before a carafe full of water, the words inspired by the angels. The angels themselves would then appear in the carafe, and would even answer questions propounded to them; but more commonly the answers were written on the water, and only visible to the "doves." Cagliostro superintended these soirées in his garb as Grand Copt, which consisted of a black silk robe with red hieroglyphs, a collar of emerald-green scarabæi, and an Egyptian turban. He also wore a red scarf, to which was attached a large sword, with the handle in the form of a cross. Seraphina prepared the "doves" by dressing them in white, perfuming them, and giving them an elixir to drink. The pair were further assisted by two valets, dressed as Egyptian slaves, as they are represented on the sculptures at Thebes. One of these valets presented a small golden trowel to Cagliostro upon a white velvet cushion. He then struck the table with its ivory handle, and inquired, "What is the man doing who insulted the Grand Copt this morning at the gates of the city?"

The doves looked in the carafe, and declared that he was sleeping. A very satisfactory answer.

The persons present were then asked to question the doves.

One asked how old her husband was. There was no reply, which caused much laughter, as she had no husband. A worthy magistrate inquired what his wife was doing at home in his absence, and if the answer was not satisfactory to himself, it at least caused much merriment at his expense.

For nearly three years that Cagliostro remained at Strasbourg, he was sought after and befriended by the nobility and the magistracy, and even by the clergy. The worthy priest of Zurich, Lavater, also made a journey expressly to see the great man, but he could not obtain an audience.

"If you are the best informed of us two," Cagliostro wrote to him, "you do not want me; if it is I that am the best informed, I don't want you." It was at Strasbourg that Cagliostro made acquaintance with Cardinal Rohan, with whom he was subsequently implicated in the celebrated diamond necklace affair. In a memoir drawn up for his defence when a prisoner in the Bastille, he declares that he declined to see the prince of the Church while he was well, and only consented upon his intimating that he was afflicted with asthma. Meiners, professor at Göttingen, says that upon this occasion he pretended to be afflicted with epileptic attacks, as was usually his case, from the exhalations of atheists and infidels. So close did his intimacy with Cardinal Rohan become, that he used his carriage as if it had been his own.

Cagliostro was not, however, without enemies at Strasbourg. The old man whom we have before alluded to, and whose name was Marano, never ceased to denounce him. Marano was the descendant of a Jew of Morocco, and kept a jeweller's shop at Palermo. It was there that he became acquainted with a young Sicilian, Joseph Balsamo by name, at that time seventeen years of age, and to whom a reputation for performing miracles already attached itself. It was pretended that he held communication with angels, and that through their mediation he could obtain the revelation of important secrets. Marano, who had suffered large

losses from pretended alchemists, appealed to Balsamo for help in recovering his disbursements.

"I could do it for you," said Balsamo, "if you have faith."

Now faith was Marano's weak point, and he readily acceded to Balsamo's propositions, when he appointed to meet him next day at the chapel of Santa Rosalia, whence he conducted him to a grotto, some miles farther up the mountains.

"There is a treasure in that grotto," said Balsamo, "but I cannot appropriate it to myself without losing angelic protection. He must be a Jew to enable him to take it from the infernal spirits that keep guard."

"What am I to do to obtain it?" exclaimed the delighted jeweller.

"You cannot learn that from my lips," replied Balsamo. "We must appeal to the angels; so on your knees." And then a clear harmonious voice, descending from above, declared that there were in that grotto sixty ounces of pearls, sixty ounces of rubies, and sixty ounces of diamonds, in a golden box weighing one hundred and twenty ounces. The Jew who enters to claim this treasure must deposit sixty ounces of gold at the threshold to conciliate the spirits of evil.

"Sixty ounces of gold!" sighed the Jew. But Balsamo had got up, and was walking away quite unconcerned.

"You have heard," was all he vouchsafed to reply.

Marano followed in silence till the time for separation came, near Palermo. He could then hold no longer.

"Well, then," he said, "let it be so. Sixty ounces of gold! At what hour to-morrow?"

"At six in the morning. I shall be there."

The next day, true to his word, Balsamo was there, as calm as ever, and the Jew with his bag of gold. They approached the grotto together. It was not without many misgivings that the Jew deposited the bag at the entrance.

"Is there no danger going into this grotto?" he inquired.

"Not if the amount is correct," was the reply.

He stepped forward, and then came back again to look at Balsamo and at the bag; but there was nothing but an expression of supreme indifference on the countenance of the latter. At length he ventured boldly onwards to grasp the treasure, but, alas! he was himself seized by three black and muscular demons, who, after giving him a sound drubbing, cast him down on the ground, and bade him not move at the risk of his life. It was not till all had been long silent that the unfortunate Jew ventured to crawl out of this fearful cave, and when he got to the entrance it is almost needless to say that Balsamo, the gold, and the three demons had all gone off together.

This was the point of departure for a long life of adventures on the part of Balsamo, who at once flying from Palermo, travelled all over the world, under the assumed names of Count Harat, Count Fenice, Marquis d'Anna, Marquis de Pellegrini, Zischis, Belmonte, Melissa, and, finally, of "Count de Cagliostro." The old Jew was not wrong when he imagined that he recognised the young impostor in the middle-aged Grand Copt on the bridge of Kehl.

Cagliostro left Strasbourg in 1786, and after a brief excursion in

Italy, we find him at Bordeaux, where he made a triumphal entry on the 8th of November, 1783. The influx of persons anxious to avail themselves of his supposed miraculous powers was so great that he had to seek the protection of the police to preserve order. This, however, was probably nothing but a manoeuvre of the charlatan. It is certain that Father Hervier, a man who stood high among magnetisers, ventured at this epoch to meet him as an antagonist, and was publicly defeated, for which folly he was blamed by the whole society of mesmerists.

Cagliostro says in his memoir before alluded to, and indited in the Bastille, that the same description of persecutions which had driven him out of Strasbourg made Bordeaux too hot for him, and he went to Lyons in October, 1784; but he only remained three months in the latter town, whence he took his departure for Paris, where he arrived January 30, 1785. "My first care on arriving at the metropolis," he says, "was to declare my intention of living quietly, and that I no longer intended to occupy myself with cures."

Cagliostro, like a clever fellow that he undoubtedly was, thought that the pretension to miraculous cures in Paris might subject him to a close system of inquiry on the part of the profession, to which he was very naturally much opposed. Again, even his uncontested powers in distributing the vital fluids were jeopardised amidst the intense concurrence of the day, which, when men were fatigued, had supplanted them by magnetised trees! So he entered upon a totally new line—one which went beyond the limits of all academical investigation, and only struck the minds of the populace with greater wonder—he evoked the shades of the dead; in other words, he turned necromancer, and made the spirits of the departed appear at his command, either in a mirror, like Dr. Dee, or in a carafe full of water.

He so far succeeded on this new field as to eclipse, for the time being, all his contemporaries. Wonder and admiration rapidly attained the point of fanaticism. He was publicly spoken of as the "divine" Cagliostro. His portrait was everywhere—on snuff-boxes, on rings, even on the fans of ladies. Unfortunately, Diderot, D'Alembert, Voltaire, and the other Encyclopædists, were no longer in existence, and he had it all his own way. It is one thing to rationalise religion, and another to overthrow all inductive philosophy. Cagliostro was not the man to stop at anything when he could find a public ignorant and stupid enough to have faith in him. The very walls were placarded with Louis XVI.'s declaration, that any one doing an injury to the impostor would be considered as guilty of high treason. It was current that at Versailles he had not only made the dead appear in mirrors and in carafes of water, but he had invoked the very spirits of the dead themselves, and summoned the animated and moving spectres into the presence of the living.

The author of a work called "*Mémoires Authentiques pour Servir à l'Histoire de Cagliostro*" has described one of these scenes. The supper took place in the Rue Saint-Claude, where Cagliostro dwelt at that time. A round table was laid out for twelve guests, six living and six dead, with extraordinary luxury. Cagliostro made the odd number. The servants were dismissed with an understanding that if any one of them ventured to open a door without being summoned, he should be shot dead. It was the suppers of the Regency revived.

Each guest in his turn then asked for the deceased person whom he wished to see. Cagliostro wrote down the names, and quietly placed them in his waistcoat-pocket, declaring that their shades should appear when he evoked them after the Egyptian dogma, according to which there were no dead. The additional guests thus summoned from their graves were the Duke of Choiseul, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Diderot, the Abbé de Voisenon, and Montesquieu. The living wished, at all events, to be in good company.

The names were pronounced in a loud voice, and with all the power of will that Cagliostro was endowed with. The moment of suspense that ensued among those present, among whom was a prince of royal blood, was intense, but it was brief; the six guests summoned soon made their appearance, and took their places with perfect courtesy.

When the living had regained sufficient composure, conversation began. One of the first questions asked was—

"How do you feel yourselves in the other world?"

"There is no other world," vouchsafed D'Alembert. "Death is only a cessation of the evils that have tormented us. There is no kind of pleasure, but, at the same time, there is no pain. I have not met with Mademoiselle Lespinasse, but, on the other hand, I have not seen Linguet. They are very candid there. Some dead people who have joined us have told me that I was already forgotten. This gave no annoyance. Men are not worth the while that one should attempt to benefit them. I know that now; I never loved them, now I despise them."

"Of what avail are all your acquirements there below?" asked another of Diderot. "I never was a man of pretensions," replied the latter, "although such was so generally believed. I merely arranged, discussed, and methodised the opinions of others. The business of an editor is to put available matter into shape and form. The man who wrote the index had as much to do with the *Encyclopædia* almost as I had, yet nobody gives him any credit."

"I, on my part," observed Voltaire, "praised the undertaking largely because it seconded my philosophical views. But I have since become somewhat shaken even in those views; for, since my decease, I have conversed with half a dozen popes, and I have found them to be quite as liberal-minded and as philosophical as myself. It was their profession to be austere here, but in their inner minds their convictions were no stronger than those of other people. Opposition in the world above is evoked in order to have something to combat. I have found Clement XIV. and Benoit to be especially men of good sense, and free from all superstitions."

"What annoys me a little," said the Duke of Choiseul, "is, that there is no sex in the realms that we inhabit, and whatever may be said of it, the carnal envelope of our souls was not a bad invention." "How do you recognise one another, then?" interrupted another of the living. "By their caprices, pretensions, and a thousand little weaknesses, which are considered as graces with you, and are estimated at their true value as ridiculous there."

"That which gives me real pleasure," said the Abbé Voisenon, "is that, with us, one is soon cured of the mania of being clever. You can

have no idea how I have been laughed at for my literary labours. It was in vain that I assured all present that I only attached their real value to those literary puerilities. Whether it was that my assertions did not tally with my pride as an academician, or that my age and profession were not deemed to tally with such frivolities, certain it is that I have to expiate daily the errors of my human existence."

It is easy to perceive the anti-Encyclopædic spirit of the reporter of this extraordinary sitting, but the most strange part of the thing is, that everybody believed in its reality at the time, that the persons had actually appeared, that they had spoken as reported, and had sat down in person to supper with six great personages, one of whom was a prince royal! Cagliostro was certainly, in his palmy days, the prince of impostors, and how perfectly he must have trained his valets or his accomplices!

Amidst all these feats of daring, what is curious is, that he steadily pursued one idea, which appears, indeed, to have been the aim of his existence, when he was not busy making dupes. This was no less than the founding of a new order of freemasonry. He announced himself as the guardian of the secrets of Isis and Anubis, he had founded lodges in most of the towns that he had favoured with his presence, and he wished to establish the chief of all in Paris. He soon found plenty of followers, many of them persons of high rank, and he assembled them together to expound the new doctrine. His success was brilliant; he spoke with consummate art and no little eloquence, and his auditors believed themselves to be the depositaries of those secrets of nature that were preserved in the temple of Apis, at the epoch when Cambyzes had the inflexible deity publicly fustigated. The initiations to the new society were, however, mainly confined to wealthy persons or aristocrats, and there is reason to believe that the fees were very exorbitant.

Certain ladies of quality, who had heard of the mysterious scenes enacted at the supper with the dead Encyclopædists, became anxious to witness something similar. Without letting their intentions known to their husbands, they appealed to Madame de Cagliostro for permission to be present at one of these fantastic sittings, on condition that no man should be there. The reply given was, that as soon as they could obtain thirty-six subscribers of 100 Louis each the thing should be done. The whole number was obtained the same day.

Madame de Cagliostro accordingly hired a commodious house buried in trees in the Rue Verte, Faubourg Saint-Honoré, at that epoch a solitary quarter. The sitting was fixed for the 7th of August. Not one of the thirty-six failed to be there. They were all dressed in white, and divided into groups of six by different-coloured waistbands. Each had also a large veil. They were shown into a temple lighted up from above, and in which were thirty-six arm-chairs covered with black satin. Lorenza, dressed in white, was seated on a kind of throne, supported by two gigantic and spectral figures, the sex of which it was impossible to determine. The ladies, after being attached to as many columns in a rather inconvenient and not very delicate posture, were addressed by the grand mistress of Egyptian masonry, who announced to them that their position was emblematical of their condition, placed as they were under passive dependence on their husbands. But they had

other trials to undergo; they were to break with the shameful yoke and the worldly bonds imposed upon them by man. To conquer their liberty, they were subjected to a fearful ordeal. They were removed six by six into as many different apartments in the garden: here they met the shades of husbands, lovers, and all that was most dear to them. The temptations of Saint Anthony were trifles compared with those to which they were subjected; yet every one of them came forth triumphant, and were felicitated accordingly by the grand mistress, who received them in a semi-obscurity in the great temple. After a few minutes devoted to recruiting their strength after such extraordinary conflicts, the dome of the temple opened, and a man came down on a golden ball, with a serpent in his hand and a brilliant flame on his head.

"It is the Genius of Truth," said the grand mistress, "who will tell you the secrets of which your sex has been so long deprived. He whom you are about to hear is the celebrated, the immortal, the divine Cagliostro, issued from the bosom of Abraham without having been conceived, and the depository of all that has been, all that is, and all that will be known on earth."

We are obliged to drop the veil over the next ordeal to which these ladies of title were subjected. The attitude assumed by all parties was symbolic of innocence and purity, and it is best to suppose it was truly so. Cagliostro contented himself, however, upon this occasion with explaining that magic was merely the initiation into the secrets of nature. These mysteries were to be learnt gradually. The ladies were to return; this was only a first and preliminary meeting. Supper was afterwards served up, and the evening terminated in the most agreeable manner possible. The Marquis de Luchet, the historian of the meeting, insinuates that the Genius of Truth also gave the "*baiser de l'amitié*," a ceremony the nature of which had to be explained by the grand-mistress to these nude ladies, but we are willing to believe this to have been only a little bit of scandal, with no foundation save the narrator's distorted fancy.

From that day forth, the Countess of Cagliostro, who was very handsome, passed for the accomplished type of all perfections. The house on the Boulevard du Temple, at the extremity of the Rue Saint-Claude, and which afterwards became the home of Barras, became one of the most frequented by the fashionables of Paris. Cagliostro, who had given up operating any further miraculous cures, had honours positively forced upon him. The Prince of Soubise, brother to the Cardinal de Rohan, had been given up by the faculty; the cardinal prevailed upon the great empiric to visit him. Whether he magnetised him, or that he parted with his own excess of vital fluid to aid the prince, is not known, but certain it is that the prince got rapidly well after the impostor's visits. Ennobled by this miraculous cure, Cagliostro was everywhere received with vociferous acclamations. Hundreds of carriages waited in a file in the Rue Saint-Claude. His bust was cut in marble and founded in bronze, and beneath his portrait the following quatrain was to be read:

De l'ami des humains reconnaissez les traits,
Tous ses jours sont marqués par de nouveaux bienfaits.

Il prolonge la vie, il secourt l'indigence;
Le plaisir d'être utile est seul sa récompense.

Cagliostro had, indeed, attained the culminating point of his credit and renown, and he selected the moment to crown the edifice of his Egyptian masonry. Out of the crowds that applied, he selected thirteen adepts as grand-masters. How they were found we cannot tell, for Grimm informs us that they must be bachelors, pure as the sun's rays, and possessed of an income of 53,000 francs.* In return for their money, Cagliostro promised them beatific visions as a result of their moral regeneration, and prolonged life as a result of their physical regeneration. He pretended himself to belong to times long gone by. Being one day in the gallery of the Louvre, he was seen to weep before Jouvenot's picture of the Descent from the Cross. The cause of his emotion being anxiously inquired into :

"Alas!" he replied, "I weep for the death of that great moralist, of that good man, of such infinitely agreeable manners and conversation, and to whom I have been indebted for such happy moments. We dined together at Pontius Pilate's."

"Who are you talking about?" interrupted M. de Richelieu, perfectly amazed. The impostor's irreverent answer may be surmised. "I was quite intimate with him!" he even had the impudence to add. When his servant was once asked his master's age, he said he really did not know. He had always been as he was, eating well, drinking hard, sleeping like a top. He himself had been in his service since the fall of the Roman empire, for he remembered that his salary was fixed the very day that Cæsar perished assassinated in the senate.

The unfortunate affair of the diamond necklace came just at this time to interrupt the foundation of the temple of Egyptian freemasonry, and to tumble down Cagliostro from the dangerous pinnacle to which he had raised himself. We cannot enter here into the long and numerous details connected with this strange affair; suffice that the impostor and his wife, strong as they were, came in contact in this drama with persons still more daring than themselves.

Madame Lamotte is said to have won over Lorenza by discovering her passion for a certain Chevalier d'Oisemont, and to have insisted, as the terms of her secrecy, upon Lorenza's gaining over the interest of Cagliostro. This was perhaps all the more easily accomplished from the long-standing intimacy that existed between the latter and Cardinal de Rohan. The affair of the jeweller Boehmer, of his diamond necklace, worth sixteen hundred thousand francs, rejected by the good but unfortunate Marie Antoinette, was at that time current through all Paris. The cardinal had complained, in the presence of Cagliostro and of Madame Lamotte, of the indifference of the queen towards him. Madame Lamotte suggested a means of acquiring favour. It was neither more nor less than that the cardinal should obtain the necklace, and that Madame Lamotte should appropriate it to herself while she pretended to present it to the

* Correspondance littéraire, philosophique et critique de Grimm et Diderot, année 1785.

queen, who was to pay for it in bills falling due at intervals. She was abetted in her proceedings by Cagliostro and his wife, and by a note said to be signed by Marie Antoinette herself. One Vilette signed the acceptances. An Englishman by the name of Saint James was to have advanced money to pay off the first instalment, as Madame Lamotte said the queen was not prepared to do so. A young woman of the name of Leguay was also made actually to personify Marie Antoinette, and to grant M. de Rohan an interview.* The jeweller Boehmer exploded the conspiracy. Obtaining nothing, he appealed to Madame de Campan, and through her to the queen herself; the latter of whom soon indignantly satisfied him that she knew nothing of the diamonds or the bills, or had she had any negotiations with M. de Rohan or Madame Lamotte. Marie Antoinette then appealed to the king, and all the parties concerned were forthwith hurried off to the Bastille. Lorenza alone is said to have saved herself by timely flight. When the officer presented himself before Cagliostro, he is said to have attempted resistance; but the soldier insisted: "It is by the king's order. I have ten well-armed men with me who do not care for sorcerers, so follow me." All the incantations of black and white magic faded away into thin air before a demand of so concise and straightforward a character. Cagliostro and De Rohan were, however, discharged, while Madame Lamotte was whipped and branded. The former was conveyed back to his home in triumph, although severely lectured by the parliamentary judges. When he boasted of his means and of his generosity, one of the latter observed, "We do not doubt your means, but the sources whence they are derived are a mystery to us." His triumph was of brief duration. An order came from the king the next day, bidding him take his departure from Paris within twenty-four hours. He did not go far, stopping at Passy for three weeks, and thence he proceeded to England, where, it is said, he was received with great honours. Here he turned prophet, and, among other things, proclaimed the overthrow of the Bastille. He is said to have been twice before in London, where he appears to have selected Quakers, and among others Mrs. Fry, for his victims, and where he was also imprisoned for debt. One of the greatest faults he committed, excepting his repeated pardonings of his wife's transgressions, was to quit London a third time for Rome. The arch-impostor had one there greater than himself, and who had power wherewith to oppose concurrence. Cagliostro was at once arrested by the officers of the Holy Inquisition, and consigned to the dark and damp dungeons of the Castle of San Angelo. His trial lasted eighteen months, his wife appearing as a witness against him. His papers were burnt, and he himself condemned to death, a sentence which was transmuted into one of perpetual imprisonment. He is said to have attempted to strangle a priest, whom he asked to confess with, but whose garb he coveted in order to effect his evasion in it. The actual period of his death remains a secret with the officers of the Roman Inquisition. The personal history or autobiography of Cagliostro, as handed down by himself, it is scarcely necessary to say, is a tissue of falsehoods and misrepresentations. He says in it that he

* Jules de Saint-Felix: "*Aventures de Cagliostro*," 18mo, 1855, pp. 131-133.

passed his early years at Medinah, under the name of Acharat, and that he resided with the governor Altotas. Very good conjuring names, but with only a slight and most elementary infusion of real Arabic in them. Thence he went to Mekkah, where he was introduced to the "sovereign." The city of sheriffs never knew either khalif, shah, or sultan—it is the city of the prophet, not of his vicegerents. He was afterwards, he says, accompanied in his travels by the Chevalier d'Aquino, of the illustrious house of the princes of Caramanica, an Italian descendant of the Seljukian beys of Karaman, who ruled before the foundation of the dynasty of the Osmanlis! He says he travelled under the names of Count Harat, Fenice, Marquis d'Anna, and other aliases, but omits to account for his sudden appearance in Alsatia, where we first meet him at the opening of our article. When the troops of the French republic reached Rome, they inquired anxiously after Cagliostro, whom they wished to liberate on account of his connexion with the diamond necklace affair, but they were obliged to admit, as the result of their inquiries, that without regretting the overthrow of the Bastille, even it gave up its prey more readily than the Castle of San Angelo. Such was the end, as mysterious as was the life, of Joseph Balsamo, better known as "Count de Cagliostro."

STEREOSCOPIC GLIMPSES.

BY W. CHARLES KENT.

XVIII.—GOLDSMITH AT EDGEWARE.

I.

RED the sun falls
Where, through green leaves,
Round the porch weaves
Glory astray:
Soft, up the walls
Where the vine cleaves,
Under the caves,
Dies out the day.

II.

Lowly the farm—
Roof but of thatch,
Door but with latch—
Whitewashed the rooms:
Poor home but warm,
With rustic bowers
Clustered by flowers
Rich with perfumes.

III.

Blossoms around,
With bees alive,
Tell where the hive
Lurks in the shade;
Where burning sound
Wax-laden wings,
And honey clings
Liquid gold made.

IV.

By lintel, there,
Osier cage hung
Grape-boughs among,
Screens the blackbird:
Hark! from its lair,
Through silver quill,
Through golden bill,
Rare songs are heard.

V.

But sweeter notes,
Notes far more clear,
Steal to mine ear—
Not from cool cage,
Or warbling throats—
But, where goose-quill
Ink drops that fill
Scrawls o'er the page.

VI.

Sweet as the breath
Blown through gold reeds
In Tempe's meads
By the God Pan—
What time his death
Gave to his sighs
All Time defies
Freed from Earth's ban.

VII.

Beauty divine,
Memories of mirth,
Glories of earth—
Laughter and love!
Pouring like wine
Rapturous tears—
As when Soul hears
Wings from above!

VIII.

See! there within,
Through lattice bars,
Where the breeze jars
Casement flung wide,
One who can win,
From unborn men,
Hearts where that pen
Swiftly doth glide.

IX.

'Tis but a scribe,
Stunted and square:
Rush-bottomed chair
Reared for his throne:

Badge of his tribe
On his worn face!—
Where not one grace
Lingers—not one!

X.

Prominent brow;
Visage uncouth,
Yet where sweet ruth
Radiant appears—
Through lines of woe
Traced when past grief
Trilled, in relief,
Exquisite tears.

XI.

Innocent wit!
Humorist rare,
Laughing dull care
Out of men's path!
All thou hast writ
Maketh us glad:
Such charms it had,
Such charms it hath.

XII.

While moves forlorn,
Poured through thy song,
What village-throng
Auburn can yield;—
While love can scorn
Loftier worth,
Lured 'round thy hearth,
Gentle Wakefield!—

XIII.

Memory shall gaze
Backward with joy
Where sweets ne'er cloy
Grouped round thee there;
Tracking thy ways
Where 'mid rude bowers
Nestles 'mid flowers
Homely Edgeware.

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE TENTH.

I.

HOW VIOLET MOLYNEUX TOUCHED OTHER CHORDS THAN THOSE IN HER SONG.

SCARCELY any one was in town except a few very early birds, heralds of the coming season, and the members, victims to an un pitying nation; but there were still some people one knew dotted about in Belgravia and Park-lane, others in jointure-houses or villas up "Tamese Ripe," among them a very pretty widow, Leila Lady Puffdoff, who dwelt in the retirement of her dower-house at Twickenham, and enlivened the latter portion of her *veuvage* by *matinées musicales*, breakfasts, and luncheons for some of those dear friends who had been the detestation of *le feu Puffdoff*, he being old and not a little jealous. To a combination of all three, Sabretasche, De Vigne, Carly, a man called Monckton, and myself, drove in De Vigne's drag a day or two after our *rencontre* with little Alma Tressillian.

"An amateur affair, isn't it?" asked De Vigne. "Artistes' morning concerts are bad enough, where Italian singers barbarise 'Annie Laurie' into an allegro movement with shakes and *aspeggios*, and English singers scream Italian with vile British o's and a's, but amateur *matinées musicales*, where highly finished young beauties in becoming morning toilettes excruciate one's ears, whether they have melody in their voices or no, just because they have been taught by Garcia or Gardoni, are absolutely unbearable. Don't you think so, you worshipper of harmony?"

"I? Certainly," responded Sabretasche. "As a rule, I shun all amateur things. Where professional people, who have applied sixteen hours a day, all their energies, and all their capabilities, to one subject, even then rarely succeed, how is it possible but that the performances of those who take up the study as a pastime must be a miserable failure, or at best but second-rate? Occasionally, however (indeed, *whenever* you see it, but the sight is so rare!), talent will do for you without study more than study ever will——"

"As you will show us in your songs this morning, I suppose?" laughed Monckton.

"If I sang ill I should never sing at all," replied Sabretasche, carelessly, with that consciousness of power which true talent is as sure to have, as it is sure *not* to have undue self-appreciation. "I mean, however, in Miss Molyneux's Aria; even you will admire that, De Vigne."

"Violet?" said Monckton. "She does sing tolerably; but I can't say I like that girl—so much too satirical for a woman."

"I dare say you may find her so. I know popular preachers who consider Thackeray too satirical as an author, because he drew the portrait of Charles Honeymann," said Sabretasche, quietly.

"Something new to hear the Colonel defending a woman's character," whispered the injured Monckton to me on the back seat. "He generally is more the cause of blackening 'em, eh?"

"I wish I were like you, Sabretasche," laughed De Vigne, "and could shut myself in, and the world out, of my studio while I chipped my marble, or filled my canvas, or, like Curly here, who worships his whiskers, and his bottes vernies, and *really* thinks women delightful to flirt with and adore. I wish to Heaven I were an artist, or a dandy——"

"Or anything but a married man, eh?" sneered Monckton.

Sabretasche's expressive face grew dark at his words, Curly's languid eyes flashed fire, and I gave Monckton a pretty hard kick, I can assure you.

"I wish I were either an artist or a dandy," pursued De Vigne, quietly, though he set his teeth hard, and you could see the blood mount even into the pale bronze of his cheek; "each has his *métier*, finds his mission, and employs his time. Now, poor devil that I am, what can I do? Read whatever trash of technical science and Boswellian biographies comes out; mix in society to bore and to be bored; buy horses and bet on them; say *Cui bono?* like Sabretasche, to all of them. Sport, to be sure, there is, and libraries: those one can't tire of; but beyond, what is there for a man to do?"

"You can come and see the Puffdoff, and get her long eyes fired at you, for the best of all reasons, that you are profoundly insensible to the effects of her artillery," said I, as we turned into the grounds of that fair countess-dowager, aged twenty-two!

"She's a brilliant-looking woman, De Vigne," laughed Sabretasche.

"You should be grateful for being *au mieux* with her."

"Brilliant? Very much so. But so are the tinsel wings at the ballet."

"Hang it, she is very charming, De Vigne!" cried Curly.

"Certainly. Pity the charms are rouge, Kalydor, and Oriental tint, and would vanish out of sight if her maid and dressing-box were stolen."

"How confoundedly satirical you are!"

"No, I am not," said De Vigne.

Nor was he. He was only too clear-sighted for his own peace. Should we not at thirty take a great pleasure in Drury Lane, if we preserved the happy faith we had at ten in the witticisms of the clown, the miseries of ill-starred pantaloons, the glories of the gorgeous creature in green velvet and Spanish boots, the adorable charms of the fairy creature in gauze and spangles, who danced before the village show in our gleeful childhood? *Passiez-moi le mot*, the comparison is stale, but a pantomime, with its paint, its clap-trap, its worn-out jokes, its grimaced smiles, its trap-doors and its artifices, its gay-coloured scenes and its dirty bustling coulisses, where those who throne it as kings and lords upon the boards eat bread-and-cheese with aching hearts in the green-room behind, is so like society! Yet if one has been behind it all, and only mentions in profoundest pity that its Rachels speak bad grammar off the stage; that its Talmas are at heart the saddest of all men; that its Meinna Schrodgers, with Weber's and Beethoven's smiles upon them, have been trained by privation; that its Adrienne Lecouvreur, smiling in "*Monime*," will die with grief for her abandonment by Maurice de Saxe; that its Roseval, laughing and singing,

runs off the stage to tend a broken limb with a breaking heart,—if, coming from behind the scenes, we recount these things, people call us satirical, though we have seen the smiles being manufactured, and the rouge laid on thick over hollow cheeks!

Sabretasche was quite right; it was a treat to hear Violet Molyneux's singing. Every person at the Puffdoff's house flocked out of conservatory, drawing-rooms, or cabinets de peinture, at the notes of her clear, rich, passionate, bell-like voice. We, just at that time barren of prime donne, had heard nothing like it of late; and Violet's voice was really one which, as a professional, would have ranked her very high. Besides, there was a tone in it, a certain freshness and gladness, mingled with a strange pathos and passion, which moved even those among her auditors most blasés, most fastidious, and most ready to sneer, into silence and admiration.

"That is music," said De Vigne, in the door of the music-room. "If she would sing at morning concerts I would forswear them no longer. Look at that fellow; if he be ever really caught at all, it will be by that voice."

I looked at that fellow, being Sabretasche, who leaned against the organ, close to Violet Molyneux; his face was calm and impassive as ever, but his melancholy eyes were fixed upon her with such intense earnestness, that Violet, glancing up at him as she sang, coloured, despite all her self-possession, and her voice was unsteady for half a note. Sabretasche noticed it perhaps, at least his eyes flashed out of their melancholy into the look which excited De Vigne's remark. It was quite true, Lauzun though the Colonel might be, I believe Violet's voice pleased him still more than her beauty. The latter beguiled the senses, as many others had before her; the former beguiled the soul, a far rarer charm for him.

"You came late; half our concert was over," said Violet to him, after luncheon, as they stood talking in a miniature winter-garden, one of the whims—and a very charming whim, too—of the Puffdoff's.

"I came in time to sing what I had promised, and to hear what I desired, your——"

"You did like it?" said Violet, looking up at his radiant eyes.

"Too well to compliment you on it. I 'liked' it as I liked, or rather I *felt* it—as I have felt, occasionally, the tender and holy beauty of Raphael, the impassioned tenderness of the 'Loves of Rimini,' the hushed glories of a summer night, the mystical chimes of a starlit sea. Your voice did me good, as those things did, until the feverish fret and noise of practical life wore off their influence again."

Violet gave a deep sigh of delight:

"You make me so happy! I often think that the doctrine of immortality has no better plea than the vague yearning for something unseen and unconceived, the unuttered desire which rises in us at the sound of true music. I have heard music at which I could have shed more bitter tears than any I have known, for I have had no sorrow, and which answered the restless passions of my heart better than any human mind that ever wrote."

"Quite true; and that is why, to me, music is one of the strangest gifts to men. Painting creates, but creates by imitation. If a man

imagine an angel, he must paint from the woman's face that he loves best—the Fornarina sat for the Madonna. If he paint a god, he must take a man for model; anything different from man would be grotesque. We never see a Jupiter or a Christ that is anything more than a fiercely-handsome, or a sadly-handsome, man. Music, on the contrary, creates from a spirit-world of its own: the fable of Orpheus and its lyre is not wholly a fable. In the passionate crash and tumult of an overture, in the tender pathos of one low tenor note, in the full swell of a Magnificat, in the low sigh of a *Miserere*, the human heart throws off the frippery and worry of the world, the nobler impulses, the softer charity, the unuttered aspirations, that are buried, yet still live, beneath so much that is garish and contemptible—wake up, and a man remembers all he is and all he might have been, and grieves, as the dwellers in Arcadia grieved over their exile, over his better nature lost."

"Ah," answered Violet, her gay spirits saddened by the tone in which Sabretasche, ordinarily so careless, light, nonchalant, and unruffled, spoke, "if we were always what we are in such moments how different would the world be! How ashamed we are of our petty quarrels and impulses, how far we are lifted from the rancour and the flitting trifles which mar all the beauty of human life! On the spur of such combined tranquillity and exaltation as music creates we are so much truer, so much nobler! We realise the temptations of others, we feel how little right we, with so much sin among us, have to dare to judge another. If human nature lasted what it is in its best moments, poets would have no need to fable of an Eden."

Sabretasche looked down on her long and earnestly:

"Do you know that you are to me something as music is to you? When I am with you I am truer and better. I breathe a purer atmosphere. You make me for the time being feel as I used to feel in my golden days. You bring me back enthusiasm, belief in human nature, noble aspirations, purer tastes, tenderer thoughts—in a word, you bring me back youth!"

Violet lifted her eyes to his full of the happiness his words gave her. Sabretasche's hand rested on hers as she played with a West Indian creeper clinging round the sides of a vase of myrtles. The colour wavered in the Parian fairness of her face; her eyes and lips were tremulous with a vague sense of delight and expectation, but Sabretasche took his hand away with a short quick sigh, and set himself to bending the creeper into order.

There was a dead silence, a disappointed shadow stole unconsciously over Violet's tell-tale face. She looked up quickly:

"Why do you always talk of youth as a thing passed away from you? It is such folly. You are now in your best years."

"It is past and gone from my heart."

"But might it not have a resurrection?"

"It might, but it may not."

Violet mused a moment over the anomalous reply.

"What curse have you on you?" she said, involuntarily.

Sabretasche turned his eyes on her filled with unutterable sadness:

"Do not rouse my demon; let him sleep while he can. But, Violet, when you hear about in the world of which you and I are both votaries—

as hear you have done and will do—many tales of my past and my present, many reports and scandals circulated by my friends, believe them or not as you like by what you know of me; but believe, at the least, that I am neither so light-hearted nor so hard-hearted as they consider me. You are kind enough to honour me with your—your interest; you will never guess how dearly I prize it; but there are things in my career which I cannot reveal to you, and against interest in me and my fate I warn you; it can bring you no happiness, for it can never go *beyond* friendship!"

It was a strange speech from a man to a woman, especially from a man famous for his conquests to a woman famous for her beauty!

He saw a shiver pass over Violet's form, and the delicate rose hue of her cheeks faded utterly. He sighed bitterly as he added, the blue veins rising in his calm white forehead:

"None to love me have I; I never had, I never may have!"

Great tears gathered slowly in Violet's eyes, and despite all her self-control, fell down on the glowing petals of the West Indian flowers.

"But you will let me know more of you than any one else does?" she said, in a hurried, broken voice. "You will not, at least, forbid me your friendship?"

"Friendship—friendship!" repeated Sabretasche, with a strange smile. "You do not know what an idle word, what a treacherous salve, what a vain impossibility is friendship between men and women. Yet if you are willing to give me yours I will do my best to merit it, and to keep myself to it. Now let us go. I like too well to be with you to dare be with you long."

He gave her his arm, they lounged together into a cabinet de peinture, and criticised with the others a little Mieris newly added to the collection. Young ladies remark what high spirits Violet Molyneux has; too high, they think. Married women observe what a shocking flirt Vivian Sabretasche is; he is much more attentive to the Puffdoff than to Violet, whom he has been going after for the last two months, but evidently cares no more for than for his soiled gloves. Mammams and chaperones inquire if they may congratulate Lady Molyneux on the rumours already afloat regarding her daughter's engagement to Colonel Sabretasche, and the Viscountess cries, "My dear Lady Fitzspy! that flirt? Heaven forefend! He may wish it, but I—And, besides, Violet's affections are most happily centred in a very different quarter." Whereat, the mammams and chaperones whose daughters have not sung so well at the amateur concert are disconcerted, knowing that the young Duke of Regalia is the enfant de la maison in Lowndes-square. So our friends use their lognons, and so much do they see of any of us, with all their skill at finesse, divination, and intrigues, spun on behind the backs of fans and down ivory parasol-handles.

II.

"L'AMITIÉ EST L'AMOUR SANS AILES."

"WHAT does Sabretasche mean with Molyneux's daughter?" said De Vigne to me in that same cabinet de peinture, De Vigne having only just escaped from the harpy's clutch of the little Countess's fairy fingers.

"How the devil should I tell? He's a confounded inconstant fellow, you know. He's always flirting with some woman or other."

"Flirtation doesn't make men look as he looked while he listened to her. Flirtation amuses. Sabretasche is not amused here, but rather, I should say, intensely worried."

"What should worry him? He could marry the girl if he wished."

"How can you tell?"

"Well, I suppose so. The Molyneux would let him have her fast enough. Her mother wants to get her off; she don't like two milliners' bills in Regent-street and the Palais Royal. But *you* interesting yourself in a love affair! What a Saul among the prophets!"

"Spare your wit, Arthur. I never meddle with such tinder, I assure you. I am not over fond of my fellow-creatures, but I don't hate them intensely enough to help them to marry. I say, have you not been sufficiently bored here? The concert is over. Let us go, shall we?"

"With pleasure. I say, you have not paid your promised visit to little Tressillian. 'Tisn't far; we might walk over, eh?"

"So we will. Are you after poor Alma's chevelure dorée already?" laughed De Vigne. "Make her mistress of Longholme, Cherasney, and I'll give her away to you with pleasure. I won't be a party to other conditions, for her grandfather's sake—her guardian's sake, rather. By the way, I must make out whether she knows or not that the relationship was a myth."

"Thank you. I have no private reasons for proposing the call, except the always good and excellent one of passing the time and seeing a pretty woman. There is the Puffdoff coming after you again. Let's get away while we can."

We were soon out of that little bijou of a dower-house that shined the weeds and wiles of the late Puffdoff's handsome countess, and smoking our cigars, as we walked across to Richmond. We found her old nurse at the gate, a nice, neat, pleasant old woman, who told us Miss Alma, as she called her, was in-doors.

"Ah, sir, I remember you when you were a coming over to Weive Hurst when my poor dear master was alive, and in his own home, that those brutes took away from him. God forgive me for calling 'em so, but they *were* brutes, with lies in their mouths and Bibles in their hands. When that cruel wretch Sir John Lacquers came down to stay with my master, when Miss Alma was little, he took my master to task for not having family sermons to read to the servants every night, and he was talking the whole time he was eating of his French dishes and drinking of his French wines—and didn't he like 'em, too, sir!—of the beauty of giving up the things of this world. But that's always the way with them that preach—they never practise, sir, never; and now they say that wretch is a living in France, sir, as grand as a duke, and that poor dear child is wearing her pretty eyes out. Don't let her do it, sir; pray don't!"

At which De Vigne laughed, and went into the house to see the poor dear child in question. He opened the door unannounced, for the best of all reasons that there was no one there to announce him. Alma was sitting at her easel, with her back to the door, painting earnestly, with little Silvo at her side. She was dressed prettily, inexpensively I have no doubt, but somehow more picturesquely than many of the women in

hundred guinea dresses and point worth a dowry—the picturesqueness of artistic taste, and innate refinement which gave her the brilliance and grace of a picture. She turned rapidly at the closing of the door, sprang up, and ran towards him with that rapidity and impulsiveness which always made her, in that respect, seem much younger than she was.

“Ah! you have come at last! I began to think you would cheat me as you cheated me of the yachting trip to Loraue; and yet I had faith in you. I thought you would not disappoint me.”

“No, but I shall scold you,” said De Vigne, “for sitting there, wearing your eyes out—as Mrs. Lee phrases it—over your easel. Why do you do it?”

“It is my only companion,” pleaded Alma. “I like it so much. With my brush I can escape away into an ideal world, and shut out the real and actual, with all its harshness, trials, and privations. You know the sun shines only for me upon canvas; and besides,” she added, with a gay smile, “to take a practical view of it, I have little or no money, and I must make what talent I have into gold.”

“Poor little thing!” exclaimed De Vigne. *Malgré lui*, it struck him, who had flung about thousands at his pleasure ever since he was a boy, as so singular, and as somehow so unjust, that this girl, young as she was, should have to labour for her living with the genius with which nature had endowed her so royally—genius the divine, the god-given, the signet-seal, so rare, so priceless, with which nature marks the few who are to ennoble and sanctify the mass.

“Ah! I am a poor little thing!” repeated Alma, with a moue mutine indicative of supreme pitié d'elle-même and indignation at her fate. “I should love society; I see nothing but nurse and Silvo. I love fun; I have nobody to talk it to but the goldfinch. I hate solitude, and I am always alone. I should like beautiful music, beautiful pictures, gardens, statues, conservatories, luxuries, all the agréments of life. This quiet life is not at all my rôle; I vegetate in it.”

“More honour to you to bear it so well, Miss Tressillian,” said L.

“Oh, I don't bear it well,” interrupted Alma. “I sometimes get as impatient as a bird beating its wings against a cage; I grow as restless in its monotony as you can fancy; I want to enjoy myself. So I am not a bit of a philosopher, and never shall be.”

“Life will make you one in spite of yourself,” said De Vigne.

“Never! If I ever come to rose-leaves, I will lie down on them coûte que coûte. As long as I can only get a straw mattress, there is not much virtue in renunciation.”

“But there are cankerous worms in rose-leaves,” smiled De Vigne.

“But who would ever enjoy the roses if they were always remembering that? Where is the good?”

“You little epicurean!” laughed De Vigne, looking at her amusedly. His remembrance of her as a child made him treat her with a certain gentle familiarity, very different to his usual sarcastic hauteur with young ladies of her age. “You would have a brief summer, like the butterflies. That sort of summer costs one dear when the butterfly lies dying on the brown autumn leaves, and envies the bee housed safely at home.”

“N'importe!” cried the little lady, recklessly. “The butterfly, at least, has enjoyed life, and the bee, I would bet, goes on humming and

hustling all the year round, never knowing whether the fuchsias are red or white, as long as there is honey in them; only looking in orchises with an eye to business, and never giving a minute in his breathless toil to scent the heliotropes or kiss the blue-bells for their beauty's sake."

"Possibly not; but when the fuchsias and orchises, blue-bells and heliotropes, are withered and dried, and raked away by ruthless gardeners for the unpoetic destiny of making leaf mould, and the ground is frozen, and the trees are bare, and the wind whistles over the snow—how then? Which is best off, butterfly or bee?"

"Hold your tongue!" laughed Alma. "You put me in mind of those horrible moral apologues, and that detestable incitement to supreme selfishness, '*La cigale ayant chanté tout l'été*,' where the ant is made out a most praiseworthy person, but appears to me simply cruel and mean. But to answer you is easy enough. What good does the bee get from his hard work? Has his honey taken away from him for other people's eating, and is smoked out of his house, poor little thing, by human monsters, whom, if he knew his power, he could sting to death! The butterfly, *au contraire*, enjoys himself to the last, dies in the course of nature, and leaves others to enjoy themselves after him."

"You did not lose your tongue in Lorave, Alma?" said De Vigne, with a grave air of solicitous interest.

With the little Tressillian he had a little of his old fun, something of his old laugh.

"No, indeed; and I should be very sorry if I had, for I love talking."

"You need not tell us that," smiled De Vigne.

"I will never talk to you again," cried Alma, with supreme dignity; "or, rather, I never would if I were not too magnanimous to avenge an insult by such enormous punishment."

"To yourself. Just so. You are quite right," said De Vigne, with an amused smile. "I only know one young lady who can equal you in that line, and she is your St. James's-street friend, Miss Molyneux."

"Ah! she would like talking, by her face; and she must talk well, too."

"Yes. Something in your style; as vehement and effervescent as a glass of champagne, and as fast as a twenty minutes' burst, up wind."

"Do you admire her?" asked Alma, quickly.

"Certainly. All men must. She is very lovely."

"Yes; it is a face to dream of. And she must be very happy," added Alma, with a sigh of envy.

"I dare say she is; she looks so."

"Have you seen her to-day?"

"Yes. Chevasney and I are just come from a *matinée musicale* at Twickenham, where she was the *lionne*."

"How I wish I were in your society," cried Alma, passionately.

"I wish you were," said De Vigne. "You are not made for solitude, nor to derive any pleasure from 'blushing unseen,' and 'wasting your sweetness on the desert air.' You are a true woman, I guess, Alma, and would enjoy shining, scintillating, slaying, and conquering. All women do who can, and those who cannot make a virtue of necessity, and renounce the admiration that refuses to come to them with as good a grace as they can muster; but they long for it all the same. But take

courage, petite. You were born in that society—you will shine in it some day, I make no doubt."

"If I could make a name like Rosa Bonheur, I might, and then you would admire me as much as you do Miss Molyneux."

De Vigne laughed.

"What are you painting now, Alma? May we see?"

"I was drawing you," she answered, tranquilly, turning the easel towards him.

It was a really wonderful likeness from memory, done in pastels. She had admirably caught the high-bred and severe beauty of his face, and she had caught, what was much more difficult, the calm hanteur of his features, the suppressed passions, veiled under impenetrable reserve, which slumbered in his eyes, while there yet lingered round the grave proud lines of his mouth a shadow of the smile which now came so rarely there, but when it did, gave the lie to the coldness of its expression in repose.

"My likeness! By Jove!" cried De Vigne, "you flatter me shockingly, Alma. What on earth put it into your head, petite, to do that?"

"I knew you would make a splendid picture—your face is beautiful," said Alma, tranquilly.

Whereupon De Vigne went straight off into a fit of laughter, the first real, cordially amused laughter, with a touch of the old merry ring in it, that I had heard since his marriage-day.

"Why do you laugh?" said Alma, indignantly; "I only tell you the truth. Your face is perfect by the rules of art."

At which gratifying assurance De Vigne laughed still more. The girl amused him, as Richelieu's and Montaigne's little cats amused them when they laid down the sceptre and the pen and tied the string to their kittens' cork. And thinking of her still merely as Tressillian's little granddaughter, he was not on his guard with her as with other women, and treated her with a cordiality and freedom more like his old than his present manners. For De Vigne was a true gentleman, every inch of him; and where he might have been careless and distant to Violet Molyneux, an aristocratic belle, he was carefully courteous and kind to Alma Tressillian, poor, unprotected, and working for her own livelihood.

"Well, Alma, I am extremely obliged to you. You have made a much handsomer fellow of me than Maclise would have done, I am afraid," said he, smiling; "and if ever my picture is wanted side by side with Wellington's, I hope, for the sake of creating an impression on posterity, that you will be kind enough to paint it for me."

"It is no handsomer than you are yourself," said Alma, resolute to maintain her own opinion; "is it, Captain Chevasney? It is too bad of you to laugh so, but that is just like your sex's ingratitude."

"Don't abuse us," said De Vigne; "that is so stale a stage-trick with women. They are eternally running after us, and eternally vowing that they would not stir a step for any of us. They spend their whole existence in trying to catch us, but their whole breath reiterating that they only take us out of compassion. If I hear a lady abuse or find fault with us, I know that her grapes 'sont trop verts, et bons pour des goujats.'"

Alma laughed:

"Very probably. But I don't abuse you. Au contraire, I prefer

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gentlemen to my own sex; and I have a right, for I have had much more kindness from them. I prefer them, too, for many other things. Your code of honour is far better than ours."

"The generality of women have no notion of honour at all," said De Vigne; "they tell falsehoods and circulate scandals without being called to account for it, and the laxity of honour in trifles that they learn in the nursery and schoolrooms corrodes their sense of right towards others in all their after-life. Men err very often from passion and ambition, or high temper; but women's faults almost always spring from petty motives: spite, malice, love of outshining their neighbour, pleasure in small intrigues, jealousy of prettier rivals. Their sphere is little, their vices and their vanities are little likewise. A boy at school is soon taught that, however lax he may be in other things, it is 'sneaky' to peach, and learns a rough sort of Spartan honour; a girl, on the contrary, tells tales of her sisters unproved, and bears mamma in her drawing-room take away the character of a 'dearest friend' whom she sees her meet the next moment with a caress and an endearment. But modern society is too 'religious' to remember to be honourable, and is too occupied with proclaiming its 'morality' to have any time to give to common honesty."

"As Sir John Lacquers taught us!"

"Sir John Lacquers and scores like him, whose 'slips' are passed over because their scrip is inscribed with a large text, and pilgrim's purse full of almighty dollars. I think of publishing a 'Manual of Early Lessons for Eminent Christians:' I. Do good so that not only your right hand knows it, but all your neighbourhood likewise. II. Give as it shall be given unto you, and not unless you know it will be. III. Strain very hard at a sin the size of a gnat if it be your poor relation's, and swallow one the size of a camel if it be your patron's. IV. Never pray in your closet, as no one will be the wiser, but go as high as you can on the house-top, that society may think you the holiest man in Israel. V. Borrow of your friend without paying him, because he will not harm you, but be careful to give good interest to strangers, because they may have the law on you. VI. Judge very severely, that gaining applause for your condemnation of others you may contrive to hide your own short-comings. VII. Eat *pâtés de foie gras* in secrecy, but have *jours maigres* in public, that men who cannot see you in secret may reward you openly. I could write a whole paraphrase of the Gospel as used and translated by the 'Church of England,' and other elect of the kingdom of Heaven; an election, by the way, exceedingly like that of Themistocles, where every man writes down his own name first, entirely regardless of lack of right or qualification for the honour."

"But different in this respect," said Alma, "that there the generals *did* remember to put Themistocles after them, whereas the shining lights of the different creeds are a great deal too occupied with securing their own future comfort to think of drawing any of their confrères up with them. The churches all take a cross for their symbol; they would be nearer the truth if they took the beam without the transverse, for egotism is much nearer their point than self-sacrifice. But will you look at my pet picture? I know I need not ask you to tell me candidly what you like and don't like in it."

The picture she spoke of stood with its face to the wall. As she turned it round, De Vigne and I gave an involuntary exclamation of surprise, it so far surpassed anything we should have fancied a girl of her age could have accomplished. It was in water-colours, but her master had been one of the first artists in Rome, and she had acquired under him a brilliance and delicacy of finish rarely seen. The picture was one not possible to criticise chills by exacting rules of art and of perspective. One looked at it as Murillo looked at the first Madonna of his wonderful mulatto, not to discuss critically, but to admire the genius stamped upon it, to admire the vivid breathing vitality, the delicate grace, and wonderful power marked upon its canvas.

De Vigne looked at it silently while Alma spoke; he continued silent some minutes after she had ceased. He was not rassotté of art as Sabretasche was, but he was passionately fond of talent wherever he found it, and he was a good judge of painting; no one could have imposed a mediocre thing upon him. He stood silently, as I say, looking at her work; then he turned suddenly:

"Alma, if you choose, you can be as great a woman as Elizabeth Sirani—a greater than Rosa Bonheur, because what she gives to horses and cows you will give to human nature. Be content. Whatever sorrows or privations come to you, you will have God's best gift, which no man can take away, the greatest prize in life—genius!"

Alma looked up at him, her blue eyes brilliant as diamonds and dark as a summer sky at midnight, her whole face flushed, her lips trembling with delight.

"You think so. Thank God! I would have died to hear you say that!"

"Better live to prove it," said De Vigne, mournfully. Her enthusiasm struck a sad chord in his heart. "Your picture is both well conceived and well carried out: it tells its own story; the imagining of it is poetic, the treatment artistic. There are faults, no doubt, but I like it too well to look out for them, and for your age I regard it as a marvel. Will you let me have it at my house a little while? I have some friends who are artists, others who are really learned cognoscenti, and I should like to hear their opinion on it."

"Will you keep it?" asked Alma, with the first shyness I had seen in her. "If you would hang it anywhere in your house—an attic, or anything—and just look at it now and then, I shall be so glad. Will you?"

"I will keep it with pleasure, my dear child," answered De Vigne, with a surprised smile; "but I will keep it as I would Landseer's, or Mulready's, by being allowed the pleasure of adding it to my collection. Your picture is worth——"

"Oh, don't talk of 'worth!'" cried Alma, vehemently. "Take it—take it, as I give it to you, with all my heart. I am so glad to give you anything, you were so kind to *him*!"

And at the remembrance of her grandfather poor little Alma leaned against her easel, covered her bright eyes with her hands, and sobbed aloud, unrestrainedly and passionately, like her nature. She was too instinctively well-bred, however, not to do her best to suppress them, and, brushing away her tears, she looked up at De Vigne:

"Don't be angry with me; I can't help it when I think of grandpapa;

he loved me so much, and I have nobody to love me now. Did he say anything in his letter that I might hear?"

De Vigne turned quickly :

"Did you not read it? It was unsealed."

"Read it? No! Why, it was addressed to you. You could not think for a moment that another person's letter was less sacred to me because it happened to be unsealed! That is not your own code, I should say. What right have you to suppose me more dishonourable than yourself?"

Her eyes sparkled dangerously, the colour was hot in her cheeks, the imputation had roused her spirit, and really her fiery indignation was as becoming as it was amusing.

"I beg your pardon. I was wrong," said De Vigne. "You have a man's sense of honour, not a woman's. I am glad of it. Your grandpapa says very little. You say he died on the morning of the 10th of May; my letter was written on the evening of the 9th, and his powers failed him before he finished it. It was merely to ask me if I met you to be your friend. It is little enough I can ever aid you in, and my friendship will be of little use to you, but, such as it is, it will be yours, if you like to take it."

She held her hand out to him by way of answer; there were too many tears in her voice for her to trust herself to say anything.

"You do not remember your parents at all?" asked De Vigne.

She shook her head :

"I remember no one but grandpapa, and no home but Weive Hurst. Sometimes I have a sort of memory of a woman with fair hair, whom I called mamma, but whom I was afraid of, and of a place not unlike Lorave, with myrtles and orange-trees; but it must be only the memory of a dream, I think, for nurse told me both papa and mamma died when I was a baby, and that grandpapa could never bear me to mention them to him : I don't know why. How happy I was at Weive Hurst. I wonder if I shall ever be like that again?"

"To be sure you will," said De Vigne, kindly. "You have a capacity for happiness, and are gay under heavy clouds; at eighteen no one has said good-by to all the sunshine of life. I must say good-by, though, or I shall not be back in town in time for mess. The hours slip away fast in chat; but promise me one thing, that, till I see you again, you will not ruin your eyesight over that easel before and after it is light. Only paint while the day is bright; you will do yourself more injury than you dream of in that over-close application. Walk every day that is fine, and give yourself some hours of *délassement*. You are fond of reading?"

"Passionately; but I read so much as a child, that I am almost blasée de littérature. I seem to have read, in English, French, and Italian, all that is really worth reading—all that is now in my reach at least, for now the rare old works and the best modern are not attainable, for the circulating libraries do not keep them. I am very fond of the French memoirs. What is more amusing than Saint-Simon and De Montespan? And I like metaphysical and psychological works—Buckle's, and Bain's, and Stuart Mill's."

De Vigne smiled. "As your tastes, like your notions of honour, are a man's and not a woman's, and someway resemble mine, perhaps my

library can suit you better than the circulating ones. We will see! And now good-by, Miss Tressillian."

"Don't call me Miss Tressillian, pray," cried Alma, plaintively; "that is something quite new, and very horrible; everybody calls me Alma, and so must you. Good-by, and thank you much. Don't go and see Miss Molyneux and forget all about me. She has plenty of friends, you know, and I have none."

"That little Tressillian is charming," said I, as we left the house. "Don't you think her very amusing?"

"Yes," said De Vigne, with a smile, "it does amuse one to hear her; it is refreshing, after the vapid inanities and limited intelligence of 'finished' young ladies, to find a little thing who can talk and think like that. She is perfectly original, certainly, and it is a pity there are not more of the stamp."

"I like her," said I, "because she has the gaiety, frankness, and abandon of a child, with the quick wit, satire, and knowledge of a woman of the world, and that union is uncommonly rare. I wish there were more women like Victor Hugo's friend, '*Homme par la pensée et femme par le cœur*.' The mistake they always make is, in imagining their education finished when in truth it has only just begun. What a girl learns up to sixteen or seventeen is only the merest A B C of knowledge. They are not allowed to read this, because it is 'improper;' nor that, because it is 'irreligious;' nor the other, because it is 'not fit for young persons;' till the result is, that they read nothing—great writers not being exactly accustomed to suppress their opinions, mince their words, and shut out human nature, to suit the capacities of school-girls or the pruderies of school-mistresses. If their education is so limited, how should their minds choose but be limited also? Give me a woman like our little friend yonder, who has something of our own range of studies and ideas, to whom one can talk on equal terms, and not have to go down from all subjects of interest, or value, to the gathering together of odds and ends and the consideration of bagatelles, as uninteresting as they are unimproving."

"Little Alma makes you quite eloquent," said De Vigne, smiling. "I fully agree with you, if women were more capable of participation in our thoughts and studies, we should not seek their society as we now do, only to make love to them. Women complain that their husbands, and brothers, and fathers, leave them for clubs and men's society. The fault lies chiefly in themselves. It is only a lover, and only then one in the first 'rosy flush' of enchantment, who does not weary of soft lips that can only utter monosyllables, and almond eyes that can only look a vacuum 'Plait-il?' to all his allusions. Alma is original; the worse for her, poor child! Women will hate, and men take advantage of her; if she were in society, our sex would go mad *about* her, and her own mad *against* her. I wonder what will become of her. I doubt if she will be happy; your exceptional natures scarcely ever are, though certainly she is lively enough under difficulties, with none of the amusements natural to her age. I wish you'd marry her, Arthur—it would be such a kindness. And yet I wouldn't ask you such a sacrifice, you're too good for a married man."

"Bien obligé, I never intend to be; but if I ever should, I hope my wife would not look on you with such admiring eyes as Alma does."

He laughed. "My dear fellow! do you expect to have a Guenivere

who has no Launcelot? I shouldn't have thought you so Quixotic. If ever you marry, you must make up your mind to play second; and if your wife has no more harmful penchant than the little Tressillian's will ever be for me, you may congratulate yourself indeed!"

The morning after, while De Vigne was breakfasting, the cart that brought in Mrs. Lee's home-made bread to town left at his house Alma's picture; she had looked, I suppose, for his address in the Court Guide, and remembered her promise, though I am afraid the recipient of her gift had forgotten the subject altogether.

When it came, however, he hung it in a good light, and pointed it out to Sabretasche, who dined with him that night, to meet a mutual Paris friend.

"What do you think of that picture, Colonel?" he said, as we came into the drawing-room for a rubber. Whist was no great favourite with De Vigne; he preferred the rapidity and exciting whirl of loo or lansquenet; but he played it well, and Sabretasche and De Cassagnac were especially fond of it. It suited the Colonel to lean back in a soft chair, and make those calm, subtle combinations. He said the game was so deliciously tranquil and silent!

Sabretasche set down his coffee-cup, put his glass in his eye, and lounged up to it.

"Of this water-colour? I like it exceedingly. Where did you get it? It is not the style of any one I know; it is more like one of your countrymen's, Cassagnac, eh? It wants toning down; the light through that stained window is a trifle too bright, but the boy's face is perfect. I would give something to have idealised it; and the hair is as soft as silk. I like it extremely, De Vigne. Where did you get it?"

"I picked it up by accident. It pleased my eye, and I wanted to know if my eye led me right. I know you are a great connoisseur of those things."

"There is true power in it, and an exquisite delicacy of touch. The artist is young, isn't he? Do you know him?"

"Slightly. He works for his livelihood, and is only eighteen."

"Eighteen? By Jove! if the boy goes on as he has begun he will beat Maclise and Ingres. Has he ever tried his hand at oils?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"It's a pity he shouldn't. He works for his livelihood, you say? If he will do me a picture as good as this, leaving the subject to himself, I will give him fifty guineas for it, if he thinks that sufficient. Some day, when we have nothing better to do, you will take me to his studio—a garret in Poland-street, probably, is it not? Those poor devils! How they live on bread-and-cheese and a pipe of hird's-eye, I cannot conceive! If the time ever come when I have my turbot and hock no longer, I shall resort to an overdose of morphia. What is the value of life when life is no longer enjoyment?"

"Yet," suggested De Vigne, "if only those were alive who enjoyed living, the earth would be barren very speedily, I fancy."

"That depends on how you read enjoyment," said De Cassagnac.

"Enjoyment is easily enough defined—taking pleasure in things, and having things in which to take pleasure. Some men have the power to enjoy, and not the opportunity; others the opportunity, and not the power; the combination of both makes the enjoyment, I take it."

"But enjoyment is a very different thing to different men. Enjoyment, for Sabretasche, lies in soirées, like the Gore House, or Madame de Sahlé's, wine as good as your claret, women as pretty as La Violette, good music, good painting, and immeasurable dolce. Enjoyment lies, for Professor Owen, in the fossil tooth of an ichthyosaurus; for an Italian lazzarone, in sun, dirt, and macaroni; for a woman, in dress, conquests, and tall footmen; for the Tipton Slasher, in the belt, undisputed: enjoyments are as myriad as the stars."

"I know what you mean, my dear fellow," said Sabretasche, dropping his eye-glass, and taking up his cup again. "You mean that Hodge, the bricklayer, goes home covered with whitewash, sits down to Dutch cheese, with the brats screaming about, with the same relish as I sit down to my very best-served dinner. It is true, so far, that I should rather be in purgatory than in whitewash, should turn sick at the cheese, murder the children, and kill my own self afterwards, and that Hodge, by dint of habit and blunted senses, can support life where I should end it in pure self-defence. But I do not believe that Hodge enjoys himself—how should he, poor wretch! with not a single agrément of life? He does not know all he misses, and he is not much better than the beast of the field; but at the same time he only endures life, he can't be said to enjoy it. I agree with De Vigne, that there is but one definition of enjoyment, and the 'two handfuls, with quiet and contentment of spirit,' is a poetic myth, for poverty and enjoyment can by no means ever run in tandem."

"And contentment is another myth," added De Vigne. "If a man has all he wants, he is contented, because he has no wish beyond, and is a happy man; if he has not what he wants, and is conscious of something lacking, he cannot be called contented, for he is not so."

"Just so. I don't look to be contented, that is not in the lot of man; all I ask are the agréments and refinements of life, and without them life is a curse. Neither Diogenes, limiting himself to cabbages and water, or Alexander, drunk with the conquest of the empires, were one bit more contented at heart than the other. Discontent prompted the one to quit mankind and cast off wealth, the other to rule mankind and amass wealth."

"And, after all, there is no virtue in contentment, since contentment is satisfaction in one's lot; there is far more virtue in endurance—strong, manful, steady endurance—of a fate that is adverse, and one admits to be such, but against which one still fights hard. Patience is all very well, but pluck is better," said De Vigne. "The tables are set. Shall we cut for partners? You and Cassagnac! Chevasney and I may give ourselves up for lost!"

"I am fond of Sabretasche," said De Vigne, as the Colonel and De Cassagnac left, about twelve, the former to keep a promise he had made to Violet Molyneux to attend her mother's soirée that evening—the singular intercourse between them, and that strange compact, "not to go beyond friendship," had only served to draw them nearer to friendship's deadliest foe, and the hours they passed asunder began to grow dangerously wearisome to one, if not to both. "I am fond of Sabretasche. There's a wonderful charm about that fellow; he makes one like him, though he would make out that he likes no one. Say what he will, there is a nobility

and generosity at bottom that one can always trust. He does hate trouble; but I never went to him yet to exert himself to help anybody but what he did it—did it as I like people to do things, not ostentatiously, but quietly and liberally. It was he, you know, who helped me to get poor old Tressillian's consulship; and didn't you notice his first impulse, when he thought my young artist wanted money, was to give an order, though, with his Giorgiones and Claudes, of course he no more wants a little water-colour than this retriever. People call him a raffiné voluptuary, a profound egotist, and all the rest of it. Bah! I only wish his detractors were one half as reliable, as generous-hearted, and as delicate in generosity as he is. Il fait la vie, il s'amuse, as Cassagnac would say; but I know, if I were down in the world and wanted help, if I wished for a gift given by the right hand and not known by the left, if I needed a man of honour who would tell me no lies and betray me no confidence, to which I would rather go—to Sabretasche, though he may be a mauvais sujet, or my Lord Savinggrace, though he is a model of piety. But then Sabretasche, though he never pretends to be moral, does remember to be a man of honour, which your very moral and immaculate gentlemen singularly often forget."

"True enough! The Colonel would make himself out the perfection of egotism, but I have often known him thinking and acting for others, with a kindliness and unselfishness very rare in this world. Do you remember the trouble he took, when little Duncombe was in that mess about his money, to get the boy out of the Jews' hands and have him gently handled; and yet, if there is a thing Sabretasche hates, it is business matters of any kind, or contact with the under-bred canaille of the world. Like you, I am fond of the Colonel, as women say; but I often fancy he is not a happy man—don't you?"

"Happy," repeated De Vigne, with a stir of his fire. "No, I don't suppose he is; few men are. The one half spoil life, the other half are spoiled by life; some are strangled by an adverse position, from which they cannot escape; others, born with the fairest prospects, mar them by their own self-will, folly, or vice. As for Sabretasche, I dare say, if you asked most people, they would tell you he is the bien aimé of fortune, if ever a man was; so he would seem, leader of ton, wit, critic par excellence as he is, with his talent and his taste, his bonnes fortunes and his wealth. But I dare say, if we knew all about him, there are pages doubled down in his life that he wouldn't care to have reopened, and has done follies in his past years that still cling to his present. There are sure to be; no man going is without some dark score or other, often written down for him by others' hands, to which he would not willingly refer. Sabretasche is no exception to the rule, most likely, and no thoughtful man can live to forty without being saddened to a certain degree, if it were only by the trickery and artifice he sees going on around him in all grades and under all colours, and Sabretasche, indolent though he may be, sees very keenly through his eye-glass."

"Which you won't allow to light on the little Tressillian, eh? Why did you let him go off in the idea it was a young artist in Poland-street?"

"Less for Sabretasche himself than all the others," responded De Vigne; "though, to be sure, with those bonnes fortunes of his I spoke of

just now, and certain stories we know of him, little Alma is probably better without his acquaintance than with it."

"Hallo! if we go by *bonnes fortunes* and such-like reputations, are you a much more eligible friend for her than the Colonel?"

"Not at all. I have been no saint, God knows; *en même temps*, I am, thank Heaven, a man of honour, and with the trust Tressillian, of whom Sabretasche knew nothing, placed in me when he wrote that letter, and my knowledge of him in my boyhood, to say nothing of her own guilelessness and unprotected position, the child would be as safe with me as with her brother, even if I had not done with love and all its madness."

Done with love at thirty-five! But De Vigne meant what he said fully, at the least then: he meant and he believed it. He had vowed never to surrender himself to even a passing taste of that delirium which had already cost him so much, and meant to devote his life to the Service, which he had loved from the day he entered it, and which could alone give him the excitement and the action he coveted. Done with love at thirty-five! I looked at him as the fire-light shone on his face, with its haughty lines and its passionate eyes, and I thought he would one day reap the folly of his defiance, as he had already done of his surrender to the passion he now renounced. He did not think much about the little Tressillian, possibly; still she was to a degree a source of interest to him; she appealed to his kindness and his generosity, the only two levers by which De Vigne, so long won by his eye and his passions and his impulses, was now to be moved. Boughton Tressillian had been kind to him in his boyhood, it would have been impossible to his nature not to have returned the kindness to Boughton Tressillian's little pet, now that the once heiress of Weive Hurst was moneyless, forsaken, friendless, and all alone in the world, dependent, poor child, upon her own exertions for a livelihood, and exposed to all the *peines fortes et dures* of poverty. Alma was calculated to disarm him, too. He never thought of her as what she really was, a most fascinating woman, but as what she really was too, a playful, winning child, familiarly fond of him from gratitude and memory, but gifted with an intelligence so singularly deep, keen, liberal, and cultured, that absolutely in talking to her he forgot her sex, and spoke to her and listened to her as he would have done to any man who chanced to have a turn of mind and a liberality of opinion akin to his own. To the line of Victor Hugo's, which I already applied to Alma, "*Homme par la pensée et femme par le cœur*," one might have added, "*et enfant par la franchise de l'esprit et l'abandon de la gaieté*." She was lively as one of her own pet kittens; she had all that elasticity of spirit, that wildness of gaiety, which it is a great error to suppose do not very generally accompany intellects clearer and hearts deeper than those of the common herd; and lively as she was in her triste and uncongenial life, she would have been joyous indeed in a happy one, such as most girls at her early age lead. This in itself was the greatest attraction to De Vigne; his own nature was joyous, his spirits high, till they were crushed and chilled by his fatal marriage; he had that *love of fun* in him which is latent in all sweet and anti-morbid characters; he liked life and spirit in his dogs, his horses, in everything; he liked them especially in women, whom he had always sought in proportion as they amused him. Alma's vivacity amused him and refreshed him; and where he had been amused,

De Vigne had always gone, without any thought of possible consequences to himself.

He went to see her three or four times. Once he stopped there en route to lunch at the Star and Garter; once he went to go over Strawberry Hill with her, amused with the romantic souvenirs she poured into his ear; once or twice he went over to see her in the early noon. Whenever he had been in town he had been in the habit of spending an hour or two occasionally in Richmond Park or Windsor Forest in the morning, to have a snatch of the fresh woodland air amidst the hurry and heat of the season; and seven miles was soon covered with his slashing stride, that had carried him across the Himalayas and the Pyrenees, up the Tyrol, and over the Col du Géant. About a month after we had chanced on the little Tressillian, the day looked sunny and bright, and when he had done his breakfast and his *Times*, De Vigne, who was fond of walking, took his stick, whistled his terriers, and walked across to Richmond before any of his set were up, or, at least, *visible*, thinking to himself he would go and see the little Tressillian. At the gate he met her, just coming out of the garden.

"Going for a walk?" asked De Vigne, as Alma welcomed him with that cordial *épanchement du cœur* natural to her with those whom she liked and was pleased to see.

"Yes, I was; but that is no consequence, and certainly no deprivation, this cold day. Do come in and talk to me."

"No, thank you; I will walk and talk with you, if you like. I was going to take a look at the park after I had asked you how you were, so we can go together."

They did go together. Alma delighted to have him for her companion; and very naturally, too, for there were few women in town, however admired and supercilious, who would not have liked two hours' tête-à-tête with De Vigne, though few would have shown it him so innocently and naturally. Alma, though with her Southern blood and her *Lorave* habits she did not admire walking in cold weather, enjoyed herself this morning, with the dogs scampering before her and De Vigne talking to her, while the wind blew a bright rose-colour into her cheeks, and her dark blue eyes beamed with the amusement and gladness inherent in her nature.

"Are you not very dull here, Alma?" he asked her, as they walked along through the park.

"Yes. I am not of a sufficiently superior mind to see the charms of solitude," she answered, laughing. "I am tired of the life I lead. I admit it fully, though I suppose if I were philosophic I should not yearn after the pomps and vanities, *alias* the refinements and the pleasures, of existence. My days are monotonous. I cannot tell one from the other. I have no friends, no amusements, no society, nor can I obtain them in any way. I cannot make a fortune all at once. I cannot run up to some grande dame, and say to her, 'Introduce me into your circle; I want to belong to the *crème de la crème*.' I cannot free myself any more than a goldfinch caught and caged can free itself, and go back to its beloved chestnut houghs. Yes, Major De Vigne, I am very dull—I admit it—except, indeed, when you come to see me."

"Poor little thing!" said De Vigne, involuntarily, as he pushed some hrambles out of her path with his cane. "Well, you have read Monte Christo! You must remember his last words."

"'Attendre et espérer?'" repeated Alma. "To me they are the saddest words in human language. They are so seldom the joy-bells to herald a new future—they are so often the death-knell to a past wasted in futile striving and disappointed desire. 'Attendre et espérer!' How many beaux jours pass in trusting to those words; and when their trust be at last recompensed, how often the fulfilment comes too late to be enjoyed. It always irritates me to hear people say it is good for youth to bear privation; they can repose in their old age. Do those moralists never stop to remember what it is to have your youth marred by adverse circumstances, cramped by straitened means, passing away from you?—all your beaux jours, all the spring-time of your life, passing away without your being allowed to gather one of the flowers growing by its highway, gliding from your hands unblessed, unenjoyed, without a single glimpse of that insouciant gladness which seems its heritage—gliding, never to return? 'Attendre et espérer!' Ah! that is all very well for those who have some fixed goal in view—some aim which they will attain if they have but energy and patience enough to go steadily on to the end; but only to wait for an indefinite better fate, which year after year retreats still farther—only to hope against hope for what never comes, and in all probability will never come—that is not quite so easy."

"If it is not, it is the lot of all," answered De Vigne. "However favoured by fortune, take my word for it, no man's or woman's life turns out in any way what they dreamt and wished it in their première jeunesse. The young beauty at eighteen or twenty, entering the world with all her ideals hot-pressed from the leaves of Jocelyn or Evangeline, dreams of some romantic and love-blessed future, and, a season or two afterwards, ends in a marriage for position. In tender moments afterwards, no doubt she will now and then recal those hygone idyls of her girlhood with a sigh."

"But her fate is of her own carving," interrupted Alma. "She cannot charge life with the result of her own actions and ambitions."

"That does not follow. Education, custom, surroundings, the bias of her birth, the incitements of her friends, may all have had a good deal to do with it. But I was going to say that, though she may sigh, on the eternal principle that a bunch of currants we cannot have seems sweeter than a cluster of the finest hothouse grapes à la main, for the unfulfilled desires and visions of her youth, it is a great doubt whether she would have been a quarter so happy if they had been fulfilled. A love-match and a limited income would have banished her fancy for romance quite as effectually and more painfully than the entourages of wealth, prosaic though they may seem to you. But as for your attendre et espérer, I agree with you, nothing chafes and frets one more than waiting; it wears all the bloom off the fruit to waste all our golden hours gazing at it afar off, and longing for it with Tantalus thirst. It has never suited me. I have too often brushed the bloom off mine plucking them too soon; and, as for hope, she may figure well in Collins's ode; but as we go on in life, we know there is nothing more delusive than the flitter of her shadowy wings, which lead us on as the Willis of the German legends lure men, with their silvery hair and sylphide forms, to dance on the very border of their tombs. I agree with you, to wait for happiness is a living death, to hope for it is a dreamer's phantasy; but it is not like your usual doc-

trine, you little enthusiast, who are still such a child that you believe in the possible realisation of all your fond ideals. What were you saying to me the other day at Strawberry Hill about Chatterton, that if the poor boy had only had the courage to wait and hope, he might have reaped long years of honour and of fame?"

"But Chatterton had an aim; and he had more; he had the godlike gift of genius, which gives to the hearts of all signalled by its touch a beauty and a glory that no wrong, no trial, no suffering can ever take away. I know he was goaded to madness by poverty. I know how bitter to that boy, with his fervid imaginings, his poet's longings, his beautiful day-dreams, must have been the weary fret of thinking what he should eat, and wherewithal he should be clothed, the jar and grind of every-day wants, of petty yet inexorable cares, so wearing even to most common and the most narrowed minds. I can well believe how they wore into his soul and bowed his young head down to the grave, as the only home that would open for him to rest from the cruel wear and jar of the world, that seemed so cold to him. At the same time, I wonder that he did not live for his works; that for their sake he did not suffer and endure; that the strong genius in him did not give him power and courage to struggle against all that strove to crush it; that he did not live to make the world acknowledge all that marked him out from the common herd. I know how he wearied of life; yet I wish he had conquered it. It always makes me sad to think genius should be trampled down by the injustice and the petty cruelties of the world. Genius should ever be stronger than its detractors. 'What is the use of my writing poetry that no one reads?' asked Shelley. Yet he knew that the time would come when it would be read by men wiser than those of his generation, and he wrote on, following the inspiration of his own divine gift. Men know and acknowledge now *how* divine a gift it was."

"True," answered De Vigne; "wrestle with fate, and it will bless you, is a wise and a right counsel; still here and there in that wrestling-match it is possible to get a *croc en jambe*, which leaves us at the mercy of Fate, do what we may to resist her. Men of genius have very rarely been appreciated in their own time. Too often nations spend wealth upon a monument to him whom they let die for want of a shilling. Too many, like Cervantes, have lacked bread while they penned what served to make their country honoured and illustrious. They could write of him:

Porque se digna qua uno mano herida
Pudo dar à su duelo eterna vida;

but they could leave him to poverty for all that. Johnson must dine behind the screen, while Beau Nash reigns King of the Wells. It must ever be so, as long as the world is divided as it is into twenty who like ombre and basset, small-talk and shoe-buckles, to only one here and there who cares for satire and wisdom. A prophet has no honour in his own country, still less in his own time; but if the prophets be true and wise men, they will not look for honour, but follow Philip Sydney's counsel, look in their own hearts and write, and leave the seed of their brain as ploughmen the corn in the furrows—content that it will bring forth a harvest at the last, if it be ripe, good wheat."

"Yet it is sad if they are forced to see only the dark and barren earth, and the golden harvest only rise to wave over their tomb?"

"It is ; but, petite, there are few things *not* sad in life, and one of the saddest of them is, as Emerson says, 'the madness with which the passing age mischooses the object on which all candles shine, and all eyes are turned,' registering every trifle touching Elizabeth, and Leicester, and Essex, and passing over, without a note, 'the popular player, in whom none foresees the poet of the human race.' The populace who crowded to look at Charles and Louise de Kerroualle coming to Hampton never knew or thought of Cromwell's Latin secretary, dictating in his study, old, blind, and poor. Well, it only shows us what fools men are, either to court the world or care for it! À propos of célèbres, Alma, you, vouée as you are to historic associations, should never be dull here, with all the souvenirs that are round Richmond and Twickenham."

"Ah!" said Alma, turning her bright beaming face on him, "how often I think of them all!—of the talk round that little deal table in the grotto, spiced with the same wit that gave its sting to the *Dunciad* and its sparkle to the *Essay*; of Swift, with his brilliant azure eyes, and his wonderful satire, and his exigent selfish man-like loves; of Mrs. Clive, with her humorous stories; and Harry Fielding, laughing as he wrote the scenes men still cite as masterpieces, and packing away his papers to eat his scrag of mutton as gleefully as if it were an *entremêt*; and Walpole, with his mediæval tastes and modern fashions, fitting up a Gothic chapel and writing for a Paris suit, publishing '*Otranto*,' and talking *scandales* in Boodle's—how often I think of them!"

"You need not tell me that," laughed De Vigne. "I have not forgotten all your romantic souvenirs at the mere view of the sites of Strawberry Hill and Pope's villa. With your historic passion, you live in the past. Well! it is safer and less deceptive, if not less visionary, than living in the future."

"Perhaps I do both; yet I have little to hope from the future."

"Why?" said De Vigne, kindly. "Who knows but what one of your old favourites, the fairies, may bring good gifts to their little queen? We will hope so, at least."

Alma shook her head. "I am afraid not. The only fairy that has any power now is Money, and the good gifts the gods give us now-a-days only go to those who have golden coffers to put them in. Yes, I do live in the past; my future I cannot trust. I very seldom look at it, save in wild delicious fancies, which, I fear, will never come true; but the past—I love to go back to it, with its quaint Vandyke portraits, and its rich Velasquez colouring, and its *chiar'oscuro* of time, which gives it a dim golden haze that was probably never its own. I think the company of Commynes and Froissart, Saint-Simon, and Hervey, and Walpole, better, after all, than many of the circles of modern society. I like to go back into the past through the quaint word-painting of an old chronicle, or the deep rich hues of a Murillo or a Velasquez. I love those dim yet brilliant pictures of bygone days that poetry and history weave together. They are all living to me, those grave and stately signori who condemned Faliero; those silent resolute Netherlanders who gathered in the marketplace to see Lamoral d'Egmont die with his Golden Fleece around his neck, the gift of his tiger-king; those gay and glittering crowds of haughty noblesse that filled the palaces of the Bourbons, and laughed at the malicious wit of Athenais de Montespan, with her 'dove's eye and

serpent's tongue; those dandies and beauties who dressed for Ranelagh and clapped the 'Beggar's Opera,' and followed the lead of Beaux Edgeworth and Nash, Fielding and Brummel, copying the tie of their cravats one hour, and letting them languish in prison the next; those wits and celebrities whose mots still sparkle through the dry pages of memoirs, and gleam through the yellow faded leaves of their letters,—they are all living to me, Sir Folko! as living as if I heard the rustle of their silks, and the ring of their jeux de mots, and the glitter of their stars and orders!"

He laughed. It amused him unspeakably to hear her talk. If she had chosen to go on for an hour, I don't believe he would ever have stopped her.

"I often think," Alma went on, "what pride and gratification it must be to any man—to you, for instance—to look back on a long line of noble ancestry. It must give you a glow of a warmer feeling than pride; it must bring you a heritage of honour that none can take away; it must make you love to live so as never to disgrace them, nor stain the name they have handed down to you?"

Her unconscious words struck with a keen sting into De Vigne's heart. He loved his gentleman's name, honoured as it had been in bygone generations by the talent, courage, and gallantry of his father's fathers. He was proud of his ancestry, as all men must be who have anything in them of a love for what is noble and worthy. He, in his boyhood, had vowed "to live so as never to disgrace them;" yet he had been the first of his line that had given it to one who dishonoured it; he had been the first who had placed it in hands that degraded it! Alma's innocent words struck the chord of that bitter regret which was ever upon him—the stain of his marriage upon that name which had never before been borne save by women noble of birth and pure in life. He answered her with an effort. Unfulfilled aspirations, unkept resolves, unavailing regrets, rose up in him at her words.

"It *ought*—it does not follow that it *must*. What should be, rarely is, petite. Still I think with you: it were odd if the man who inherited intellect cultivated, manners refined, and honour held high through many generations, had not something better born in him with his pur sang than the man whose fathers were blackguards, thieves—God knows what—whose hands were dirty, and brains untutored, and names unknown and unvalued. But just now men of rank and breeding are selected only as the stalking-horse on which to exhibit *in terrorem* all the vices of the Decalogue and the law courts. In all the romances of the day—pandering to public taste, and written very often by people not within the pale of good society, ignorant of its ways and envious of its distinctions—the hero is invariably self-educated—other education is thought, I suppose, *de luxe*; and you are carefully assured that he never either could, or would, or wished to be, attractive and well-bred, those being sybaritisms, and quite anterior to the rough 'muscular Christianity' of which he is certain to be an apostle. To write a book of what will be called a 'healthy' and 'moral' tone—a book that will 'go down' in religious circles, and be 'asked for' at circulating libraries—you must now be careful to select some hawny-armed carpenter, or hard-working 'self-made man'—you must throw in, into counter-position to him, a man of rank, blackguardly

as the details of Bow-street police-court—you must balance in exact ratio the morality and purity of your under-bred man with the rascality and impossible villany of your well-born enfant terrible—you must incline your heroine to the satanic beauty of your Lothario, but make her see her error, and take refuge in the arms of your Hercules. Such a plot, with a few stale apothegms, a night class, where your hero teaches the Gospel, or some moral philosophies, with a retributive end to your supposititious 'gentleman,' and a good scene at the finish of your ungainly but immaculate pet, with one eye burnt out in the conflagration of his mill or his workshop, and an open Bible laid out on his knee, your novel will be healthy, and, what healthy writers count on most, remunerative. Doubtless there are very estimable coal-merchants, most irreproachable carpenters; I am sure there are, though they don't happen to be in my set, and come across my path. No doubt a man who rises like Robert Peel, or Edward Sugden, or Douglas Jerrold, is a noble example in our generation, as Baptiste Colbert was in his; we can wish for none better, we can cite none more encouraging to young men of talent superior to their fortunes, and energy struggling against adverse circumstances. But, because a man *has* risen from the ranks, it is very far from following that he must necessarily have risen by right means or worthy steps. Very often it is quite the contrary; it is very generally by chicanery and fraud, by doing very dirty jobs, by kicking down each round of the ladder by which they have profited, by squeezing every farthing out of widows and orphans, by unseen swindling and robbery under the rose: because a man is a 'self-made man,' it does not follow that the tools he has used are those for which we should laud him."

"No," answered Alma; "it is a curious fancy of the present day, that the mud of the gutter must purify, and the blue blood of the stately escutcheons must stain; and it is as curious a paradox that the very authors who, in writing of some historic site, dwell with such ecstasies on the nobility and heroism of those who made it famous, try to sneer down, with a savage cut at aristocracy, the descendants of the men they eulogise. If great deeds give such an aroma to woods and hills, mortar and stone, surely they may give some to the inheritors of their blood and their name. It is singular, as you say, to see the universal type adopted in all novels of the present day. *Your* class is never represented, or at least never fairly."

De Vigne laughed:

"No; the romancists only take our class to vilify it, and lead it out as a *bête noire* or a scarecrow. The soldier or the man of rank is scarcely ever represented as he is in any novel of the day; yet we are a large class—perhaps the best educated in the land—certainly one that has the most influence in many things; but military men are invariably made such under-bred fools as would be inadmissible in the society to which they belong, and of a 'gentleman'—i. e. a man of honour, birth, and high breeding, such as, though they may not be demigods or saints, one meets many, thank God! both in literary and patrician circles—the young men and maidens who rush into print would seem to have not the faintest notion, since if their characters be meant to be of tolerable birth and manners, they load them with the vulgar tricks they see now and then

detailed in the newspaper reports of some drunken ensign with his school-boy mischief still about him. There is a strange spite—for it really merits no higher term—against the aristocracy—not a just and sensible exposition, that brain, wherever it be found, whether under Chatham's coronet, or Burns's peasant bonnet, is equally worthy, and Watt studying steam by his aunt's cottage tea-kettle, is as great in his way as Wellington planning the lines of Torres Vedras in his—but a smarting, envious, venomous spite, which decrees that good names in his past must make a man utterly unable to make great names for himself. We see the contrary around us every day; we have great statesmen, soldiers, men of letters, who give the lie to it. It is to men of birth and cultivation that the country is glad to come for its prime ministers and its cabinet councillors; yet the opticism holds its reign; and if a peer's son, once in a way, plays one of those harum-scarum, vulgar, practical jokes such as are not unknown, though unrecorded, among the young Browns, and Joneses, and Robinsons of the immaculate 'middle class,' pounce come all the little stinging flies and seize upon the offence, and hold it up to the eyes of the nation with angry snarl and coarse anathema against his Order, with as much wisdom and justice in their sweeping invective as those would show who called a merchant a bankrupt because his boy owed five shillings to a schoolfellow he could not pay until next half. I take it, if one looked thoroughly into it, that the dissipations of the upper classes, on which these gentry, who find it 'the thing' to prate of 'pure lives' and 'spotless morals,' hold forth so severely of late, be, after all, worse in their way and in their fruits than the giant frauds, the *sub rosa* robberies, the mercantile lies, the banking swindles, the professional hypocrisies, the dishonest jesuitisms, perpetrated in the middle classes under the name of—Business. But I shall talk myself hoarse, and you deaf, Alma. One o'clock! We have absolutely been walking two hours. We must turn back, or I shall have you knocked up. You are not used to our cold March mornings."

"But I enjoy it so intensely," interrupted Alma, lifting her radiant face to his. "Won't you come in and have some luncheon? You dined often enough at Weive Hurst," she asked, as he held out his hand to her at the gate.

Luncheon is not disagreeable after three hours' walking. He went and took some of Mrs. Lee's admirably done cutlets, just served for Alma's little dinner, and he stayed till the afternoon sun was getting red in the west. Alma walked with him down the garden, and as he looked back and waved her an adieu, De Vigne could not help but confess that she made a pretty tableau leaning over the white gate with little Sylvo in her arms.

He smiled as he walked along, cutting the brown grass with his cane. "She is a clever little thing," he thought to himself; "it is wonderfully amusing to talk to her. Poor child! it is a dull life for her there. Well! she is out of harm's way; in the world she would soon come to grief."

De Vigne was destined to remember, too late, that "*L'Amitié est l'Amour sans ailes*," and that the pinions may be sprouted and spread ere we even know of their growth.

THE AMERICANS AT HOME.

WHEN Gibbon wrote his great work, "the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," he had to deal with a nation which founded its grandeur on an ancient and solid basis; which advanced step by step, retained for a lengthened period the bloom of its strength and majesty, and eventually perished owing to evils at first concealed, but which grew to a head in a course of ages. The history of Venice, from her first ascendancy to her final collapse, extends over a thousand years; in a word, we may say that in our "old" Europe all growth, as well as all declension, extends over a very lengthened period.

The spectacle the citizens of the United States offer us stands in the most startling contrast to the teaching of our history. Among them there is a rapidity of development and growth, of degeneracy and weakening perceptible, such as has rarely before been produced to such an extent in history. A very little while back this state resembled a powerful, fully-manned, and splendidly-equipped ship of the line, whose sea capability and might hardly any one doubted. And now we suddenly see this ship stranded on a reef in the midst of its triumphant course, and split into two parts like the old Roman Empire. It is almost a tragic sight: the foreign powers that feared it a short time ago now ridicule the fallen giant with the feet of clay. And even the smaller states, such as Spain and Mexico, appear to do much they would have not dared to do, even if they are not ready to attack it.

Whether the Americans can ever again emerge from the gulf of dissension in which they so suddenly buried themselves? whether they can again become united? whether their political weakness is momentary? and whether their might will take a fresh impulse?—these are questions which now occupy many thoughtful men, though not one of them is clever enough to answer them positively in the negative or affirmative. It is not our purpose here to attack these questions, our intention being rather to discuss the point of the already existing, and still threatening, decadence of the popular strength and morality, and bring together a few hurried observations that may throw a light on this topic. Perhaps, in this way, a comprehension of what is now going on among the Americans may be promoted, and it is possible that, were the Americans to pursue the same investigation, they might hit on the idea of introducing betimes many a beneficial change.

The uniformity of all political, domestic, and moral circumstances and conditions is one of the most remarkable facts that strikes the European in America. In nearly all European states there is a number of different nationalities, or, at any rate, relics of old nationalities, with their peculiar habits, dialects, and costumes. Austria, Russia, and Turkey are, in this respect, as varied as a butterfly's wing; but even England, France, and Spain stand in the same relation to the United States as a diversified landscape does to the smooth surface of a lake. It is true that many nations have migrated to America, but they were all, and still are, boiled down into the same homogeneous broth in the great caldron of the country, which is filled with corrosive democratic essences. The whole nation

hence only learns and speaks the same language, does homage to the same manners and customs, and wears the same attire. The tyrant fashion—even its old capital of Paris—has gained proportionally insignificant triumphs, for its sway only extends over the surface of nations. In America, however, it overpowers and uniforms every living soul, and fills the entire mass with such corresponding tastes and feelings, that what one desires pleases another, and thus, in the end, all, great and small, seem to have purchased their hats, coats, and boots at the same manufactory.

Even when a nation speaks one language, that language is usually divided into an infinity of dialects. In America, dialects or provincial distinctions hardly exist, or are so faintly coloured that they can scarce be perceived in comparison with the striking contrasts among ourselves. All Americans, high and low, backwoodsmen and New York merchant princes, the dwellers on the Pacific and on the Atlantic, all speak not only the same language, but the same dialect in the same nasal tone, and in the same inexpressive, dull, and prosaic manner. We certainly concede that there are different jargons amid the number of provinces, but they cannot be called organic dialects, so much as various results from twisting and spoiling the English language.

The smallest English village, even if it possess no differences of nationality or dialect, is full of the most varying gradations of society and rank. In America, where there is only one language, one costume, there is also only one rank, that of the "Free citizens of the Republic," who consider themselves of equal value and descent. The two ends of society form a knot: the poor man, who does not stand so aloof as the labourers among us, takes a far more prominent part in the formation of the rich man, and the latter, who cannot be exclusive, as he is formed of the same dough as those below him, must admit many uneducated elements into his society. Hence, in America, there is no good or bad ton, no polished and no rough society. One tone and one colour is peculiar to the community; the same coating of varnish and semi-polish is daubed over all. The varieties of expression and face, again, are very perceptible among ourselves. There is a very marked difference, we need hardly say, between the expression on the face of a labourer, and the eloquent countenance of a person of refined education. The Americans are, in this respect, all, as it were, dies from the same stamp. Naturally, there are no aristocratic types among them, and, as a general rule, there is something vulgar and plebeian, not only in their manners, but in the common-place expression of their faces. This admixture of the vulgar is found even in the countenances of their presidents and great men, and in the faces and mode of speech of even their loveliest ladies.

On the other hand, the brutal and coarse expression found among our idiots, and those allied to them, does not descend so deep in the lower classes, as among ourselves. The low origin of their children, when ennobled in the American fashion, by being raised by a turn of the dice to a high position, is not perceptible either in manner or bearing, for these are very rapidly formed after the universal model.

Their domestic relations also follow the same uniform system. The houses in their towns are as much alike as if built by the same architect. The interior is always furnished in the same way, the only dif-

ference being that it is more modest among the poor, more ostentatious among the rich. Drawing-room, dining-room, and bedrooms, are arranged precisely the same everywhere. At the same spot where the sofa or rocking-chair stands in New York, you find it again in St. Louis or St. Francisco. The walls are decorated with the same traditional engravings, the floors covered with the same indispensable carpet. Each man wishes to arrange his own nest exactly as another has done his, and he has no taste of his own. As there are no originals in America, no peculiarity in the furnishing of the houses need be expected: the Horatian adage, "Show me your friend's house and I will tell you what he is," is not applicable in America, for in their houses there is nothing but a wearisome equality of tastes and feelings, wants and their satisfaction.

This grand uniformity could be carried further into the smaller details of the kitchen and cellar arrangements, which offer a rich and remarkable field for study. It is again to be found in the plan on which their cities are built, for these are so alike that a stranger often feels confused. The monotony of the scenery and soil is perhaps partly to blame for this, but even if they stumble on a picturesque bit of landscape, they do not, like our forefathers, scatter their houses over the hill-sides and through the valleys, but go on levelling the ground, till they have rendered it perfectly flat, and stripped it of every atom of romance.

If, when wandering in the labyrinth of any large American town, you stop at a street corner and gaze at the general appearance of the houses, you might swear that your kind-hearted friend Mrs. P., of New York, resides here. "Is not that her house? it looks exactly like it, and is of the same colour. There are her steps, surely; those curtains she used to have before her windows, and the same trees stand before her door. The neighbours' houses are also grouped in precisely the same way, and the streets here run in the same direction, and offer a similar prospect." You fancy yourself brought, as if by magic, into the vicinity of a friend; you feel inclined to knock at the door and pay your respects to the lady. But then you reflect that you are hundreds of miles from New York, in one of the suburbs of St. Louis, and only owe this pleasant, but unhappily short illusion, to the comprehensive genius for uniformity of the nation.

Our politicians frequently observe that the majority in the United States exerts the same despotic tyranny as the autocratic czar in Russia. When they say so, they have only in view the political tyranny of this victorious majority, which forces its president, its senators, its judges, even its postmasters and mail-cart drivers, on the conquered and thoroughly dispossessed minority: the majority, which in a most wonderful manner blinds or gags the press, and suffers no opposition to its party views. But more remarkable is the consequence of their democratic tendencies, which carry along the entire nation, as the trade winds do the dust of the desert. A similar tyrannising majority has gained the upper hand in unpolitical matters, and, as we have shown, even sways manners and customs, and moulds body and mind so thoroughly, that they grow as like each other as pebbles rolled about by a stream. It seems as if this political and moral majority passed through the whole body of the American nation, as the mighty Gulf Stream does through

the ocean. Fashion, the majority, the spirit of the age—call it as you will—has not yet produced among us such a Gulf Stream, that carries everything away and sets all wheels in motion. Among ourselves there is a number of counter, side, and under-currents: even when the tops of the trees are bent, or the waves break in foam, there is a quiet undergrowth, or deep water below. The Americans, who possess no such protection, whom every change of temper affects to the furthest extremity, naturally run a greater risk of degenerating into savageness than we Europeans, who are provided with so many natural counterpoises and active obstacles.

When the Americans praise to a European the political constitution of their country, and prove how cleverly calculated the power of their authorities is, how the action of congress is checked by the president, how in some states the parliaments exercise a control over the governor, and *vice versâ*, and how each man has a right of resistance to protect himself against others, they generally end their panegyric with the exclamation that it is a most wonderful system of checks and balances. But they forget that they have not introduced any counterpoise against the Gulf Stream of the majority, and that their whole constitution floats in the air like a balloon, which, in spite of all its ballast, is driven along by the blast of the national spirit. Could they but improve this spirit, they might again secure an anchorage for their constitution.

What did the Americans obtain from Europe? They are not, to any great extent, the cause of their being what they are: we may say that their character, and all the qualities and peculiarities that distinguish them, are the very natural and almost necessary product of their history and position. They could not have become other than what they are: perhaps, too, they can do little towards their amelioration, for destiny placed them on an inclined plane, down which they travel at a great pace, but it will be a matter of difficulty to climb up it again. As, however, the hope of improvement should not be given up either in a nation or an individual, the causes and historic progress of this degeneration may be sought with advantage.

The task of deducing national peculiarities from historic and geographical events is proportionally nowhere so easy as among the Americans. The first beginnings and origin of our old European nations are hidden in the obscurity of age; we cannot accompany them at their first migration, or decide what they brought with them, and what they derived from the land on which they settled. Who can say, for instance, whence the Germans obtained their phlegm and slowness, the French their impetuous temper, or their lively and brilliant esprit? Who can prove how or where this or that habit, peculiarity, or custom, was implanted in the Italians or Spaniards? Such things are generally buried in oblivion, and stand beneath us like old ruins of which no one knows who built them.

All this is different with the thoroughly new American nation, for when its foundations were laid history had long had its eyes open, and had set hands and presses in motion. Their constitutions and states were not *Dei gratiâ*, if we may use the expression, but were made and formed by man, and with such superabundance, that, for instance, the written laws of such young states as Illinois already fill libraries. We know not only

the date of the foundation of each colony, but the names, descent, and character of their individual founders; while accounts have been kept down to our time of the number of immigrants, their nationality, &c. Hence, we are enabled to divide all that is imported from the native article, and gauge the merits of both.

As the Americans did not enter on their territory like the nomadising Magyars, as thoroughly raw barbarians and pagans, but as descendants and offshoots of nations that had long been civilised, we may seek the foundation of their character on this side the ocean, especially in certain classes and provinces of those kingdoms from which the American population was principally drawn. They obtained their main strength from England, and hence we find the chief features of our national character among them. Generally regarded, we may consider them a branch of the Anglo-Saxon stem. From England, those persons oppressed by the aristocracy, the Church, and the king, the plebeians, the persecuted sectarians, and the discontented, fled in masses to the New World. They took with them their dissenting and sectarian observations and church institutions, and these have spread in a rank crop over the new soil. The plebeians took with them also their plebeian manners, mode of speech and trades, and made them predominant in the new land. When the nobility of England were the persecuted party under Cromwell, a good deal of aristocratic blood certainly passed over to America, principally to the Southern States; but it was so insignificant that it could not give a tone to the entire nation, as was the case with the German colonies founded in Livonia and Conrland, where the nation assumed the manners, character, and feelings of the upper classes of Germany. Nearly all those who afterwards proceeded from England to America belonged to the working and industrial classes, and inoculated the new people with their active, industrious, and speculative temper. Work, self-exertion, and money-making—things which had secured to these people the highest aim of life in England—hence became the ruling principle in America. The Americans, as a people, stand in the same relation to the English nation as our lower plebeian classes to the aristocracy. An English nobleman recognises in the New York character all the peculiarities, instincts, and dialect of his own lower classes, combined with the manners of his upstarts.

Of the British provinces, not one has increased the American population more than Ireland, whence millions have emigrated, so that it would not be going too far to assert that one half the Americans are descended from the Irish. These Irish—mostly of the Celtic race and Catholic confession—have been absorbed by the more energetic Anglo-Saxon race, and they have entirely forgotten their Celtic tongue. They only remained faithful for a while over there to their Catholic Church, and many of them went over, and are still going over, to Protestantism, and thus become entirely blended with the Protestant or Anglo-Saxon race. But, for all that, the strong admixture of the Irish element has added many of its features to the portrait of the American character, which has received a very strong Celtic colouring. They obtained from the Celts a certain activity and rapidity which distinguishes the American from the real old Anglo-Saxon, though it is far from equalling the elegance of the Parisian Celts.

The passion of all Americans to play the gentleman is peculiar to the Irishman in rags, and that these American gentlemen should often act in so ungentlemanly a way by appealing to the "knock-him-down" argument, and be so fond of fighting, may be the result of the passionate nature with which the Irish blood inoculated them. It seems as if the Irish planted a sprig of shillelagh in American soil, which grew splendidly, and produced an infinity of cuttings. We fancy that the celebrated Virginian "Lynch," from whom a peculiar American institution has derived its name, was of Irish descent. The hatred and suspicion the Americans display towards England, which did not disappear even after all cause for it was removed, may also be kept alive by the constant influx of the Irish element. In their language, mode of expressing themselves, in their orthography, and poetry, the Americans distinctly display this Irish influence. In their dictionary a great number of Irish words have crept in, and in their literary style the Americans have a high-flown, ornate manner, which is not at all English. American poets often play upon words, like the Irish and other Celts, while true English poetry sets sole value on an energetic and concentrated expression of deep and earnest feelings and thoughts.

The many Highlanders and Welsh, too, who went to America, may have helped to maintain the Celtic element. Of other European nations which have assisted in the formation of American manners and peculiarities, we need only mention the French, Dutch, and Germans. French manners, tone, and customs are still kept up to a certain extent in some old towns founded by the French in the Mississippi country, and have been partially accepted by Americans of Anglo-Saxon and Irish origin who have migrated thither. The good society of New Orleans, indeed, speak still both English and French. Nearly the same may be said of the influence of the Dutch in New York. In this state, which they formed, there are not only many old families that have not yet forgotten Dutch manners and language, but practical observers assert that a Dutch colouring is unmistakably present in the manners and temper of the two million inhabitants of that state. Several Dutch customs—as, for instance, keeping up Christmas as in Holland, St. Nicholas-day, New Year congratulations, &c.—have been retained there, and are now kept up by the Americans in magnificent style.

The Germans denationalise themselves as rapidly in America as they do elsewhere. But they have retained their manners and language at those spots where they are strongly represented, and in Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, and a few other states, there are entire districts inhabited by Germans. In such states the political weight and character of the Germans exercise at times an undoubted influence. Hence you may often hear go-ahead Yankees complain that Pennsylvania, through its population being so strongly composed "of slow, phlegmatic Dutchmen," who act as a drag, is difficult to set in motion. As merchants, tradesmen, artisans, agriculturists, and servants, the Germans certainly play a great part in America. With the vineyards along the Ohio and Mississippi, with the beer-breweries they establish in every town, with their public gardens, their gymnastic and singing societies, they indirectly alter the manners of the Americans to a considerable extent; but their influence,

after all, is as nothing compared with that of the Anglo-Saxon and Irish element.

Had the fugitives and colonists from England found the New World unpopulated, and had they only been forced to contend against nature, it is probable that their national character would have been greatly modified. The savage, hunting peoples they found there, and with whom they soon came into constant collision, and have remained so to our days, assuredly exerted a continuous influence over the development of their character. Unfortunately, we are compelled to say that the two races, white and red, did not work beneficially upon each other. The Indians have rarely learned anything good from the Europeans, and this has been still less the case with the latter.

At the outset, the Indians were richer than the arrivals from Europe. They were the lords and owners of the soil: they alone knew how to chase those animals whose furs fetched a high price in Europe. They were acquainted with all the roads, rivers, and mountains, productions and treasures of the land, and from them the colonists could learn and acquire everything. The Indians, moreover, were at first superior to the colonists in savage strength and numbers, for the latter entered the country as pilgrim fathers, without soldiers or weapons, and having no Cortez or Pizarro to lead them. These pilgrims began by treating the Indians most kindly and affectionately; they obtained land from them piecemeal by treaties and bargains, and not by violence and conquest, and in the same way purchased from them for a mere song the peltry and other small wares, which they disposed of at a high figure in Europe. Before all, cunning and cleverness must be employed against the savages, and it was not till the small communities felt sufficiently strong that they suddenly appealed to force, and expelled or exterminated the Indians. We may say that from the beginning of their existence the American state and nation have developed themselves under the influence of constant treaties and acts of violence, negotiations and combats with the Redskins.

The bold, enterprising, cunning, and half-savage people, who now live in the rear of the American states and cities, the backwoodsmen, fur-hunters, beaver-trappers, and so-called Indian traders, are now celebrated or notorious throughout the world. But such a belt of spying pioneers and advanced posts, constantly waging a guerilla warfare with the Indians, has existed from the beginning in America. American life began with beaver-trapping and bargaining for peltry: these men constantly preceded agriculture or the building of the towns, of which the destroyers of the Indians became citizens. There is scarce a town in America which was not formerly a hunting station or a fur mart, or a family which did not count among its ancestors people who lived on the toil and plunder of the Indians. The qualities these men assumed in their incessant collision, either warlike or peaceful, with the Indians were necessarily permanently engrafted in the manners of the nation, and we may probably explain in this way most of the qualities contained in the name of Yankee. From these pioneers and hunters came the rapid walk, the great activity, the ever attentive and sharpened senses of the Yankees; hence, too, that quality which the Americans praise in

themselves under the title of "wide awake," for that is the principal qualification of advanced posts, sentries, and spies. Hence, too, came their greatly lauded "smartness"—an expression in which acuteness, rapidity of action, elasticity of movement, and impudence are combined. Hence, probably, also came the American fashion, so often criticised, of asking incessant questions. Their first business when they arrived in America must have been cross-examining the Indians, and it eventually grew into a permanent habit.

As the Anglo-Saxons have rarely intermarried with the Red-skies, but little of their blood and race has passed over to the Americans, but all the more of their mental qualities. We may assert that the Indian race is perpetuated in the American, and that every true Yankee has something of the Red-skin in him. Many—even American—physiognomists actually find in the features of the Americans a resemblance to the harsh, fixed Canadian expression. A distinguished French naturalist has declared that their hair is as stiff and bristly as is ordinarily the case among the Indians: fine silky curly hair is a great rarity in America, and the Americans are obliged to appeal to a hairdresser when they wish it to curl.

It is the opinion of many savans that not merely the mental, but also the physical, constitution and strength of the Americans is in a state of decadence, or at any rate has undergone a perceptible and considerable change. Figures borrowed from statistics are unable to prove this fact with mathematical precision, but there are a multitude of self-evident proofs of this view. Were there nothing else to support our assertion, the extraordinary number of chemists' shops, the flourishing state of the doctors, the amount of charlatanism, the countless pills, powders, draughts, and other domestic recipes, which everybody nearly always carries about with him, show that the condition of the national health is far from satisfactory. In no European village do you see anything like the smallest settlements in the Far West, where the doctor's shop is always the most brilliant and best stocked store in the town, where the corners of the streets and the pump railings are covered with printed panegyrics of life elixirs and universal specifics, or bills announcing lectures by peripatetic doctors on the cure of this or that disease. Instead of promoting health, the degenerated condition of the healing art in America must effect much in weakening the race and drying up the sources of life. A number of poisons, such as opium, mercury, and arsenic, are in far greater general use as curative means than among ourselves; and tobacco-chewing is another of the evil habits which ruin health, by destroying the appetite and the coats of the stomach. Like opium-eating, it ruins the complexion, and undoubtedly dulls the intellect; even the repulsive, unsympathising, egotistic expression it imparts to the face appears to indicate this. This custom, introduced into America by sailors, has now attacked all classes of society.

Here and there in America we do not deny that powerful men may be found. The tall, powerful Kentuckians are celebrated, so are the sturdy wood-fellers of Maine; we saw, in New Hampshire and other parts of New England, regiments composed of picked men, while among the Virginian planters there are many fine fellows. At the same time, we are bound to confess that very few cripples and wasted men are to be found in America. This proves that the race has an excellent stock still left, and

our only fear is that this stock, obtained from the fine old Anglo-Saxon family, may be too rapidly expended and wasted.

English cookery is very plain, perhaps too plain, but it is distinguished by the solidity of its material and the simple mode of preparation, which is beneficial to health. Our mode of cooking meat has recently been introduced into nearly every country. Though we may be deficient in the arts of pastry and confectionary, our bread is the best in the world. The Americans have transferred to their land the main features of English cookery, but they have allowed this branch of domestic science, which is all-important for the social welfare and the maintenance of a powerful race of men, to fall into a state of utter decay. Taken altogether, we believe that no great nation in the world is fed in so insipid and unhealthy a way as the American. One half of what they daily consume, often in great quantities, would produce indigestion in other nations, and hence it is but natural that dyspepsia should figure at the head of the list of diseases.

To begin with the most important of all articles of food—the daily bread—we must say that it is in a very bad state in America. Healthy, nourishing, thoroughly-baked, and pleasantly-tasted bread is not to be found in any household of the United States, and can only be obtained from the English and German bakers who have settled in a few American towns for the salvation of foreigners. The Americans never allow their bread to be thoroughly baked, and it is always doughy and pappy. Though they constantly complain of this themselves, they do not attempt any alteration; but it harmonises exactly with their own overhasty manner. It partially results from their dislike for large loaves, which will not keep till the next day, and most of the breakfast and tea rolls are not obtained from the baker, but made at home, and eaten hot and half baked.

At dinner they eat but little bread, and their dishes principally consist of fish and flesh, differently prepared. These two articles nature has to a certain extent supplied them with liberally. Their game is excellent, and was once abundant, and the wild turkeys are far superior to our tame birds in tenderness and flavour. We have nothing to compare with their prairie hens, the large fat American quails, and the varieties of wild-duck. The coast, the large lakes, and the huge rivers are overstocked with fish, but the old proverb about God sending meat and somebody else, cooks holds good here. So soon as the above mentioned and many other fine articles of food have been obtained from their forests and handed over to the uneducated cook, or negligent lady of the house, and hurriedly tortured in red-hot pans, covered with rancid butter, and served up with a watery sauce, they gradually lose all their piquancy, and when at last you have in your plate a lump of meat burned outside, and raw inside, your appetite entirely disappears.

Everybody remembers with pleasure the fragrant odour that issues from Parisian kitchens, and which seems like rising incense as you walk along the Boulevards. This odour, composed of all the various substances blended together in a Parisian kitchen, is the best recommendation of the excellence of the manipulations going on in them. But we could never draw near an American kitchen without feeling vexed at the unhealthy, stifling smell that met us from its atmosphere. We cannot describe this smell more closely, but any one whom it has once assailed will agree

with us that it is a characteristic and specifically American odour, which is met with throughout the whole country. The great hotels in New York and the other great cities are completely infected with it, and it is found again in every private house, possessing identically the same character. Its unpleasantness is sufficient to condemn the whole of the American cookery, and it probably emanates from defective management and the use of badly selected ingredients, such as the rancid butter, the hurriedly-fried fowls, the half-baked bread and pastry, and the raw beef-steaks and roast beef. (American housewives begin their baking and boiling about half an hour before dinner-time.) The universality of this smell throughout the country proves that the cookery is equally faulty everywhere.

Just in the same way as the Americans have only remained English in their prevailing colouring, their kitchen has borrowed much from other nations. They have in many respects imitated the Dutch in New York, the Germans in Pennsylvania, and the French on the Mississippi. From the Germans they seem to have taken the preparation of their vegetables, and they have also fresh boiled beef on their tables, which is never the case with the English. Soup is also more general among them than in England, though not so common as in France and Germany. They are very partial to boiled fruit, both fresh and dried, as well as to jellies and preserved fruits. Molasses play a great part on their tables, but their knowledge of pastry they have unluckily derived from England, and make it far more substantial. Their pie-crusts are usually as thick and pasty as if ordered from a bookbinder, just as their jellies seem to be turned out by a pomade-maker.

Of course the Americans have added many native dishes to those they borrowed from other nations, and some of them are not so very bad. We may mention, for instance, a fish soup called "chowder," the only thing we found at all eatable among the middle classes in New England. Unfortunately the Americans have discovered in their own country a variety of corn called maize, which grows even up to the frontier of Labrador. Of this yellowish, insipid, sweet corn they make all sorts of bread, cakes, pastry, broth, and soups, with which their tables are daily supplied, though no European can grow to like them. Dry ship biscuit also plays an important part in the national dietary. It is baked in almost every house, and served at breakfast and tea; it is even put into the soup, in which it swells like a sponge, and you come across a lump of this watery stuff when you expect wholesome green fat. In New England the ladies are wont to dip biscuit in cold water, when it soon absorbs the moisture, and is eaten as a dainty.

In spite of all the offensive kitchen smells and the red-hot stifling stoves, it is a great rarity ever to obtain any warm food in America. These unhappy beings pay no attention to the fact that some articles, through their nature, must be eaten cold, while others only display their good qualities through heat. Many dishes, eaten cold, are like flowers which have lost their fragrance, but the Americans pay no attention to such delicate details. All the dishes, cold and hot, are placed on the dinner-table together, and before the company have assembled all are equally tepid. Probably this want of warm food is connected with the American fashion of rapid eating, which is not only an unpleasant, but a

most unhealthy habit. The Americans display as much haste in eating as in any other business. There is no time for cheerful converse between the courses, and naturally the teeth do not perform their proper functions. It is true, however, that so few of the dishes are really agreeable, that you only feel pleased when you have given the stomach its necessary amount of pabulum.

Many American fashions in eating probably originate from this hasty feeding. Eating eggs is not a very graceful process anywhere, but the Americans render it simply disgusting. They take an egg-cup about the size of a beer-glass, break three or four eggs into it, add some salt and pepper, stir the mass up, and swallow it at a gulp. Other delicacies they treat in the same way—as, for instance, oysters, which we like to eat one by one from their natural receptacle. The Americans, who dislike ceremony, have the oysters opened, and poured with their water into a saucepan, when they are converted into what is called oyster-soup. They are thus enabled to devour the oysters with tablespoons, and this soup is a standing dish at the soirées of New York, Boston, and other cities, and even appears to the European as his evil genius—but *paulo majora canamus*.

A great argument in proof of the decay of the Americans may be derived from the remarkable fact that they so speedily broke down in the production of great men and prominent talents. The Greeks and Romans and other nations proved much more productive during their epoch of flourishing. Among them were entire races of great men, families in which talent, high virtue, and a noble character constantly remained, and were handed down from the revered father and grandfather to the equally distinguished sons and grandsons. Their firmament was richly adorned for centuries with planets of the first, second, and third magnitude. The Americans possess, it is true, their immaculate Washington, a patriot of simple grandeur of character, displayed by the most splendid and rare mental and moral gifts, and a citizen really worthy of imitation. As Castor to this Pollux, Benjamin Franklin may be placed by the side of Washington; but this is almost the only constellation that shed lustre on America. These two are their alpha and their omega, and they never again produced any men to equal them. It is as if their virtue only once bore a splendid blossom and ripe fruit. Since Washington and Franklin, who died not much more than half a century ago, they have produced remarkably few great, simple, and patriotic men. They were certainly followed by the Adamses, the Jeffersons, and a few others who acquired the praise of their contemporaries, but how thin did the tail of the comet soon become of which a Washington forms the brilliant nucleus!

This paucity of great men began very shortly after the declaration of Independence and the growing supremacy of democratic tendencies. All the great men of the republic, including Adams and Jefferson, were born under the English dominion, and educated in its good principles; and they, whose grandfathers still resided in England, were more English than American. Again, the birthdays of a Madison and a Clay, a Jackson and a Daniel Webster, nearly all fall in the last century, and partly under the English government, or close upon it. The more American the Americans became, the more that blood and temper they brought with them from Europe evaporated, the more incompetent they

appeared to produce great men. Clay and Daniel Webster, who died a few years ago, were the last of the Titans. The arrogance that gradually took possession of the masses, and filled them with the confidence or the notion that any man could manage matters as well as another, has ended by checking the energy of really gifted men, and as no laurels or reverence are offered them, they make no exertions to act as patterns to men who will not tolerate example. The great men have grown sick and tired of putting themselves in evidence, and the best of them piae away in the retirement of their homes. The spirit of the age has felled one after the other all the mighty oak-trees in the American forests, and nothing is left but a scrubby undergrowth.

It is true that almost every European native complains of the want of great men : how many in England, for instance, regard with dread the death of Lord Palmerston, through the impossibility of giving him a successor? But, after all, the matter is not so dangerous with us ; we have gone through many periods of poverty of that sort, and attained others which are more brilliant than even the past. We have still among us a sturdy natural stock, a primeval soil from which much may still spring up. With the Americans the exhaustion is far more hopeless, for they resemble an army without reserves. But the present crisis and deeply ramifying convulsion may aid them in this respect too.

The Americans are very fond of calling themselves a young nation, and take credit for a great deal too much in consequence. They consider us Europeans effete nations, with collapsiag and tottering states ; and this complaint, that Europe has lived itself out, and that we are going down the hill, has found considerable acceptance even among ourselves, especially with the followers of Mr. Bright. It seems to us, however, that people who discuss this question are apt to call decadence in Europe what is, after all, merely change. Old Europe has been for two thousand or three thousand years a Phoenix, which, it is true, burnt its own nest at times, but which ever drew fresh life from the old wondrous and inexhaustible fountain-head of the Indo-Germanic races. We have existed a long time, like a centennial oak, but a fresh youthful sap courses through our veins with every recurring spring. The Americans have not existed long, and hence may be called young ; but they have no right to regard themselves as more youthful than Europeans in fulness of life and freshness of mind and heart.

A glowing enthusiasm for the Beautiful and the Good, which at times becomes visionary, a childish and original simplicity and want of caution, a fresh poetical feeling, which degenerates at times into foolishness ; such are a few of the characteristics and faults of youth. As European youth, to whatever nation he may belong, stands in this respect as a perfect child by the side of an American youth—we beg his pardon, young gentleman. And even European men, old and young, have retained more of this temperament than the Americans, no matter of what age they may be.

Susceptibility to enthusiasm is a precious inheritance of the old, as yet uncorrupted, peoples of Europe, who feel God in nature, God in history, God in themselves. The Americans, who tinkered up the State with their own hands, who plunder Nature more than they admire her, who have expelled the old God everywhere, are but very little adapted for such youthful feelings. From childhood they are far too smart for sim-

plicity and meekness of heart. These are qualities which can be more easily met with in London and Paris than on the prairies of the Mississippi. Among the Americans the very lads seem to have eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and the whole nation bears traces of premature ripeness and the wrinkles of age upon its youthful brow. It is doubtful whether a rejuvenescence of the mind, a renaissance, such as has frequently appeared in the history of every European nation, can take place here. Will the current that has now assailed them bear them to this desirable change, or will they become perfectly savage?

One of the most material demands for the cohesion of human society is a certain traditional reverence for merit, talent, age, past times—in a word, for everything that appears reverend to a modest mind, which is conscious of its own individual insignificance. Of this feeling, which in Europe is the cement of family life, the Americans have unfortunately retained extremely little.

When they separated from the Old World, towards the close of the last century, and gave their mother country a repulse which it may, perhaps, have deserved to some extent, the Americans themselves received such an impulse in the contrary direction, that they at length went beyond all bounds. They yielded so insanely to their fear and hatred of England, that even long after they had become powerful and independent, a feeling of reverence for the fine old land of their fathers did not return, and a great portion of their patriotism even at the present day consists in dislike and jealousy of England, and suspicion of her motives. They were, at the same time, actuated by a feverish repugnance to all that was old or past, against everything connected with history and tradition, and the words, so frequently heard in their country, "We want no past," became their favourite phrase. They went much further in this respect than was necessary and good, and are now penetrated by a most anti-historic temper, which is a great misfortune for any and every nation. For, after all, we must repose once in the arms of history, and no nation can try to tear itself from its maternal arms without incurring punishment.

Through these historic events, through casting off the old European authority, and eventually all authority, an impulse was given to that contumely for old age generally, which is so remarkable a trait in the private life of the Americans. The men who no longer respected the land and traditions of their fathers, must in the end suffer the fate of being thrust on one side by their sons. To this, of course, was added the circumstance that in a country where so much that was new had to be created, where rude nature had to be overcome, and where even yet so rich a reward awaits the energetic and enterprising man, who lightly throws everything into the scale, the strong and daring youth of the land must take the first rank, and the weak, more cautious, and timid elders, retire and fall into discredit. The influence of these relations is specially noticeable in the western districts and in the brand-new states, where the youths are the dominant party, and the population consists almost exclusively of young men. But much of this has adhered to the whole nation. Young unmarried girls play the chief part in the house and in society; young men on 'Change and at public meetings. The youth of America exercise a species of terrorism, and the parents and grandfathers are attacked by an extraordinary cowardice. Even in the paternal house this terrorism is employed by the little boys, whom their father can no longer manage,

and from whom he at times flies to a remote chamber in passive resignation. When the lads grow up, they soon liberate themselves entirely from paternal control, do as they think proper, set up in business, marry, or go on their travels, just as they think proper.

Many of these growing lads, even among the better classes, terrorise society in the character of "rowdies." These fellows have their fraternities or hands, exercise Lynch law in the west, take the first place in elections, and fight the partisans of the opposing party in the public streets, hurling stones and brickbats at each other, and firing at each other with Derringers and pistols. Recklessness at length becomes so incorporated in these lads, that it degenerates into an irresistible fury for destruction. Hence they break the lamps without any political motive, or set fire at night to houses just for the sake of fun, fire a pistol in passing down a dark street to terrify peaceful citizens, or force their way into flower-shows and upset everything, and nobody attempts to keep them in order or punish them. They even undertake robberies, partly through a mere spirit of enterprise, partly because they like to have their pockets full of money, in order to make a grand show. At Baltimore there existed for a time a band of robbers recruited among the better classes, who attacked and plundered a mail-coach on the public highway.

We fear that when this paper is read in America a howl of indignation will be raised, but we have nothing extenuated, nor aught set down in malice. With all their faults—and we have not mentioned one tithe of them—the Americans are a great nation, and though they are at present under a cloud, we doubt not that reverses will tend to bring out their good qualities. Having enjoyed an unparalleled career of success, they believed in its durability, and the storm that has burst over them has found them all unprepared for the disaster. At present they have only been enabled to rig jury-masts, and naturally sail along very insecurely, but we believe that the good ship will ere long be fully rigged and ready for sea. Our readers must not be led astray by the transient successes of the South; nor should they yield to the dislike of the Northerners, fairly enough generated by insane bluster and a protectionist tariff. Though neither side deserves much sympathy from English readers, our feelings ought to be enlisted on the side of the North, for, try to disguise it how they may, the Southerners are fighting for the maintenance of an execrable system, which all civilised nations are agreed in condemning. The North is slow and cumbersome in its action, and has to contend with traitors of every hue, while the South has been preparing for years for the inevitable struggle. In spite of the transient successes of Bull's Run and Springfield, we are of opinion that the North has only to put forth its power to crush the South, and has hitherto refrained from doing so, partly from a lurking desire to effect a compromise, partly from unreadiness. But the expedition to Hatteras Creek is an important move, and shows that the Washington cabinet have at length thrown away the scabbard, while the remarkable proclamation of General Fremont, a man who is not to be trifled with, evidences a marked line of policy, which the North has so long required. Henceforth, President Lincoln will have to stand or fall by his acts, and it needs but very slight knowledge of human nature to predict that if the nation show itself to be in earnest, the present denizen of the White House will be only too ready to dance to the popular whistle.

THE FAR WEST.*

MR. BLIGHT is no common man, and his book is no common production. It is so good in itself that it would be almost an insult to the author to class it among guide-books; and yet it has the great merit of being the most satisfactory and trustworthy guide that a pilgrim could take with him to the dim and distant region, where

—all day long the noise of the battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea,
Till all King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse around their Lord.

Even those who cannot travel may, in their own homes, enjoy, in Mr. Blight's company, many of the sweets of travel, and learn many of its lessons, so thoroughly does he reproduce for us in his little volume the glorious scenes of the land of his birth which he knows and loves so well.

We have said that our author is no common man, and, indeed, there are few in the ranks of bookmakers who can illustrate as freely with the pencil and the graving-tool as with the pen. The great charm of "A Week at the Land's End" is, that nearly every page is enriched by a really beautiful woodcut, each the work of the writer. Rocks and caves, Churches and ancient houses, Christian remains and remains Druidical, mosses and ferns, rare plants and rare birds, are brought before the reader at every turn. We seem, as we read, to pass by and examine for ourselves the places we read of, to hear the sighing of the trees and the sighing of the waves, and to worship with our reverential guide among the hallowed stones reared by Celtic saints of old, who

—had their lodges in the wilderness,
Or built them cells beside the shadowy sea,—
And there they dwelt with angels, like a dream!

Mr. Blight commences his description with Penzance; and, having especial regard to the fine coast scenery, yet not forgetting the scarcely less interesting space between, he carries us around the toe of the Cornish Boot, by the Land's End itself, Tol Pedn, and Cape Cornwall, to St. Ives (where the southern channel nearly meets the Severn sea), narrating every legend of the olden time belonging to the district, and illustrating the scenes of each—their weird and savage mystery, their true and tender beauty.

There still hangs over this whole district a strange and solemn atmosphere, telling of days of old and of older men: it is not an outlandish, out-of-the-world place, as the Londoners think, inhabited by a semi-barbarous tribe, neither is it a rude, inhospitable shore now, whatever it may have been in times past. On the contrary, the land floweth with milk and honey in the valleys, and on the heights its "stones are iron, and out of its hills men dig brass." And its natives are shrewd beyond their fellows, and excel their neighbours of that lovely "garden of England," Devonshire, as the men of stern and rugged Attica excelled the

* A Week at the Land's End. By J. T. Blight. London: Longmans. 1861.

sleepy tillers of the rich soil of Boetia, in the arts of war and peace. A regiment of hardy, broad-shouldered Cornish miners covers more ground than any other; and Mr. Blight himself has shown us that in the gentle art of Bewick the self-taught genius of the Far West can rival the studied labours of the Eastern sages.

And yet, with all this, the face of Old Cornwall in Western Penwith is weird and haggard; the people are primitive; and nature, for once, seems stronger than man—stronger with a might which the continual inhabitant of a crowded city could never be made to understand, though no other could feel it so powerfully. Weird and haggard,—yet is this its chiefest charm: all is solemn, nothing is dull; we feel sobered and quiet, but we do not feel chilled or melancholy. The hard, machine-like man of business traverses its rocks and stone-hedged lanes “in a trance, but having his eyes open.” The dim cathedral is but a half way house, in the gradual solennisation of his feelings, between his counting-house and this hallowed ground. A sign-post we once came upon near St. Levan Church, has a carefully-drawn hand upon it, with all the nails neatly affixed to the *inside* of the fingers. A clerical companion, rich in the solemn splendour of broadcloth, thinking that the post was painted, clambered up to inscribe under the hand an impertinent criticism. The post was whitewashed, and so was our friend’s waistcoat when he descended. The affair would have been a good joke anywhere in the mid-land counties, but near the Holy Well of Old St. Levan, the laugh it caused rang out like laughter in a church. It was sacrilege. We voted the finger-post “Nehushtan,” and wandered away to dream ourselves into a Land’s End frame of mind again.

It is difficult to quote from such a book as “A Week at the Land’s End.” Our readers will not blame us for recommending them to get it for themselves, if, indeed, they have not already done so; for the work is deservedly popular, and a second edition is, we understand, about to be called for immediately. Let Mr. Blight include St. Ives, instead of stopping short at it, and devote a few pages to its fine old church and to the lovely scenery of its noble bay, which have never been properly illustrated.

SUNRISE ON SNOWDON.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

RELUCTANT, slow, and ope by one the stars
 Are shutting up their windows in the west,
 Glancing once more, pale nuns, behind their bars,
 Ere they retire to rest.

The mists of Night are sinking, valeward sinking,
 Leaving the mountain’s mighty forehead bare;
 The rocks of hoar eternity are drinking
 The sharp, pure, vigorous air.

A glow scarce seen, so faint and tremulous, spreads
O'er the grey infinite of eastern sky,
Uncertain as the light that memory sheds
On joys long glided by.

But soon upon the horizon's far-stretched brim
A blush comes up—a something there uncloses
Of faintest red, as if, amid the dim,
Bloomed million pale-leaved roses.

The delicate flowers are growing to an arch
Of living coral; in the widening light
The eye can trace the river's misty march,
Lake, vale, and lesser height.

Still change—advancing, Night the foe pursued,
Day shoots a shaft of ruby up the sky;
Wider each moment hued now, and deeper hued,
The burning arrows fly.

He comes—up-springing from the depths, the sun
Lifts his hot forehead, blinding as I gaze;
Along the earth the slanting glories run,
And heaven is all a-blaze.

He comes—the mists, like ghosts, away are fleeing;
Dead Night is burning on her funeral pyre;
Snowdon, with all his rocks, returns Day's greeting
With a glad smile of fire.

Far to the west the level ocean lies,
A tessellated floor of green and gold,
And Scotia's distant hills like ramparts rise—
Wide is earth's map unrolled.

I gaze from these high crags; the world below
Seems all rejoicing. Hail! thou King of Day!
That comest with thy crown of rosy glow,
Health, life, in each warm ray.

Thou comest like an angel with spread wings,
Winnowing gold beams, by time nor bowed, nor hoary;
The thankful heart of all created things
Boundeth to meet thy glory.

Grand orb! with thine intolerable blaze,
Thou beauteous mystery! thou glorious fear!
Shining through an eternity of days,
Dazzling our vision here:

Thou art but shade to Him who hung thy globe,
Ponderous, encased in fire, in lighted space;
Darkness is only shaken from thy robe
Beside His dwelling-place.

O Mountain where I stand—O sun that now
Fillest with lustre all that late was dim!
Expand my heart—exalt me while I bow—
Lift my rapt soul to Him.

AN HUNGARIAN MAGNATE.

I.

THE ROBBERY.

A HORSEMAN dashed at full speed through the extensive village of Nyirsalu, in Eastern Hungary. He was a fine-looking man, and might reckon some five-and-thirty years; his long hair was of a chesnut colour, and his beard full and thick. His features were regularly handsome, and whenever he opened his generally closed lips, white teeth glimmered between them. His elegant Hungarian costume rendered his appearance even more striking. His short, closely-fitting coat, like the rest of his attire, was black, and light golden spurs glistened on his boots. In spite of the excessive cold, which was some fourteen degrees below freezing point, he had thrown back his fur dolman, which fluttered in the breeze as he rode along, and gave him a bold and dashing appearance. His horse, a young apple-grey, black-spotted animal, was an Arab. It flew lightly along the road, and the rider had no necessity to employ either spurs or whip.

This handsome horseman was the deputy and president, George von Raikosi, the pride of the Hungarian gentry of the Comitatus. He lived in Nyirsalu, and was the richest proprietor in this large Magyar village, which contained more than ten thousand souls. One-fourth of the village, and of the estates attached to it, was his property.

Many a window in the houses situated along the road was opened, and more than one pretty youthful maiden face gazed out with a smile at the stately rider. On this morning, however, he had not the slightest greeting for one of them, and a gloomy expression covered his features. On returning from a visit in the neighbourhood, he had learned that during the night his four carriage-horses had been stolen from his stables, in spite of police and watchmen. Four horses were no loss for him; he would not have moved a feature about them; but these were valuable animals, and difficult for him to replace. When he drove out with them, harnessed four abreast in a light carriage, he could lay a heavy wager that no one for sixty miles round possessed a team so admirably broken in, or which obeyed the slightest pressure of the bit so excellently as these animals. They had been his pride, and he had boasted of their training. And, in the bargain, the impudence to take the horses out of his stable! What availed him his position and power as president, if they were unable to protect him from such roguery? He fancied that the thief had committed the deed merely to insult him, and feeling more angry still at this thought, he dug his spurs into his horse's flanks, so that it flew along like an arrow, and bore him to his home in a few minutes.

Without deigning a glance at the noble animal, he leaped off its back and walked towards his mansion. The police commissary, Melzi, came to meet him, followed by three heyduks—tall, powerful fellows.

"Such is the way, then, that the police are managed in Nyirsalu, that

the villains can steal the horses out of my stable, though I am president of the tribunal," Raikocsi shouted to him with a rough oath.

Melzi shrugged his shoulders. "The police cannot be charged with inattention," he replied; "they were crafty horse thieves, and I have already arrested four Wallachs."

"Who are they?"

"The old herd and scamp Stanko, two young fellows, equally cunning rogues, and Philippovitch, the bear-hunter and horse-stealer."

"Have you proofs?" the president asked.

"The robbery was executed with so much cunning and daring, that Philippovitch and Stanko must necessarily have carried it out, or at least arranged it. Is not that proof enough?" Melzi remarked.

"I cannot think Philippovitch guilty of such an action," Raikocsi objected; "for though he is crafty and daring, he has pride, and even as horse-stealer a certain amount of honesty. He filches all his horses from across the Turkish or Russian border, or steals from the Jews, and I never yet heard that he stole the property of an Hungarian. There is something in his manner which it is impossible to despise: he takes from the rich and helps the poor."

A smile played over Melzi's face. "Philippovitch has not stolen your horses for the sake of the animals," he replied; "but suppose he wished to insult you, and give vent to a feeling of hatred? Suppose the daring nature of the exploit seduced him?"

Raikocsi pressed his lips together. Almost the same thoughts had occurred to him.

"Why do you suppose that?" he asked.

"From an expression he recently made use of in a public-house, when he openly stated that he did not fear your power or mine in the slightest, but would carry out any design in your teeth. He is a Wallach, he loves his race, and he is almost venerated by them; and he hates every Magyar, on account of the oppression and contempt his people suffer from them. He would find it an easy matter to get on, but he will not desert his tribe. Be on your guard against him, for the Wallachs are revengeful."

A proud, contemptuous smile played over the landowner's face. He knew no fear, least of all of a Wallach. "I will examine the accused men," he answered, shortly, and walked, followed by the police commissary and his heyduks, to the town-hall, which stood in an open square in the centre of the village. The burgomaster was also summoned.

Carelessly throwing himself into an arm-chair, the president awaited the arrival of the prisoners with petulant silence. When they entered, their chains rattled, for their feet were thrust through heavy rings wedded together by thick fetters. Stanko and the two young fellows were dressed alike. They wore the white bunda, and dirty trousers of coarse white stuff. Thin and of middle height, they had a yellowish complexion, large black eyes, expressive features, and black hair. Stanko seemed to be close on sixty, but he really counted seventy-four years, and had passed at least one-third of his life in prison. Wind and weather had hardened his body.

The features of these three men did not express the slightest fear; and, indeed, Stanko regarded the magistrates with a contemptuous look.

Philippovitch was a handsome man, of about two-and-thirty. His

slight stature, his delicate, shapely limbs, his long pale face, his small moustache, his finely-chiselled lips and white teeth, his silky hair, his large black eyes overshadowed by the long eyelashes, the entire expression of his face,—all gave him a noble appearance. At the first glance his countenance produced an agreeable effect, but the wrinkle that crossed his broad forehead indicated a firm and unbending will. His dress consisted of a brown cloak with red cords, loose brown trousers, a cap of marten-skin, and tall morocco-leather boots.

Melzi commenced the examination. The prisoners denied their guilt obstinately. Stanko answered the police commissary's questions with jests, Philippovitch shortly and seriously. After about half an hour the latter lost patience, and said to Melzi, "You weary me. Condemn me if you please: I shall not say a word further. As, however, I did not steal the horses, you will convict me unjustly." And his eye sparkled darkly and threateningly.

Melzi tried to conceal his rising anger. "It is said, Philippovitch," he replied, "that you only rob Russians and Jews, and give openly to the poor what you take from the rich. Throughout the country there is no bear-hunter equal to you; but you have insulted myself and the high, well-born president, and you will have to repent it. I will not say that you have acted as a rogue, for you lay claim to noble birth, and any insulting expression is prohibited me by law; but I tell you that a gallows' rope is worth more than you, with all your haughty demeanour. I will give you the opportunity to reflect over your want of uprightness and your past conduct."

Philippovitch shrugged his shoulders contemptuously, but answered never a word.

At the police commissary's order the heyduks seized the prisoners, tore off their cloaks, led them in front of the town-house, and bound them securely to posts generally used for tying up horses, as well as for gagging heavy criminals.

Philippovitch said not a word. He looked gloomy and threatening. Not one of the inhabitants of the village, who had eagerly flocked up, dared to ridicule him, for he would have avenged it.

While the prisoners without began to tremble with cold, the president, police commissary, and burgomaster sat down comfortably to a steaming bowl of punch, and played in the best possible temper a game of taroc.

"Do you think you will bring the fellows to confess by means of the cold?" the landowner asked, presently.

Melzi laughed cunningly:

"I intend to employ a little recipe, which will make their tongues wag."

The heyduks had brought in four buckets of water. Melzi rose, opened the window, and dashed a bucket of cold water on the head of each of the prisoners, who stood exactly under the window.

The unhappy men were unprepared for this, and became restless. They shook themselves, and looked silently at Philippovitch, who turned pale, and pressed his lips tightly together. It was only his menacing look that revealed his feelings. The three herds trembled with cold, however much they might seek to hide it, but drops of perspiration beaded on Philippovitch's forehead.

Melzi shut the window, and seated himself again at the card-table. He did not think of the wretches outside, for he was in luck. Raikocsi at length laid the cards aside, and asked,

"Is it the first time that you treat thieves like flower-pots?"

Melzi laughed, and declared that it was the best way to bring obstinate sinners to confess, and ordered the heyduks to fetch four more buckets.

"How long will you leave the fellows out there?" the president asked further.

"Had they been Germans, not half an hour, for they would hardly escape with life. But these men are capable of enduring such frost for three hours, and merely catch an ordinary cold in the head. If they are wrapped in their bundas, they care little whether it snows or rains. I have seen Wallachs over whom a very snowball has collected. No one could have suspected a human being beneath, and yet a Wallach lay there in his bunda fast asleep."

He opened the window, and a second bucket of water was slowly poured on Stanko's grey head. The old man trembled violently in all his limbs, and looked at Philippovitch.

"Confess, and trust to me," the latter said, in Wallachian.

Stanko shouted, with a forced laugh:

"My lord commissary, I stole the horses, with the help of these two. Philippovitch is innocent."

"Indeed," Melzi said, with a sarcastic glance at the bear-hunter. "His innocence will have to be proved."

He gave the heyduks orders to unfasten the confessedly guilty men, and lead them into the town-house.

"Give them each a glass of spiced wine," said Raikocsi, walking to the window.

Philippovitch gave him a piercing glance:

"You are very late in showing your pity, my lord president," he exclaimed.

"You can speak now, then!" Raikocsi said, with a triumphant laugh. "If you are innocent, you can easily prove to us that you were at home last night."

The young Wallach exchanged a glance with a pretty young girl among the crowd who was known to be his betrothed, and was silent.

At this moment a Hulan officer came galloping down the road, followed by his servant, and stopped his horse in surprise on seeing Philippovitch. The latter turned pale on recognising the officer; it was Lieutenant-Colonel Paul Aldany. The latter guessed from the prisoner's wet clothes and the bucket in the open window what had occurred. Melzi and the president were standing behind it.

"Are you not ashamed, sir, to be guilty of such an act?" the officer shouted to the latter in German. "It is unworthy of an Hungarian!"

Raikocsi, who was on bad terms with Aldany, smiled superciliously: "The fellow stole four valuable horses of mine last night: he will be loosed from the post so soon as he confesses."

Aldany looked at Philippovitch. Their glances met, and the Wallach's eye remained calm.

"He is innocent!" Aldany shouted. "He has not robbed you, my

lord president; in any case, I will be bail for him, no matter the amount required. Heyduks, remove his chains and set him at liberty."

The heyduks did not stir, but looked inquiringly at the police commissary, who appeared angry and confused.

Once again Aldany repeated his order without success. The country folk who stood curiously around became restless—it was in 1847—and one of them shouted that an imperial officer, and German in the bargain, had no orders to give here, and had no right to assail the privileges of the people.

Aldany drew himself up in the saddle. "Unfasten the man, heyduks!" he shouted. "I am Count Aldany, an Hungarian magnate."

Many heads were uncovered, and the heyduks unfastened the prisoner without further hesitation. Philippovitch shook his stiffened limbs and wrapped himself in his cloak.

"Are you able to go home alone?" the officer asked.

"Yes," the young Wallach answered, "I thank your excellency. I did not steal the horses. If ever you require a man, I am at your service."

He drew his cap over his ears, gave the president and commissary a threatening look, and went rapidly off.

Raikosi, in spite of his ill will, could not help inviting the lieutenant-colonel to step inside. The latter accepted the invitation, because he owed the president an explanation about his sympathy with Philippovitch.

"I had him for four years in my squadron when I was in Transylvania as captain in the Archduke Joseph's Hussars," he narrated, after entering the house. "I took him as my orderly. He was the best horseman among my men. He tamed the wildest horse, and in a fortnight broke in the most obstinate. He accompanied me in all the bear-hunts I made with Count Retmeny, and he soon proved that he was superior to all. No one understood better than he how to find the animal's track. When the bear was shot, and rendered furious, he would attack it in the Wallach fashion with axe and knife. I secured his promotion as corporal, and afterwards as sergeant, but then he was removed to another squadron. His new captain did not like his free unaffected manner, and Philippovitch at times neglected his duty by going hunting. The captain got in a passion with him one day, and had him put in irons. The young bothead drew his sabre and threw it at the captain's head, slightly wounding him. Philippovitch was degraded, and sentenced to run the gauntlet four times. I felt sorry for him, and obtained his pardon and dismissal. He was in all respects a faithful and honest lad. Since then I have learned to my regret that he does not confine his expeditions to hunting, but fetches horses out of Turkey and Russia and sells them among us. He told me that he did not steal your horses, and Philippovitch never told a falsehood."

II.

THE BRETHREN OF THE CROSS.

IN Philippovitch's soul henceforward there was only one feeling, that of the most glowing hatred against the president. His former officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Aldany, had taken his promise not to make any attack on Raikocsi's life, and he had given it. Never before had the thought of murder occupied his mind, but now he could not get rid of it. Still, there were other ways of avenging himself on the president.

With such thoughts and resolutions he reached the Wallachian village of Panesova, in which he lived, and possessed one of the best houses. Though it was only thatched with straw, it had three glazed windows in front, and a spacious court-yard with a boarded stable, in which at times eight or ten Moldavian or Russian horses stood. In the interior of the house cleanliness and order prevailed. Philippovitch not only possessed the greatest power over the Wallachs, but was also considered one of the most prosperous men among them.

The greatest interest was excited in the house of Philippovitch by the room in which he kept his instruments of the chase. Half a dozen bearskins hung on the walls, along with a rifle, a long duck-gun, a double-barrelled fowling-piece, two short axes, a lance, two saddles, a cavalry sabre, a brace of pistols, and a dagger. In a corner of the room was suspended a small board, in which a long knife-blade was fixed, and the thongs attached to it showed that it was employed as a breastplate. Philippovitch fastened it on his chest when he went hunting, and when a bear hugged him the knife-blade quietly ran into its breast.

Still and silent the young Wallach sat down in his room. He gave no answer either to his mother, or to a pretty young girl, his sister, who bore an unmistakable likeness to him. He did not even think of changing his wet clothes. What did they matter? He was no delicate townsman. On his frequent bear-hunts he had far greater privations to endure than spending a few hours in wet clothes, even in the winter season. Though he did not look strong, he had grown hardened by wind and storm, and the strength and elasticity of his muscles were almost incredible.

He sat there brooding gloomily. Suddenly the door of the room opened, and a tall, almost blonde, but weather-beaten young man appeared on the threshold.

"Ha, Jensko!" Philippovitch exclaimed, as he sprang up, and hurried towards the new arrival. Almost forcibly he drew him into the room, and seized his hand. For a moment he looked him fixedly in the face, and a tear gathered in his own eye.

"Wilt thou stand by me, Jensko?" he at length asked.

"Certainly, whatever it may be. Are we not brothers of the cross and faithful partners?" Jensko replied.

Philippovitch pressed his hand firmly.

Both young men belonged to the Union of the Brethren of the Cross, who had vowed fidelity to each other in life and death. This fraternity was drunk in water, in which a few drops of blood from each of the confederates were mingled, and out of a jug at the bottom of which a

cross lay. Those who had drunk thus were united for life. In addition, Jensko was a passionate and undaunted bear-hunter like Philippovitch himself, and although a native of Transylvania, the two young men generally went bear-hunting together.

In a few words Philippovitch described what had occurred, and both left the room, in order to consult about the revenge to be taken on the president.

Three days later Raikocsi found the following letter on the table of his saloon :

"IN THE NAME OF GOD AND HIS JUSTICE!—Stanko, Marko, and Arzuh did wrong in stealing your horses: they deserve punishment for it. But you threatened and tortured an innocent man, and equally merit punishment.

"The thieves are condemned to restore the horses, and they will obey.

"You are summoned to pay a penalty of three hundred florins. You will lay the money the day after to-morrow under the flat stone which is near the well of your Csarda.

"The people who restore your horses are satisfied with this money fine, but the thieves whom you tortured must remain only three months in prison, and be well treated.

"If you refuse to carry out one of these conditions your estates will be destroyed; and in the first place your herds will be driven off and your stacks fired; secondly, your house will be burned down; and, thirdly, you will not be permitted to house any harvest from your estates.

"This the Brethren of the Cross have sworn!"

Raikocsi was furious. He could not discover who had brought the letter, but he knew from whom it came. In the first outburst of his passion he wished to have Philippovitch arrested, but he was afraid of the vengeance of the Brethren of the Cross. He must yield, and perhaps he might yet succeed in taking his revenge on the bear-hunter.

The president went in person to his Csarda, and laid the demanded three hundred florins under the appointed stone; but he remained in the house, and watched at a window which commanded the well. The night passed away, and no one appeared. For hours he waited in vain. At length, quite wearied, he mounted his horse and rode to his village, which was about five miles distant. A wood came down to the roadside. Through caution he rode across country about a couple of hundred yards from the wood. Suddenly a shot was fired, and a bullet whizzed over his head.

Forgetting all caution, and excited to madness, he dashed with cocked pistol in the direction whence the shot had come. All around remained silent and gloomy. In the impotence of his wrath he uttered loud imprecations against the invisible shot. At this moment a rifle flashed near him; then, on the other side, a second, followed by a third and fourth. Four bullets whistled close over his head, and by their peculiar sound he recognised that they had a hole bored through them. A feeling of his powerlessness against invisible foes, who shot so certainly even in the darkness, overcame him. Still he did not like to betray his fear.

"Who whistles last wins the game," he said, gnashing his teeth. Two

more bullets whizzed over his head at these words. He rode slowly home.

The next morning the three hundred florins had disappeared from under the stone. On the second night four horses were handed over by strangers to the president's neatherd. He recognised them as his master's horses.

III.

THE ELECTION.

THE election to the post of vice-gespann was impending. Raikocsi belonged to the Liberal party, and had the greatest hopes that the choice would fall on him. Count Bornicz was put up by the Conservative party as the opposition candidate. Both parties met in the capital for the election, and both were prepared to gain it. Serious disturbances were anticipated. Although it was prohibited to take sabres to the polling-booth, here and there the end of a thick stick could be seen under a hunda, and the small axe that formed the handle had been expressly sharpened.

Raikocsi had collected his partisans in the yard of a large inn, and at ten o'clock he started with them for the Comitathouse. The election began at first extremely favourable for Raikocsi, but the Conservatives soon got a little ahead. Raikocsi was informed of this, and he was determined to risk anything to secure his election.

"We must employ force," he replied; "a little tumult will intimidate our opponents, and then we can easily gain the upper hand again. Fetch Firmay."

Soon after a colossal man made his appearance, with a bright red face, long moustache, and red hair. His blue cloth clothes were overladen with tags and silver buttons. He was the Szekler Firmay, renowned for his duels with sabre and hatchet.

Raikocsi whispered a few words in his ear, and a savage delight enlivened his features. He unbuttoned his coat, and produced a stout stick with an axe, which was hanging from his neck. This battle-axe, known as a *buzogany*, is next to the sabre the national weapon of the Magyars. Firmay quitted the president, and ran over the square in front of the Comitathouse, yelling, in a thundering voice, "Treachery! treachery! our opponents are voting twice over!"

"We will drive them away! Long live the fatherland! long live liberty!" his accomplices joined in.

Within a second, more than five hundred battle-axes glistened in the hands of the Liberals. Firmay placed himself at their head, and dashed at the street occupied by the Conservatives, whom he thus cut off from their partisans in the court-yard of the Comitathouse. They, too, were not quite unprepared, but armed with sword-sticks and axes. Firmay rushed at them, and drove them back, as they were in a considerable minority.

More than two hundred of the Conservative party, however, were still round the Comitathouse, and Firmay's wild band now dashed at them. They were attacked on both sides: blood already flowed from several wounds. Five of the Conservatives had fallen, and yet the Conservatives defended themselves manfully.

"Forwards! Capture the house!" Firmay ordered.

"Back into the house, all of you!" a voice shouted in the rear of the Conservatives, "then we can keep them at bay! Long live the king! Long live Bornicz! In with you!—in, I say! I will hold them in check!"

The new combatant stepped out of the ranks of the royalists and opposed Firmay.

"'Tis the bear-hunter! 'tis Philippovitch!" was heard on all sides. The Liberals fell back before him.

"So long as it is not the devil, why should we be afraid of him?" Firmay shouted, with a contemptuous laugh. "Come on, my lad, we will have a little dance!"

"Your dancing days will soon be over!" the young Wallach replied.

A narrow space was left between the opponents. Philippovitch was bareheaded: he waved a short broad axe, which seemed too heavy for a man of his size. He raised it in the air. The face of the gigantic Firmay became red with passion. He rushed furiously on his enemy, and dealt a blow at him with his heavy and sharp huzogany. Philippovitch parried the tremendous stroke with the back of his axe without giving way an inch. The polished axe then flashed through the air like lightning, and the giant sank to the ground dead, with his skull cleft asunder.

"We will avenge Firmay! Forwards!" his comrades shouted, and dashed at the bear-hunter. The latter retired, fighting, to the Comitathouse, where he held them at bay. The other half of the Conservatives drove the Liberals back, and the victory was on their side. Already a loud cry of victory was raised, which drew from Raikocsi a suppressed and bitter curse. At this moment the cry broke out inside the house, "Fire! fire! we are lost!" Dense smoke poured out of the doors and windows of the house, and the Conservatives rushed wildly into the court-yard.

The conquered Liberals had set fire to the house. They extinguished the fire, occupied the house, and the victory passed over to them. Two squadrons of Hulans advanced to separate the combatants. The Liberals retained the victory in spite of Philippovitch's bold exploit. Raikocsi obtained a dozen more votes than his opponent. He was vice-gespann, but he did not forget how near he had been to defeat, through the deed of a man he so fervently hated—the bear-hunter Philippovitch.

That evening there was a hall at the capital. Raikocsi left it at a late hour, and morning was coming on apace ere he reached the Nyirsaln wood, through which the road ran.

The events of the day passed over again before his mind's eye during his lonely drive. He thought of Philippovitch, his deed, his threat, and his dauntless courage, and though he knew not what fear was, an uncomfortable feeling crept over him. Suppose he was to meet him now!

He reached the wood. In the midst of it he noticed a fire not far from the road. A dozen suspicious-looking men were sitting round it, and several horses were fastened to the trees by their bridles. Raikocsi looked anxiously at the men; he was seeking Philippovitch. He thought it better to set his horses at a gallop, but suddenly they were checked by a tree thrown across the road, in the branches of which they were entangled. The men had leaped up and come within fifteen paces of him. One of

them, who carried a lighted torch, shouted in Hungarian, "Do not be afraid: we are not here on your account; but remember the Brethren of the Cross!" He then seized the leading horses by the reins and led them over the tree. Raikosi lashed his horses on.

"Do not forget what I said to you," the man shouted after him; and several hollow bullets whizzed a few paces above the vice-gespann's head.

The horses were startled, and dashed madly along. He did not check them. The oppressive feeling that lay heavy on his breast did not disappear till the horses turned into his court-yard. He had not recognised Philippovitch among the men, but he knew that they had assembled by his orders, and the mysterious power of this man caused him even greater apprehension.

IV.

A DAY'S SHOOTING.

IN Eastern Europe spring and autumn are of short duration, and there are really only two seasons—summer and winter. The winter is cold and quiet, with starry nights, and is seldom disturbed by rain and snow-storms; the summer is as warm as in Andalusia. A luxuriant vegetation speedily springs up on the damp, rich soil.

The neighbourhood of Nyirsalu had assumed quite a different aspect. The roads were firm, and the eye gazed all around on growing crops. Immense fields of wheat waved backwards and forwards, the flax-fields ran in long strips by the side of the darker hemp and the already blossoming poppy. Here and there the peasants were at work on the tobacco-fields. Other fields were covered with crops of Indian corn, whose heads were growing splendidly. Pools of water still stood on some lowlands, but they daily grew smaller, and at length entirely disappeared among the grass that sprang up between the reeds and rushes.

Plovers flittered over these little swamps, and showed the sportsman the spot where game was to be found. The quails hidden in the green crops called to each other, storks flew through the air in large circles, and at times one of them, not fearing man, would swoop down on the marsh to snap up a frog, a fish, or a small snake.

This was the most favourable season for sporting on the moor. It conceals game of the most various descriptions: wild geese, ducks, teal, pelicans, and cranes, white and black storks, snipe, bittern, &c. Any one who has once enjoyed sport on the moor prefers it to any other, in spite of its fatigue. The sportsman goes into the water up to the loins, often up to the chest, with his long duck-gun held aloft to protect it from the wet. He walks cautiously on, for the geese and ducks have a fine scent, and if they perceive him too soon, the result of the sport is more than doubtful. At a long distance off the cries and quacking and flapping can be heard on a pond or green swamp, and the noise these legions of birds produce is almost indescribable. It resembles the roaring of the sea, or thunder rolling in the distance. They often flutter over the water with cries and whistling without flying away. Shortly before sunrise, especially, the aquatic birds make a fearful noise. This is the time when they rise, and the experienced sportsman likes to take advantage of it.

A passionate sportsman will stand thus for hours in the lukewarm water, and it frequently happens that he comes across a herd of buffaloes, which lie down in the water to recover from the heat of the day, and often only raise their noses above the reeds. If he notice them in time, he gets out of their way, for if excited, the buffalo is an enemy that fears a duck-gun very little.

The Hungarians are passionately fond of such sport. Philippovitch had learned through his sweetheart that the vice-gespann, on whom he had not yet taken his revenge, was going to shoot the following morning on the Szamosvar moor. He was thoroughly acquainted with this moor, not only as sportsman, but also as enemy of the police, for it was bordered on one side by a wood, on the other by a river. It would serve him as a secure refuge in case of need.

Philippovitch had still to revenge himself on the vice-gespann for the icy ducking, and the idea occurred to him of requiting it by fire.

"The vice-gespann is active and strong," he thought to himself; "perhaps he will escape with life. At any rate, it will warm him, and a gentle roasting will do him no harm."

Filled with these thoughts, he went to a countryman who watched buffaloes on the moor. The latter gladly seized the opportunity of playing an Hungarian official a trick; moreover, he detested the reeds, in which his oxen were often lost. The plan of the two Wallachs was, therefore, speedily formed.

When Raikocsi appeared with his servant on the moor, he had no idea that two men, provided with lucifers and tow, crept after him, in order to fire the reeds at the moment when he was in the midst of them.

So soon as Philippovitch and his comrade saw the vice-gespann was well among the reeds, they parted. One hurried towards the river, the other to the wood. Each threw here and there burning tow into the reeds.

The north wind soon blew the smoke over the entire moor. At first Raikocsi paid no attention to it, believing that one of the peasants in the neighbourhood was burning reeds. The flames soon leaped up, however, and spread in a northern direction. Raikocsi considered this serious, and turned back at once. But the clouds of smoke grew denser and denser: he soon heard, too, the crackling of the flames, which now became visible in the south also. He found himself between two enormous fires.

Hasty flight between the two seas of fire to the ground not yet burning was the sole chance of safety. The vice-gespann hurried towards the river, for he remembered that the reed-beds there were damper and less extensive. But he was obliged to make more than one circuit to escape the flames, and more than once he gave up all hope of salvation. The ever-rising flames constantly drove him onward, while the hot, stifling smoke almost deprived him of his senses.

For nearly ten minutes he ran anxiously backwards and forwards, and then saw no way out. Surrounded by the flames, he threw himself, breathless and desperate, with singed beard, hair, and clothing, on the ground. Even the mud in which he sank grew hot. His servant shouted loudly, but in vain, for help. In a few minutes the flames reached this place of refuge, and Raikocsi sprang up again, and rushed wildly on. Whither? He did not know himself. It was the haste of unconscious

despair. At this moment he saw, at a distance of about thirty yards, water streaming behind the burning, blackened reeds. A little stream ran there through the slimy peat soil. Like a madman he rushed through the burning stalks, and threw himself into the muddy water. His servant followed him. The fire had already caught the clothes of both the Hungarians.

The fire extended to the stream. Raikocsi waded in water to the middle of the swamp. At the moment he leaped into the water he heard his powder-flask explode, which he had thrown away a short time previously.

Two other persons heard the report, and accounted for it correctly: the Wallachian herd, who was quietly seated again by his buffaloes, and Philippovitch, who was hurrying towards the wood. "If he be not dead," the latter thought, "the fire, at any rate, will have frightened him a little."

With singed hair, burned clothes, and covered from head to foot with mud, Raikocsi, exhausted almost to death, reached his carriage, which he had left a short distance off. Philippovitch saw him from the wood; he saw his condition, noticed the tottering of his legs, and a smile of contentment glided over his pale features.

With the expenditure of his last strength the vice-gespann got into his carriage. He looked back. One side of the moor, for a length of three miles, was a black smoking surface, with smoke and flame still rising at various points.

When he looked back towards the wood, he fancied he could recognise Philippovitch in a man hurrying along through the trees. His eye might have deceived him, and yet he was only too well aware that the Wallach had fired the moor, and that the flames were aimed at his life. He silently pressed his lips together, and flogged the horses, in order to reach Nyirsalu as speedily as possible.

Both Philippovitch and Raikocsi knew what thoughts filled the breast of the other, and both only thought of vengeance. The vice-gespann was certainly protected by the power of his position, and Philippovitch was on his guard, although he was defended more than he supposed by Raikocsi's fear of the Brethren of the Cross. He did not dare employ open violence against the bear-hunter. Philippovitch was, at the same time, the head of the whole Wallachian party, and the death of their leader would have forced them into open revolt. Raikocsi intended to take his revenge secretly.

V.

THE BEAR-HUNT.

MONTHS had passed.

A great hunt was arranged in the extensive forest between Szamos and the little town of Bilknik. This wood was more than forty miles in circumference, and was full of game. The officers of an Austrian garrison quartered in the vicinity, the Magyars, and Hungarian gentlemen living near, also joined the hunt. More than one hundred and fifty beaters were ordered out from twelve parishes.

On the evening before the chase all assembled in front of the forest.

Raikoesi was among the sportsmen, and an angry frown settled on his face when he noticed among the horsemen who came up Philippovitch, mounted on a capital Russian horse, and fully equipped for the chase.

The two men got out of each other's way.

The sportsmen were assembled by bugle signals. Trees were felled, brushwood collected, and in a few minutes a mighty fire crackled. Sausages and slices of bacon were broiled, gourd bottles of potato schnapps passed from hand to hand, and soon after beaters, Wallachs, and Magyars were lying round the fire, waiting for the morrow.

The sportsmen sat over the bottle in a neighbouring forester's house till late in the night, and then had a few hours' sleep.

Bugles aroused the sleepers shortly before daybreak, and the whole party proceeded into the forest. The beaters were divided into squads, and the sportsmen posted by the forester. One of the beaters had remained a little behind to light a pipe. Raikoesi saw him: it was the old herd Stanko. The vice-gespann still owed him a grudge for the horse robbery. He abused him for his dawdling, had him thrown down, and ten blows administered—he was only a Wallach.

Several of the officers expressed their horror at this severity. The old man rose: he had not given way to a single cry, but his cheeks were pale, and his lips quivered.

Philippovitch had seen all this, and more than once his hand had clutched his rifle to send a bullet through the vice-gespann's head. But he retained his self-command.

The sportsmen were posted, and Philippovitch by some accident stood but a short distance from Raikoesi. The forester who stationed the shooters, and knew Philippovitch's sure aim, had given him this spot, because close behind it was a carriage full of ladies who wished to witness the sport, and required a sure defender, because it was suspected that there was a bear in the forest.

Raikoesi gave the bear-hunter a black, furious look, to which the other replied by a sarcastic smile.

The chase began. Roebuck, foxes, wild-boars, hares, and even a wolf were shot. The first drive was soon over, and the beaters were close up to the line of sportsmen. Philippovitch had paid but little attention to the sport, which offered him but slight interest, as no danger or difficulty was connected with it.

Suddenly he noticed that there was a silence in the centre of the long line of beaters. Presently the shout was raised, "A bear! a bear!"

The ladies became alarmed, but Philippovitch begged them to trust to him. He got his faithful rifle in readiness, and put his heavy axe ready to hand.

Most of the sportsmen were not prepared for such game, and could not conceal a feeling of apprehension.

Directly after the bushes parted, and a large black bear with a white throat, the most dangerous of all, slowly trotted towards the sportsmen.

Philippovitch shouted to his next man not to fire yet, but several shots echoed through the forest at the moment. The bear was hit and wounded, but not incapacitated. It growled loudly, and displayed its terrible white teeth.

It rushed straight at the vice-gespann, but stopped at a distance of

thirty yards. The latter raised his gun, and discharged both barrels at it. The furious animal, struck in the side, dashed at its enemy, and stood upon its hind legs. Raikocsi dauntlessly clubbed his rifle to attack it with the butt. He was in the utmost peril.

Not one of the sportsmen dared fire, because the vice-gespann stood in front of the bear. Philippovitch alone could have done so, and he never missed his mark. But he did not seem to think of it. He had let his heavy rifle fall, and held his axe in the right hand.

He knew best the danger to which his enemy was exposed, but he would not, could not, assist him. A savage grin crossed his face when he noticed that the vice-gespann, in spite of all his blows at the bear's head, drew each moment nearer to death. At length Raikocsi's rifle was broken by a heavy blow, and he involuntarily gave a cry, for he saw that he was hopelessly lost. He tried to fly, but the bear caught him up with one spring, and dashed him to the ground with its paw. But Philippovitch could stand it no longer: he forgot his enmity for the moment, for the bear-hunter's nature was powerfully excited in him. With one spring he stood by the bear's side; his heavy axe flashed through the air, and cleft the animal's head in two; a second stroke cut off the paw that held the vice-gespann down.

The bear had fallen dead, and hardly quivered. A loud hurrah greeted the determined bear-hunter. Now he appeared to notice, for the first time, that he had saved the life of his bitterest foe. He gave a contemptuous and sarcastic glance at the slightly injured vice-gespann.

"We shall meet again!" he shouted to him; then turned away, mounted his horse, and galloped off, not troubling himself about the bear.

Raikocsi trembled. He understood the Wallach's glance, and at this moment would sooner have been torn asunder by the bear.

VI.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE.

MORE than a year had passed since this day. Much had altered in Hungary since then. The storms and disturbances of 1849 had broken out in that country, and war everywhere prevailed. The dreamy hopes to which the Magyars yielded were for a moment fulfilled. Suddenly, however, the scene changed. The Slavons would neither speak Hungarian nor surrender their own manners and customs. Wallachs, Saxons, Croats, and Slovaks evinced most hostile feelings. Kossuth and his partisans had carried the war into Austria: the whole of Hungary was in a state of revolt.

But the events of that year are too well known: we can only record some incidents of it.

Even before Windischgrätz marched into Hungary, Philippovitch and his friend Jensko, who in the mean while had married his sister, placed themselves at the head of the Wallachs to avenge themselves on the Magyars for years of oppression. Their first daring exploit was an attack on Nyírsalu. They plundered Raikocsi's house and then burned it. The vice-gespann, who was attached to the Liberal Hungarian party, took his revenge on the bear-hunter's cottage.

Philippovitch's band soon counted above a thousand, all wild, determined men, who followed their courageous leader everywhere. The Hungarians were afraid of them, for cruelty and arson marked their path. Still they requited it on the Wallachian and German villages.

Dispersed by the numerical superiority of the Hungarians, the Wallachs retired in small bands to the mountains on the Polish frontier. Philippovitch collected them again, and when the proper moment arrived, the terrible bear-hunter dashed down from the mountains with his band like an avalanche, and committed frightful atrocities. It was the day of that revenge which he had awaited so long.

Thus the dice fell lucky and unlucky by turns, until the scene beneath the walls of the castle of Szamosvar, one of the last in the great sanguinary drama.

Stephan Bermy resided in the castle, but he lay sick and at death's door in bed. A brigade, commanded by Raikocsi, whom the Magyar government had nominated commissary-general, had arrived at Szamosvar, and prepared the castle for the best resistance possible. Loopholes were made in the walls, and four guns on the roof swept the plain, where a powerful Austrian corps appeared on the same day. Both bodies prepared for a serious contest.

This took place on the following day. Two ladies were standing at a window of the castle, and watching the action through a telescope with great anxiety. Fortune had as yet declared for neither party, and a violent conflict was taking place at the moment between a regiment of Austrian Hulans and one of Hungarian Hussars.

The bugles were sounding their piercing isolated notes, which urged on the squadrons to the contest. The ground shook again beneath the hoofstrokes of two thousand horses. Both regiments broke their ranks—a very rare instance in cavalry actions—and the troops fought singly.

The fate of the engagement was still undecided, though it seemed to be slightly in favour of the Hungarians, when a loud wild yell and the sounds of cow-borns were heard in the rear of the Magyars. At the same instant some three hundred horsemen dashed at the Hungarians.

"We are lost!" one of the ladies standing at the window shrieked, as she staggered back. "We are lost! they are the Wallachs!"

At the head of the little band, who were armed with scythes, lances, and sabres, and dashed with wild fury on the startled Hungarians, rode their leader, Philippovitch, the bear-hunter. His eye flew along the ranks of the Hungarians. He sought some one—Raikocsi. No sooner did he see him than he rushed towards him. Raikocsi also recognised his embittered foe, and swung his sabre in the air. In a second they met. Philippovitch held a pistol in his hand; he pulled the trigger, but missed. At the same moment the Hungarian's sabre was buried in his chest. "Die, dog!" Raikocsi yelled loudly and furiously. But he had not raised his blood-dripping sabre again, ere a second shot from the Wallach scattered his brains. Without a cry he fell from his horse.

Philippovitch appeared unwounded. He held the pistol in his hand, and drew himself up in the saddle; his eye rested on his fallen foe, and a glad smile of pleasure played over his features; then, he fell dead from his horse, and the two men who had hated each other so fervently lay side by side.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE SHADOW OF ASHLYDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE SECOND.

I.

ALL-SOULS' RECTORY.

AT the eastern end of Prior's Ash was situated the church and rectory of All Souls'. A valuable living, the Reverend Isaac Hastings its incumbent. The house, enclosed from the high road by a lofty hedge, was built, like the church, of grey stone. It was a commodious residence, but its rooms, save one, were small. This one had been added to the house of late years: a long, though somewhat narrow room, its three windows looking on the flowered lawn. A very pleasant room to sit in on a summer's day, when the grass was green, and the many-coloured flowers, with their gay brightness and their perfume, gladdened the senses, and the birds were singing and the bees and butterflies sporting.

Less pleasant to-day. For, the skies wore a grey hue; the wind sighed round the house with an ominous sound, telling of the coming winter; and the mossy lawn and the paths were dreary with the yellow leaves, decaying as they lay. Mrs. Hastings, a ladylike woman of middle height and fair complexion, stood at one of these windows, watching the bending of the trees as the wind shook them; watching the leaves falling. She was remarkably susceptible to surrounding influences; seasons and weather holding much power over her: but that she was a clergyman's wife, and, as such, obliged to take a very practical part in the duties of life, she might have subsided into a valetudinarian.

A stronger gust sent the leaves rustling up the path, and Mrs. Hastings slightly shivered:

"How I dislike this time of year!" she exclaimed. "I wish there was no autumn."

"I like the autumn: although it heralds in the winter."

The reply came from Mr. Hastings, who was pacing the carpet, thinking over the next day's sermon: for it was Saturday morning. Nature had not intended Mr. Hastings for a parson, and his sermons were the bane of his life. An excellent man; a most efficient pastor of a parish; a gentleman, a scholar, abounding in good practical sense; but *not* a preacher. Sometimes he wrote his sermons, sometimes he tried the without-book plan; but, let him do as he would, there was always a conviction of failure, as to his sermons winning their way to his

hearers' hearts. He was under the middle height, with keen aquiline features, his dark hair already sprinkled with grey.

"I like the winter," said Mrs. Hastings, in reply. "I like a snowy day; I like a frosty one, when the hoar-frost hangs in icicles from the trees and the hedges; I do not grumble at a good soaking rain. But when the leaves change colour, and fall, leaving the trees bare, and the autumn wind moans its sad song, it is that which I dislike. It speaks too forcibly of the decay that awaits us all:

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set: but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh death!

I never see the leaves fall, but those lines come into my memory; and then they haunt me for days," concluded Mrs. Hastings.

The lines sounded to the rector something like what he would have called rank rubbish, for he was a plain-speaking man. "Who are they by?" asked he. "They are not Shakspeare's."

Mrs. Hastings laughed. "Not by anybody with a name so illustrious. I met with them many years ago, and they impressed themselves upon my memory. As I tell you, they come into it without effort of mine, whenever I see the leaves as we see them now."

"I am glad the wind has changed," remarked the rector. "We shall say good-by to the fever. While that warm weather lasted, I always had my fears of its breaking out afresh. It was but coquetting with us. I wonder——"

Mr. Hastings stopped, as if lapsing into thought. Mrs. Hastings inquired what his "wonder" might be.

"I was thinking of Sir George Godolphin," he continued. "One thought leads to another and another, until we have a strange train: if we wanted to trace them back. Beginning with dead leaves, and ending with—metaphysics."

"What are you talking of, Isaac?" his wife asked, in surprise.

A half smile crossed the thin, delicate lips of Mr. Hastings. "You spoke of the dead leaves: that, led to the thought of the fever; the fever to the bad drainage; the bad drainage to the declaration of Sir George Godolphin that, if he lived till next year, it should be remedied, even though he had to pay the expense himself. Then the train went on to speculate upon whether Sir George would live; and next upon whether this change of weather may not cause my lady to relinquish her journey; and lastly, to Maria. Cold Scotland, if we are to have a season of bleak winds, cannot be beneficial to Sir George."

"Lady Godolphin has set her mind upon going. She is not likely to relinquish it."

"Mark you, Caroline," said Mr. Hastings, halting in his promenade, and standing opposite his wife, "it is her dread of the fever which is sending her to Scotland. But for that, she would not go, now that it is so late in the year."

"She has dreaded the fever very much, I know."

"Dreaded it to folly, we might be tempted to say, only that there are certain natures which cannot help this dread, and I suppose Lady Godolphin's is one. She did not like to run away from Sir George in his

dangerous illness, and so lay herself open to the comments of Prior's Ash; but I am sure she wished to run. With this change in the weather, from warmth to cold, and the fever subsiding, I should not now be surprised if she alters her plans, and remains at home. I hope she will."

"Why?" asked Mrs. Hastings.

"On Maria's account. I do not wish Maria to go to Scotland."

"You said so yesterday, Isaac; and answered me evasively when I inquired your reason. What may your objection be?"

Mr. Hastings knitted his brow. "It is an objection more easy to feel than to tell."

"When the invitation was given in the summer, you were pleased that she should go."

"Yes; I acknowledge it: and, had they gone then, I should have felt no repugnance to the visit. But I now do feel a repugnance to it, so far as Maria is concerned; an unaccountable repugnance. If you ask me to explain it, or to tell you what my reason is, I can only answer that I am unable. It is this want of reason, good or bad, which has prevented my entirely withdrawing the consent I gave. I essayed to do so, when Lady Godolphin was here on Thursday; but she pressed me closely, and, having no sound or plausible argument to bring forward against it, my opposition broke down."

"I cannot see why you should object to her going!" exclaimed Mrs. Hastings. "It is a desirable visit for Maria in all ways."

"I feel that; and yet, that an aversion to it has taken possession of me, is a fact not to be controverted. There is a feeling at work within me, which would prompt me yet to keep her at home."

"I should have the laugh at you then, Isaac. You sometimes call us women to account for acting, as you phrase it, without reason. I hope you will not so needlessly interfere with this little pleasure offered to Maria."

Did the concluding words, spoken with the slightest touch of severity, of mockery, decide the rector to put aside his idea of objection and recur to it no more? From that time he did not again mention it. Never was there a man less given to whims and fancies than the Reverend Isaac Hastings. His actions and thoughts were based on the sound principle of plain matter-of-fact sense; he was all practical; there was not a grain of idealism in his composition.

At that moment a visitor's knock was heard. Mrs. Hastings wondered who it could be. The habits of the rectory were known and respected in Prior's Ash, and it was not customary to pay indiscriminate visits to it upon a Saturday. Mrs. Hastings took an active part in her household, especially so with her children, and the concluding day of the week was a busy one. She now did what many another lady does, if she would only confess to it; opened the door the space of an inch to reconnoitre, as a servant crossed the hall to answer the knock.

"I declare it is Maria!" Mrs. Hastings exclaimed, throwing the door wider. "My dear, how early you have come down! I did not expect you till the afternoon."

Maria Hastings came in. She wore her grey Cashmere cloak, so soft and fine of texture, so delicate of hue; a pretty morning dress, and a straw bonnet trimmed with white. A healthy colour shone on her

delicate face, and her eyes were sparkling with inward happiness. Very attractive, very ladylike, was Maria Hastings.

"I was obliged to come this morning, mamma," she said, when greetings had passed. "Some of my things are here yet which I wish to take, and I must collect them and send them to the Folly. We start on Monday morning early: everything must be packed to-day."

"One would suppose you were off for a year, Maria," exclaimed Mr. Hastings, "to hear you talk of 'collecting your things.' How many trunk-loads have you already at the Folly?"

"Only two, papa," she replied, laughing, and wondering why Mr. Hastings should speak with asperity. "They are trifles, chiefly, that I have come for; books, and such-like: not for clothes."

"Your papa thought it likely that Lady Godolphin would not now go, as the fine weather seems to be leaving us," said Mrs. Hastings.

"Oh yes she will," replied Maria. "Her mind is fully made up. Did you not know that the orders had already been sent into Berwickshire? And some of the servants went on this morning."

"Great ladies change their minds sometimes," remarked Mr. Hastings, in a cynical tone.

Maria shook her head. She had untied the strings of her bonnet, and was unfastening her mantle. "Sir George, who has got up to breakfast since Thursday, asked Lady Godolphin this morning whether it would not be late for Scotland, and she resented the remark. What do you think she said, mamma? That if there was nothing else to take her to Scotland, this absurd rumour, of the shadow's having come again, would drive her thither."

"What's that, Maria?" demanded the clergyman, in a sharp, displeased accent.

"A rumour has arisen, papa, that the shadow is appearing at Ashlydyat. It was seen on Wednesday night. On Thursday night some of us went to the ash-trees——"

"You went?" interrupted the rector.

"Yes, papa," she answered, her voice growing timid, for he spoke in a tone of great displeasure. "I, and Miss Godolphin, and Bessy. We were not alone: George Godolphin was with us."

"And what did you see?" eagerly interposed Mrs. Hastings, who possessed more of the organ of marvel in her composition than her husband.

"Mamma, we saw nothing. Only the Dark Plain lying quietly under the moonlight. There appeared to be nothing to see; nothing unusual."

"But that I hear you say this with my own ears, I should not have believed you capable of giving utterance to folly so intense," sternly exclaimed Mr. Hastings to his daughter. "Are you the child of Christian parents? have you received an enlightened education?"

Maria's eyelids fell under the reproof, and the soft colour in her cheeks deepened.

"That a daughter of mine should confess to running after a 'shadow!' " he continued, really with more asperity than the case seemed to warrant: but the rector of All Souls' was one who would have deemed it little less heresy to doubt his Bible, than to countenance a tale of superstition. He repudiated such with the greatest contempt: he never, even though proof positive had been brought before his eyes, could accord, to such, an iota of credence. "An absurd tale of a 'shadow,' fit only to be told to those

who, in their blind credulity, formerly burnt poor creatures for witches; fit only to amuse the gaping ears of ignorant urchins, whom we put in our fields to frighten away the crows! And *my daughter* has lent herself to it! Can this be the result of your training, madam?"—turning angrily to his wife. "Or of mine?"

"I did not run after it from my own curiosity; I went because the rest went," deprecatingly answered poor Maria, in her confusion, all conscious that the stolen moonlight walk with Mr. George Godolphin had been a far more powerful moving motive to the expedition, than the "shadow."
"Miss Pain saw it on the Wednesday night; Margery saw it——"

"Will you cease?" broke forth the rector. "'Saw it!' If they said they saw it, they must have been labouring under a delusion; or else were telling a deliberate untruth. And you do not know better than to repeat the ignorance! What would Sir George think of you?"

"I should not mention it in his presence, papa. Or in Lady Godolphin's."

"Neither shall you in mine. It is not possible"—Mr. Hastings stood before her and fixed his eyes sternly upon hers—"that you can be a believer in it?"

"I think not, papa," she answered, in her strict truth. To truth, at any rate, she had been trained, whether by father or by mother: and she would not violate it, even to evade displeasure. "I think that my feeling upon the point is curiosity; not belief."

"Then that curiosity implies belief," sternly replied the rector. "If a man came to me and said, 'There's an elephant out there, in the garden,' and I went forth to see, would not that prove my credence in the assertion?"

Maria was no logician; or she had answered, "No, you might go to prove the error of the assertion." "Indeed, papa, if I know anything of myself, I am not a believer in it," she repeated, her cheeks growing hotter and hotter. "If I were once to see the shadow, why then——"

"Be silent! be still!" he cried, not allowing her to continue. "I shall think next I am talking to that silly dreamer, Janet Godolphin. Is it she who has imbued you with this tone of mind?"

Maria shook her head. There was an under current of consciousness, lying deep in her heart, that if a "tone" upon the point had been insensibly acquired by her, it was caught from one far more precious to her heart, far more essential to her very existence, than was Janet Godolphin. That last Thursday night, in running with George Godolphin after this tale of the shadow, his arm cast lovingly round her, she had acquired the impression, from a few words he let fall, that he must be a believer in it. She was content that his creed should be hers in all things: had she wished to differ from him, it would have been beyond her power. Mr. Hastings appeared to wait for an answer.

"Janet Godolphin does not intrude her superstitious fancies upon the world, papa. Were she to seek to convert me to them, I should not listen."

"Dismiss the subject altogether from your thoughts, Maria," commanded the rector. "If men and women would perform efficiently their allotted part in life, there is enough of hard substance to occupy their minds and their hours, without losing either the one or the other in 'shadows.' Take you note of that."

"Yes, papa," she dutifully answered, scarcely knowing whether she had deserved the lecture, or not, but glad that it was at an end. "Mamma, where is Grace?"

"In the study. You can go to her. There's David!" exclaimed Mrs. Hastings, as Maria left the room.

A short, thick-set man had appeared in the garden, giving rise to the concluding remark of Mrs. Hastings. If you have not forgotten last month's paper, you may remember that Bessy Godolphin spoke of a man who had expressed his pleasure at seeing her father out again. She called him "Old Jekyl." Old Jekyl lived in a cottage on the outskirts of Prior's Ash. He had been in his days a working gardener, but rheumatism and growing age had put him beyond work now. There was a good piece of garden ground to his cottage, and it was made productive. Vegetables and fruit were grown in it; and a small board, tied in front of the laburnum-tree at the gate, intimated that "Cut flowers are sold here." There were also hives of bees. Old Jekyl (Prior's Ash never dignified him by any other title) had no wife: she was dead: but his two sons lived with him, and they followed the occupation that had been his. I could not tell you how many gardens in Prior's Ash and its environs those two men kept in order. Many a family, not going to the expense of keeping a regular gardener, some, perhaps, not able to go to it, entrusted the care of their garden to the Jekyls, paying them a stipulated sum yearly. The plan answered well. The gardens were kept in order, and the Jekyls earned a good living: both masters and men being contented.

They had been named Jonathan and David: and were as opposite as men and brothers could well be, both in nature and appearance. Each was worthy in his way. Jonathan stood six feet three, if he stood an inch, and was sufficiently slender for a genteel lamp-post: rumour went that he had occasionally been taken for one. An easy-going, obliging, talkative, mild-tempered man, was Jonathan, making his opinion agree with everybody's. Mrs. Hastings was wont to declare that if she were to say to him, "You know, Jonathan, the sun never shone," his answer would be, "Well, ma'am, I don't know as ever it did, over bright, like." David had the build of a Dutchman, and was taciturn upon most subjects. In manner he was somewhat surly, and would hold his own opinion, especially if it touched upon his occupation, against the world.

Amongst others who employed them in this way, was the rector of All Souls'. They were in the habit of coming and going, to that or any other garden, as they pleased, at whatever day or time suited their convenience; sometimes one brother, sometimes the other, sometimes one of the two boys they employed, as they might arrange between themselves. Any garden entrusted to their care, they were sure to keep thoroughly in order; therefore their time and mode of doing it was not interfered with. Mrs. Hastings suddenly saw David in the garden.

"I will get him to sweep those ugly dead leaves from the paths," she exclaimed, throwing up the window. "David!"

David heard the call, turned round, and looked. Finding he was wanted, he advanced in a leisurely, independent sort of manner, giving his attention to the beds as he passed them, and stopping to pluck off any dead flower that offended his eye. He gave a nod as he reached Mrs. Hastings, the features of his face not relaxing in the least. The

nod was a mark of respect, and *meant* as such; the only demonstration of respect commonly shown by David. His face was not an ugly face, though too flat and broad; it was fair in complexion, and his eyes were blue.

"David, look how the leaves have fallen! how they lie upon the ground!"

David gave a half glance round, by way of answer, but he did not speak. He knew the leaves were there, without looking.

"You must clear them away," continued Mrs. Hastings.

"No," responded David to this. "Twon't be of no use."

"But, David, you know how very much I dislike to see these withered leaves," rejoined Mrs. Hastings, in a voice of pleading more than of command. Command answered little with David.

"Can't help seeing of 'em," persisted David. "Leaves will wither; and will fall; it's the natur' of 'em to do it. If every one of them, lying there now, was raked up and swep' away, there'd be as many down again to-morrow morning. I can't neglect my beds to fad with them leaves—and bring no good to pass, after all."

"David, I do not think anybody ever was so self-willed as you!" said Mrs. Hastings, laughing in spite of her vexation.

"I know my business," was the answer of David. "If I gave in, at my different places, to all the missises' whims, how should I get my work done? the masters, they'd be for blowing of me up, thinking it were idleness. Look at Jonathan! he lets himself be swayed any way; and a nice time he gets of it, among 'em. His day's work's never done."

"You will not suffer the leaves to lie there till the end of the season!" exclaimed Mrs. Hastings. "They would be above our ankles as we walked."

"May be they would," composedly returned David. "I have cleared 'em off about six times this fall, and I shall clear 'em again. But not as long as this wind lasts."

"Is it going to last, David?" inquired the rector, appearing at his wife's side, and laughing inwardly at her failure in diplomacy.

David nodded his usual salutation as he answered. He would sometimes relax so far as to say "Sir" to Mr. Hastings, an honour paid exclusively to his pastoral capacity. "No, it won't last, sir. We shall get the warm weather back again."

"You think so!" exclaimed the rector, in an accent of disappointment. Experience had taught him that David, in regard to being weather-wise, was a very oracle.

"I am sure so," answered David. "The b'rometer's a going fast on to heat, too."

"Is it," said Mr. Hastings. "You have often told me you pnt no faith in the barometer."

"No more I don't: unless other signs answers to it," said David. "The very best b'rometer going, is old father's rheumatiz. There was a sharp frost last night, sir."

"I know it," replied Mr. Hastings. "A few nights of that, and the fever will be driven away."

"We shan't get a few nights of it," said David. "And the fever has broke out again."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Hastings. "The fever broken out again?"

"Yes it have," said David.

The news fell upon the clergyman's heart like a knell. He had fully believed the danger to have passed away, though not yet the sickness. "Are you sure that it has broken out again, David?" he asked, after a pause.

"I ain't no surer than I was told, sir," returned phlegmatic David. "I met Cox just now, and he said, as he passed, that the fever had showed itself in a fresh place."

"Do you know where?" inquired Mr. Hastings.

"He said, I b'lieve; but I didn't catch it. If I stopped to listen to the talk of fevers, and such-like, where would my work be?"

David moved away ere he had done speaking; possibly from the impression that the present "talk" was not exactly forwarding his work.

"If this is true, Lady Godolphin will be sure to go," observed Mr. Hastings, more in self-soliloquy than to his wife. It proved that the visit to Scotland was still uppermost in his thoughts. "I shall go out and see if I can glean any news," he added. "I do trust it may be a false alarm."

Taking his hat, one of very clerical shape, with a broad brim, the rector left his house. He was scarcely without the gates when he saw Mr. Snow, who was the most popular doctor in Prior's Ash, coming along quickly in his gig. Mr. Hastings held out his hand, and the groom pulled up.

"Is it true?—this fresh rumour of the fever?"

"Too true, I fear," replied Mr. Snow. "I am on my way thither now; just summoned."

"Who is attacked?"

"Sarah Anne Grame."

The name appeared to startle the rector. "Sarah Anne Grame!" he uttered. "She will never battle through it!" The doctor raised his eyebrows, as if he thought it doubtful, himself, and signed to his groom to hasten on.

"Tell Lady Sarah I will call upon her in the course of the day," called out Mr. Hastings, as the gig sped on its way. "I must ask Maria if she has heard news of this," he continued, in self-soliloquy, as he turned within the rectory gate.

Maria Hastings had found her way to the study. To dignify a room by the appellation "study" in a clergyman's house, would at once impart the idea that it must be the private sanctum of its master, consecrated to his sermons and his other clerical studies. Not so, however, in the rectory of All Souls'. The study there was chiefly consecrated to litter, and the master had less to do with it personally, than with almost any other room in the house. There, the children, boys and girls, played, or learnt lessons, or practised; there, Mrs. Hastings would sit to sew when she had any work about, too plebeian for the polite eyes of visitors.

Grace, the eldest of the family, was twenty years of age, one year older than Maria. She bore a great resemblance to her father; and, like him, was more practical than imaginative. She was very useful in the house, and took much care off the hands of Mrs. Hastings. It happened

that all the children, five of them besides Maria, were this morning at home. It was holiday that day with the boys. Isaac was next to Maria, but nearly three years younger; one had died between them; Reginald was next; Harry last; and then came a little girl, Rose. They ought to have been preparing their lessons; were supposed to be so by Mr. and Mrs. Hastings: in point of fact, they were gathered round Grace, who was seated on a low stool solving some amusing puzzles from a new book. They started up when Maria entered, and went dancing round her.

Maria danced too; she kissed them all; she sang aloud in her glad joyousness of heart. What was it that made that heart so glad, bright as a very Eden? The ever constant presence in it of George Godolphin.

"Have you come home to stay, Maria?"

"I have come home to go," she answered, with a gleeful laugh. "We start for Scotland on Monday, and I want to hunt up lots of things."

"It is fine to be you, Maria!" exclaimed Grace, with a sensation very like envy. "You get all the pleasure, and I have to stop at home and do all the work. It is not fair."

"Gracie dear, it will be your turn next. I did not *ask* Lady Godolphin to invite me, instead of you. I never thought of her inviting me, being the younger."

"But she did," grumbled Grace.

"I say, Maria, you are not to go to Scotland," struck in Isaac.

"Who says so?" cried Maria, her heart standing still, as she halted in one corner of the room with at least half a dozen arms round her.

"Mamma said yesterday she thought you were not: that papa would not have it."

"Is that all?" and Maria's pulses coursed on again. "I am to go: I have just been with papa and mamma. They know that I have come to get my things for the journey."

"Maria, who goes?"

"Sir George and my lady, and I and Charlotte Pain."

"Maria, I want to know why Charlotte Pain goes?" cried Grace.

Maria laughed. "You are like Bessy Godolphin, Grace. She asked the same question, and my lady answered, 'Because she chose to invite her.' I can only repeat to you the same reason."

"Does George Godolphin go?"

"No," replied Maria.

"Oh, doesn't he, though!" exclaimed Reginald. "Tell that to the marines, mademoiselle."

"He does not go with us," said Maria. "Or, if he does, I am not acquainted with the arrangement. Regy, you know you will get into hot water if you use those sea phrases."

"Sea phrases! that is just like a girl," retorted Reginald. "If I set on and let out a little quarter-deck language, there's nobody here to explode at it, unless you and Grace turn into enemies. What will you lay me that George Godolphin is not in Scotland within a week after you all get there?"

"I will not lay anything," said Maria, who in her inmost heart hoped and believed that George *would* be there.

"Catch him stopping away if Charlotte Pain goes!" went on Regi-

nald. "Yesterday I was at the pastrycook's, having a tuck-out with that shilling old Crosse gave me, and Mr. George and Miss Charlotte came in. I heard a little."

"What did you hear?" breathed Maria. She could not help the question: any more than she could help the wild beating of her heart at the boy's words.

"I did not catch it all," said Reginald. "It was about Scotland, though, and what they should do when they were there. Mrs. Verrall's carriage came up then, and he put her into it. An out-and-out flirt is George Godolphin!"

Grace Hastings threw her keen dark eyes upon Maria. "Do not let him flirt with *you*," she said, in a marked tone. "You like him; I do not. I never thought George Godolphin worth his salt."

"That's just like Grace!" exclaimed Isaac. "Taking her likes and dislikes! and for no cause, or reason, but her own crotchets and prejudices. He is the nicest fellow going, is George Godolphin. Charlotte Pain's is a new face and a beautiful one: let him admire it."

"He admires rather too many," nodded Grace.

"As long as he does not admire yours, you have no right to grumble," rejoined Isaac, provokingly: and Grace flung a bundle of work at him, for the laugh turned against her.

"Rose, you naughty child, you have got my crayons there!" exclaimed Maria, happening to cast her eyes upon the table, where Rose was seated too quietly to be at anything but mischief.

"Only one or two of the sketching pencils, Maria," said Miss Rose. "I shan't hurt them. I am making a villa with two towers and some cows."

"I shall particularly want my sketching pencils," rejoined Maria, taking them up. "Lady Godolphin says there are some lovely views about the place. Rose, what have you been doing? The pencils are half cut away! You must have used a table-knife to hack them in this manner!"

"The boys would not lend me any of their penknives," was the little lady's excuse.

"Somebody find her a common pencil; there are plenty about," said Maria, taking possession of her own.

"Maria, it has got so late in the year that you ought to have taken your winter clothes," said Grace.

"Maria, what do you think? we had such a row in school yesterday!" roared Harry. "Old Peters threatened to expel a few."

"I say, Maria, is Charlotte Pain going to take that thorough-bred hunter of hers?" interposed Reginald.

"Of course," scoffed Isaac: "saddled and bridled. She'll have him with her in the railway carriage; put him in the corner seat opposite Sir George. Regy's brains may do for sea—if he can get there; but they are not sharp enough for land."

"They are as sharp as yours, at any rate," flashed Reginald. "Why should she not take him?"

"Be quiet, you boys," said Grace. "Maria, how frequently shall you write to us?"

In this desultory sort of way were they engaged, when disturbed by

Mr. Hastings. He did not open the door at the most opportune moment. Maria, Isaac, and Harry were executing a dance that probably had no name in the dancing calendar; Reginald was standing on his head; Rose had just upset the contents of the table, by inadvertently drawing off its old cloth cover, and Grace was scolding her in a high tone.

"What do you call this?" demanded Mr. Hastings, when he had leisurely surveyed the scene. "Studying?"

They subsided into quietness and their places; Reginald with his face red and his hair wild, Maria with a pretty blush, Isaac with a smothered laugh. Mr. Hastings addressed his second daughter.

"Have you heard anything about this fresh outbreak of the fever?"

"No, papa," was the reply of Maria. "Has it broken out again?"

"I hear that it has attacked Sarah Anne Grame."

"Oh, papa!" uttered Grace, clasping her hands in sorrowful consternation. "Will she ever live through it?"

Just the same doubt, you see, that had occurred to the rector.

II.

THOMAS GODOLPHIN'S LOVE.

FOR nearly a mile beyond All Souls' Rectory, as you went out of Prior's Ash, there were scattered houses and cottages. In one of them lived Lady Sarah Grame. We take our ideas from associations; and, in speaking of the residence of Lady Sarah Grame, or Lady Sarah Anybody, imagination might conjure up some fine old mansion, with its proper appurtenances; grounds, and servants, and carriages, and grandeur: or, at least, a "villa with two turrets, and some cows," as Rose Hastings expressed it.

Far more like an humble cottage than a fine mansion, was the abode of Lady Sarah Grame. It was a small, pretty, detached white house, containing eight or nine rooms at the most; and, they, not very large ones. A plot of ground before it was crowded with flowers: far too crowded, for good taste, as David Jekyl would point out to Lady Sarah: but Lady Sarah loved flowers, and would not part with one of them.

The daughter of one soldier, and the wife of another, Lady Sarah had scrambled through life amidst bustle, perplexity, and poverty. Sometimes quartered in barracks, sometimes following the army abroad; out of one place into another; never settled anywhere for long. It was an existence not to be envied: although it is the lot of many. She was Mrs. Grame then, and her husband, the captain, was not a very good husband to her: he was rather too fond of amusing himself, and he threw all the care upon her shoulders. She passed her days nursing her sickly children, and endeavouring to make one sovereign go as far as two. One morning, to her own unspeakable embarrassment, she found herself converted from plain private Mrs. Grame into Lady Sarah. Her father boasted of a peer in a very remote relative, and came unexpectedly into the title.

Had he come into money with it, it would have been more welcome; but, of that, there was but a scanty supply. A poor, poor Scotch peerage, it was, with but narrow estates; and, they, encumbered. Lady Sarah

wished she could drop the honour which had fallen to her share, unless she could live a little more in accordance with it. She had much sorrow; she lost one child after another, until she had but two left, Sarah Anne and Ethel. Then she lost her husband; and, next, her father. Chance drove her to Prior's Ash, which was near her husband's native place; and she settled there, upon her limited means. All she possessed was her pension as a captain's widow, and the interest of a sum which her father had been enabled to leave her; the whole not exceeding five hundred pounds a year. She took the white cottage, then just built, and dignified it with the name of "Grame House;" and the mausions in the vicinity of Prior's Ash were content not to laugh, but to pay respect to her as an earl's daughter.

Lady Sarah was a partial woman. She had but those two daughters, and her love for them was as contrasted as light is with darkness. Sarah Anne she regarded with an inordinate affection, almost amounting to a passion; for Ethel, she did not care. What could be the reason of this? What is the reason that parents (many such may be found) will love some of their children, and dislike others? They cannot tell, any more than Lady Sarah could. Ask them, and they will be unable to give you an answer. It does not lie in the children: it often happens that those, obtaining the least love, will be the most worthy of it. Such was the case here. Sarah Anne Grame was a pale, sickly, fretful girl; full of whims, full of complaints, giving trouble to everybody about her. Ethel, with her sweet countenance and her merry heart made the sunshine of the home. She bore with her sister's exacting moods, she bore with her mother's want of love; *she* loved them both, and waited on them, and carolled forth her snatches of song as she moved about the house, and was as happy as the day was long. Ask the servants: they kept only two: and they would tell you that Miss Grame was cross and selfish; but that Miss Ethel was worth her weight in gold. The gold was soon to be appropriated; transplanted to a home where it would be appreciated and cherished: for Ethel was the affianced wife of Thomas Godolphin.

On the morning already mentioned, when you have heard it said that the fever had broken out again, Sarah Anne Grame awoke, ill. In her impatient, fretful way she called out to Ethel, who slept in an adjoining room. Ethel was fast asleep: but she was accustomed to be roused out of her bed at unseasonable hours by Sarah Anne, and she threw on her dressing-gown and hastened to her.

"I want some tea," began Sarah Anne. "I am as ill and thirsty as I can be."

Sarah Anne was really of a sickly constitution, and, to hear her complain of being "ill" and "thirsty," was nothing unusual. Ethel, in her loving nature, her sweet patience, received the information with as much concern as though she had never heard it before. She bent over Sarah Anne, and spoke tenderly.

"Where do you feel pain, dear? In your head?—or chest? What is it?"

"I tell you that I am ill and thirsty, and that's enough," peevishly answered Sarah Anne. "Go and get me some tea."

"As soon as I possibly can," said Ethel, soothingly. "There is no

fire yet. The maids are not up. I do not think it can be later than six, by the look of the morning."

"Very well!" sobbed Sarah Anne—the sobs being contrived by the catching up of her breath in temper, not by tears. "You can't call the maids, I suppose! and you can't put yourself the least out of the way to alleviate my suffering! you want to go to bed again and sleep till eight o'clock! When I am dead, you'll wish you had been more like a sister. You possess great rude health yourself, and you can feel no compassion for anybody who does not."

An assertion unjust and untrue: like many another, made by Sarah Anne Grame. Ethel did not possess "rude health," though she was not, like her sister, always ailing; and she felt far more compassion than Sarah Anne deserved.

"I will see what I can do," she gently said. "You shall soon have some tea."

Passing into her own room, Ethel hastily dressed herself: when Sarah Anne was in one of her exacting moods, there could be no more bed for Ethel. "I wonder," she thought to herself, "whether I could not get up the fire, without calling the servants? They had so hard a day's work yesterday, for mamma kept them both at the cleaning from morning till night. Yes: if I can only find the sticks, I'll make the fire."

She went down to the kitchen, hunted up what was required, laid the fire and lighted it. It did not burn up well. She thought the sticks must be damp, and she got the bellows. There she was on her knees, blowing at the fagots, and sending the blaze up amidst the coal, when some one came into the kitchen.

"Miss Ethel!"

It was one of the servants, Elizabeth. She had heard moving in the house, and had risen. Ethel explained that her sister felt ill, and tea was wanted.

"Why did you not call us, Miss Ethel?"

"You went to rest late, Elizabeth. See how well I have made the fire!"

"It is not ladies' work, miss."

"I think ladies should put on gloves when they undertake it," merrily laughed Ethel. "Look at my black hands."

"What would Mr. Godolphin say if he saw you now, Miss Ethel? Kneeling down upon the bricks, lighting a fire!"

"Mr. Godolphin would say I was doing *right*, Elizabeth," returned Ethel, a shade of reproof in her firm tone, though the allusion caused the colour to mantle in her cheeks. The girl had been with them some time, and assumed more licence than a less respected servant would have been allowed to do.

The tea ready, Ethel carried a cup of it to her sister, with a slice of toast that they had made. Sarah Anne drank the tea at a draught, but she turned with a shiver from the toast. She seemed to be shivering much.

"Who was so stupid as to make that? You might know I should not eat it. I am too ill."

Ethel began to think that she looked unusually ill. Her face was flushed, shivering though she was, her lips were dry, her heavy eyes

were unnaturally bright. She gently laid her hands, washed from the "black," upon her sister's brow. It felt burning, and Sarah Anne screamed out.

"Do keep your hands away! My head is splitting with pain."

Involuntarily Ethel thought of the fever, the danger, from which, they had been reckoning to have passed. It was a low sort of typhus which had prevailed; not very extensively, and chiefly amidst the poor: the chief fear had been, lest it should turn to a more malignant species. About half a dozen deaths had taken place, in the whole.

"Would you like me to bathe your forehead with water, Sarah Anne?" asked Ethel, kindly. "Or to get you some eau de Cologne?"

"I would like you to stop till things are asked for, and not to worry me," retorted Sarah Anne.

Ethel sighed. Not for the cross temper: Sarah Anne was always cross in illness: but for the suffering she thought she saw, and the half doubt, half dread, which had arisen within her. "I think I had better call mamma," she deliberated to herself. "Though, if she sees nothing unusual the matter with Sarah Anne, she will only be angry with me."

Proceeding to her mother's chamber, Ethel knocked softly. Lady Sarah slept still, but the entrance aroused her.

"Mamma, I do not like to disturb you; I was unwilling to do it: but Sarah Anne is ill."

"Ill again! And only last week she was in bed three days! Poor dear sufferer! Is it her chest?"

"Mamma, she seems *unusually* ill. Otherwise I should not have disturbed you. I feared—I thought—you will be angry with me if I say, perhaps?"

"Say what? Don't stand like a statue, Ethel."

Ethel dropped her voice. "Dear mamma, suppose it should be the fever?"

For one startling moment, Lady Sarah felt as if a dagger was piercing her: the next, she turned upon Ethel. Fever for Sarah Anne! how dared she prophesy it? A low common fever, confined to the poor and the town, and which had gone away; or, all but! Was it likely to turn itself back again and come up here to attack her darling child! What did Ethel mean by it?

Ethel, the tears in her eyes, said she hoped it would prove to be only a common headache; that it was her love for Sarah Anne which awoke her fears. Lady Sarah proceeded to the sick-chamber; and Ethel followed. Her ladyship was not accustomed to observe caution, and she spoke freely of "the fever" before Sarah Anne; apparently for the purpose of casting blame at Ethel.

Sarah Anne did not catch the fear: she ridiculed Ethel as her mother did. For some hours Lady Sarah did not catch it, either. She would have summoned medical advice at first, but that Sarah Anne, in her peevishness, protested she would not have a doctor. Later she grew worse, and Mr. Snow was sent for. You saw him in his gig hastening to the house.

Lady Sarah came forward to receive him, Ethel, full of anxiety, near her. She was a thin woman, with a shrivelled face and a sharp red nose, her grey hair banded plainly under a close white net cap. Her style of

head-dress never varied. It consisted always of a plain net cap with a quilled net border, trimmed with the ribbon that is called "love." Her black dresses she had not put off since the death of Captain Grame; and intended never to do so.

She grasped the arm of Mr. Snow. "You must save my child!"

"Higher aid permitting me," the surgeon answered. "Why do you assume it to be the fever? For the last six weeks I have been summoned by timid parents to a score of 'fever' cases; and when I have arrived, in hot haste, they have turned out to be no fever at all."

"This is the fever," replied Lady Sarah. "Had I been more willing to admit that it was, you would have been sent for hours ago. It was Ethel's fault. She suggested at daylight that it might be the fever; and it made my darling girl so angry that she forbid my sending for advice. But she is worse now. Come and see her."

Mr. Snow laid his hand upon Ethel's head with a fond gesture, as he followed Lady Sarah. All Prior's Ash loved Ethel Grame.

Tossing about her uneasy bed, her face crimson, her hair floating untidily round it, lay Sarah Anne, shivering still. The doctor gave one glance at her: it was quite enough to satisfy him that Lady Sarah was not mistaken.

"Is it the fever?" impatiently asked Sarah Anne, unclosing her hot eyelids.

"If it is, we must drive it away," said the doctor, cheerily.

"Why should the fever have come to me?" she rejoined, her tone one of rebellion.

"Why did I get thrown from my horse last year, and break my arm?" returned Mr. Snow. "These untoward things do come to us."

"To break an arm is nothing—people always get well from that," irritably answered Sarah Anne.

"And we will get you well from the fever, if you will be quiet and reasonable."

"I am so hot! My head is so heavy!"

Mr. Snow, who had called for water and a glass, was mixing up a white powder which he had produced from his pocket. She drank it without opposition, and then he lessened the weight of the bed-clothes, and afterwards turned his attention to the chamber. It was close and hot; and the sun, which had just burst forth brightly from the grey skies, shone full upon it.

"You have got that chimney stuffed up!" he exclaimed.

"Sarah Anne will not allow it to be open," said Lady Sarah. "She is sensitive to cold, dear child, and feels the slightest draught."

Mr. Snow walked to the chimney, turned up his coat cuff and wristband, and pulled down a bag filled with shavings. Some soot came with it, and covered his hand; but he did not mind that. He was as little given to ceremony as Lady Sarah to caution, and he went leisurely up to the wash-hand-stand to wash it off.

"Now, if I catch that bag, or any other bag up there again, obstructing the air, I shall pull down the bricks next time and make a good big hole that the sky can be seen through. Of that I give you notice, my lady."

He next pulled the window down at the top, behind the blind; but the chamber, at its best, did not find favour with him. "It is not airy; it is not cool," he said. "Is there not a better ventilated room in the house? If so, she shall be moved to it."

"My room is a cool one," interposed Ethel, eagerly. "The sun never shines upon it, Mr. Snow."

It would appear that Ethel's thus speaking must have reminded Mr. Snow that she was present. In the unceremonious fashion that he had laid his hands upon the chimney bag, he now laid them upon her shoulders, and marshalled her outside the door.

"You go down stairs, Miss Ethel. And do not come within a mile of this chamber again, until I give you leave."

But, meanwhile, Sarah Anne was talking also, imperiously and fretfully. "I will not be moved into Ethel's room! It is not furnished with half the comforts of mine. It has only a bit of bedside carpet! I will not go there, Mr. Snow."

"Now look you here, Miss Sarah Anne!" said the surgeon, firmly. "I am responsible for getting you well out of this illness; and I shall take my own way to do it. If not, if I am to be contradicted at every suggestion, Lady Sarah can summon somebody else to attend you: I will not undertake it."

"My darling, you shall not be moved to Ethel's room," cried my lady, coaxingly: "you shall be moved to mine. It is larger than this, you know, Mr. Snow, with a thorough draught through it, if you choose to put the windows and door open."

"Very well," said Mr. Snow. "Let me find her in it when I come up again this evening. And if there's a carpet on the floor, take it up. Carpets never were intended for bedrooms."

He went into one of the sitting-rooms with Lady Sarah when he descended. "What do you think of the case?" she eagerly asked.

"There will be some difficulty with it," was his candid reply. "Lady Sarah, her hair must come off."

"Her hair come off!" uttered Lady Sarah, aghast. "That it never shall! She has the most lovely hair! What is Ethel's hair, compared to hers?"

"You heard the determination I expressed, Lady Sarah," he quietly said.

"But Sarah Anne will never allow it to be done," she returned, shifting the ground of remonstrance from her own shoulders. "And, to do it in opposition, would be enough to kill her."

"It will not be done in opposition," he answered. "She will be unconscious before it is attempted."

Lady Sarah's heart sank. "You anticipate that she will be dangerously ill!"

"In these cases there is always danger, Lady Sarah. But worse cases than—as I believe—hers will be, have got well over it."

"If I lose her, I shall die myself!" she passionately uttered. "And, if she is to have it badly, she will die! Remember, Mr. Snow, how weak she has always been!"

"We sometimes find that the weak of constitution battle best with an epidemic," he replied. "Many a hearty one has it struck down and taken

off; many a sickly one has struggled through it, and been the better afterwards."

"Everything shall be done as you wish," said Lady Sarah, speaking meekly, in her great fear.

"Very well. There is one caution I would earnestly impress upon you: that of keeping Ethel from the sick-room."

"But there is nobody to whom Sarah Anne is so accustomed, as a nurse," objected Lady Sarah.

"Madam!" hurst forth the doctor in his heat, "would you subject Ethel to the risk of taking the infection, in deference to Sarah Anne's selfishness, or to yours? Better lose all the treasures your house contains, than lose Ethel! She is its greatest treasure."

"I know how remarkably prejudiced you have always been in Ethel's favour!" resentfully spoke Lady Sarah.

"If I disliked her as much as I like her, I should be equally solicitous to guard her from the danger of infection," said Mr. Snow. "If you choose to put Ethel out of consideration, you cannot put Thomas Godolphin: in justice to him, she must be taken care of."

Lady Sarah opened her mouth to reply; but closed it again. Strange words had been hovering upon her lips: "If Thomas Godolphin were not blind, his choice would have fallen upon Sarah Anne; not upon Ethel." In her heart, that was a sore topic of resentment: for she was fully alive to the advantages of a union with a Godolphin. Those words were swallowed down; to give utterance to others.

"Ethel is in the house; and therefore must be liable to take the infection, whether she visits the chamber or not. I cannot fence her round with an air-tight wall, so that not a breath of tainted atmosphere shall touch her. I would if I could: but I cannot."

"I would send her from the house, Lady Sarah. At any rate, I forbid her to go near her sister. I don't want two patients on my hands, instead of one," he added, in his quaint fashion, as he took his departure.

He was about to get into his gig, when he saw Mr. Godolphin advancing with a quick step. "Which of them is it who is seized?" inquired the latter, as he came up.

"Not Ethel, thank goodness!" responded the surgeon. "It is Sarah Anne. I have been recommending my lady to send Ethel from home. I should send her, were she a daughter of mine."

"Is Sarah Anne likely to have it dangerously?"

"I think she will. Is there any necessity for your going to the house just now, Mr. Godolphin?"

Thomas Godolphin smiled. "There is no necessity for my keeping away. I do not fear the fever any more than you do."

He passed into the garden as he spoke, and Mr. Snow drove away. Ethel saw him, and came running out.

"Oh, Thomas, do not come in! do not come!"

His only answer was to take her upon his arm and enter. He threw open the drawing-room window, that as much air might circulate through the house as was possible, and stood at it with her, holding her before him.

"Ethel! what am I to do with you?"

"To do with me! What should you do with me, Thomas?"

"Do you know, my darling, that I cannot *afford* to let this danger touch you?"

"I am not afraid," she gently whispered.

He knew that: she had a brave, unselfish heart. But he was afraid for her, for he loved her with a jealous love; jealous of any evil that might come too near her.

"I should like to take you out of the house with me now, Ethel. I should like to take you far from this fever-tainted town. Will you come?"

She looked up at him with a smile, the colour rising in her face. "How could I, Thomas?"

Anxious thoughts were passing through the mind of Thomas Godolphin. We cannot put aside the conveniences of life; though there are times when they press upon us with an iron weight. He would have given almost his own life to take Ethel from that house: but how was he to do it? No friend would be likely to receive her: not even his own sisters: they would have too much dread of the infection she might bring. He would fain have carried her off to some sea-breezed town, and watch over her and guard her there, until the danger should be over. None would have protected her more honourably than Thomas Godolphin. But—those conveniences that the world has to bow down to! how would the step have accorded with them? Another thought, little less available for common use, passed through his mind.

"Listen, Ethel!" he whispered. "It would be but the getting a license, and half an hour spent at All Souls' with Mr. Hastings. It could be all done, and you away with me before nightfall."

She scarcely understood his meaning. Then, as it dawned upon her, she bent her head and her blushing face, laughing at the wild improbability.

"Oh, Thomas! Thomas! you are only joking. What would people say?"

"Would it make any difference to us, what they said?"

"It could *not be*, Thomas," she whispered, seriously; "it is as a vision impossible. Were all other things meet, how could I run away from my sister, on her bed of dangerous illness, to marry you?"

Ethel was right: and Thomas Godolphin felt that she was. The conveniences must be observed, no matter at what cost. He held her fondly against his heart.

"If aught of ill should arise to you from your remaining here, I shall blame myself as long as life shall last. My love! my love!"

Mr. Godolphin could not linger. He must be back at the bank, for Saturday was their most busy day of all the week, it being market-day at Prior's Ash: though he had snatched a moment to quit it when the imperfect news reached him. George was in the private room alone when he entered. "Shall you be going to Lady Godolphin's Folly this evening, George?" he inquired.

"The Fates permitting," replied Mr. George, who was buried five fathom deep in business: though he would have preferred to be five fathom deep in pleasure. "Why?"

"You can tell my father that I am sorry not to be able to spend an hour with him, as I promised. Lady Godolphin will not thank me to be running from Lady Sarah's house to hers just now."

"Thomas," warmly spoke George, in an impulse of kindly feeling, "I do hope it will not extend itself to Ethel!"

"I hope not," fervently breathed Thomas Godolphin.

III.

CHARLOTTE PAIN.

A FINE old door of oak, a heavy door, standing deep within a portico, inside which you might almost have driven a coach-and-six, introduced you to Ashlydyat. The hall was dark and small, the only light admitted to it being from mullioned windows of stained glass. Innumerable passages branched off from the hall; one peculiarity of Ashlydyat being, that you could scarcely enter a single room in it, hut you must first go down a passage, short or long, to get to it. Had the house been designed by any architect with a head upon his shoulders and a little common sense within it, he might have made a handsome mansion of spacious and noble rooms: as it was, the rooms were cramped and narrow, cornered and confined; and the good space was taken up by these worthless passages.

In the least sombre room of the house, one with a large modern window (put into it by Sir George Godolphin to please my lady, just before that whim came into her head to build the Folly), opening upon a side gravel walk, were two ladies, on the evening of this same Saturday. Were they sisters? They did not look like it. Charlotte Pain you have seen. She stood underneath the wax-lights of the chandelier, tall, commanding, dark, handsome; scarlet flowers in her hair, a scarlet bouquet in her corsage; her dress a rich silk of cream colour with scarlet sprigs upon it. She had in her hand a small black dog of the King Charles species, holding him up to the lights, and laughing at his anger: he was snarling fractiously, whether at the lights or the position, might be best known to his mistress; while at her feet barked and yelped an ugly Scotch terrier, probably because *he* was not also held up: for dogs are like men, and covet what they cannot get.

In a dress of pink gauze, with pretty pink cheeks, smooth features, and hazel eyes, her hair auburn, interlaced with pearls, and her height scarcely reaching to Miss Pain's shoulder, was Mrs. Verrall. She was younger than her sister: for sisters they were: a lady who passed through life with easy indifference, or appeared to do so, and called her husband "Verrall." She stood before the fire, one of those delicate white Indian screens in her hand, to shade her face from the blaze. The room was hot, and the large window had been thrown open. So calm was the night, that not a breath of air came in to stir the wax-lights: the wind, which you heard moaning round the rectory of All Souls' in the morning, worrying the leaves and displeasing Mrs. Hastings, had dropped with sundown to a dead calm.

"Charlotte, I think I shall make Verrall take me to town with him! The thought has just come into my mind."

Charlotte made no answer. Possibly she did not catch the words; for, the dogs were barking and she laughing louder than ever. Mrs. Verrall stamped her foot petulantly, and her voice rang through the room.

"Charlotte, then! do you hear me? Put that horrible little brute

down: or I will ring for them to be taken away! One might as well keep a screaming cockatoo! I say I have a great mind to go up to town with Verrall."

"Verrall would not take you," responded Charlotte, putting her King Charles on the back of the terrier.

"Why do you think that?"

"He goes up for business only."

"It will be so dull for me, all alone!" complained Mrs. Verrall. "You in Scotland, he in London, and I moping myself to death in this gloomy Ashlydyat! I wish we had never taken it!"

Charlotte Pain bent her dark eyes in surprise upon her sister. "Since when have you found out that you do not like Ashlydyat?"

"Oh, I don't know. It is a gloomy place inside, especially if you contrast it with Lady Godolphin's Folly. And they are beginning to whisper of ghostly things being abroad on the Dark Plain!"

"For shame, Kate!" exclaimed Charlotte Pain. "Ghostly things! Oh, I see!—you were laughing."

"Is it not enough to make us all laugh—these tales of the Godolphins? But I shall convert it into a pretext for not being left by myself here, when you and Verrall are away. Why do you go, Charlotte?" Mrs. Verrall added, in a tone which had changed to marked significance. "It is waste of time."

The colour heightened in Charlotte Pain's cheeks. She would not take the innuendo. "I never was in Scotland, and shall like the visit," she said, picking up the King Charles again. "I enjoy fine scenery: you do not care for it."

"Oh," said Mrs. Verrall, "it is the scenery that draws you, is it? Take you care, Charlotte."

"Care of what?"

"Shall I tell you? You must not fly into one of your tempers and pull my hair. You are growing too fond of George Godolphin."

Charlotte Pain gave no trace of "flying into a temper"; she remained perfectly cool and calm. "Well?" was all she said, her lip curling.

"If it would bring you any good; if it would end in your becoming Mrs. George, I should say, *well*; go into it with your whole heart and energy. But it will not end so: and your time and plans are wasted."

"Has he told you so much?" ironically asked Charlotte.

"Nonsense! There was one in possession of the field before you, Charlotte—if my observation goes for anything. *She* will win the race; you will not even be in at the distance chair. I speak of Maria Hastings."

"You speak of what you know nothing," carelessly answered Charlotte Pain, a self-satisfied smile upon her lips.

"Very well. When it is all over, and you find the time *has* been wasted, do not say I never warned you. George Godolphin may be a prize worth entering the lists for; I do not say he is not: but there is no chance of your winning him."

Charlotte Pain tossed the dog upwards and caught him as he descended, a strange look of triumph on her brow.

"And—Charlotte," went on Mrs. Verrall, in a lower tone, "there is a proverb, you know, about two stools. We *may* fall to the ground if

we try to sit upon them both at once. How would Dolf like this expedition to Scotland, handsome George being in it?"

Charlotte's eyes flashed now. I care no more for Dolf than I care for—not half so much as I care for this poor little brute. Don't bring up Dolf to me, Kate!"

"As you please. I would not mix myself up with your private affairs for the world. Only, a looker-on sometimes sees more than those engaged in the play."

Crossing the apartment, Mrs. Verrall traversed the passage that led from it, and opened the door of another room. There sat her husband at the dessert-table, drinking his wine alone, and smoking a cigar. He was a slight man, double the age of his wife, his hair and whiskers yellow, and his eyes set deep in his head: rather a good-looking man on the whole, but a very silent one. "I want to go to London with you," said Mrs. Verrall.

"You can't," he answered.

She advanced to the table and sat down near him. "There's Charlotte going one way, and you another——"

"Don't stop Charlotte," he interrupted, with a meaning nod.

"And I must be left in the house by myself; to the ghosts and dreams and shadows they are inventing about that Dark Plain. I *will* go with you, Verrall."

"I should not take you with me to save the ghosts running off with you," was Mr. Verrall's answer, as he pressed the ashes from his cigar on a pretty shell, set in gold. "I go up *incog.* this time."

"Then I'll fill the house with guests," she petulantly said.

"Fill it, and welcome, if you like, Kate," he replied. "But, to go to London, you must wait for another opportunity."

"What a hateful thing business is! I wish it had never been invented!"

"A great many more wish the same. And have more cause to wish it than you," he dryly answered. "Is tea ready?"

Mrs. Verrall returned to the room she had left, to order it in. Charlotte Pain was then standing outside the large window, leaning against its frame, the King Charles lying quietly in her arms, and her own ears on the alert, for she thought she heard advancing footsteps: and they seemed to be stealthy ones. The thought—or, perhaps, the wish—that it might be George Godolphin, stealing up to surprise her, flashed into her mind. She bent her head and stroked the dog, in the prettiest unconsciousness of the nearing footsteps.

A hand was laid upon her shoulder. "Charlotte!"

She cried out. A genuine, sharp cry of dismay, dropped the King Charles, and bounded into the room. The intruder followed her.

"Why, Dolf!" uttered Mrs. Verrall in much astonishment. "Is it you?"

"It is not my ghost," replied the gentleman, holding out his hand. He was a little man with fair hair, Mr. Rodolf Pain, cousin to the two ladies. "Did I alarm you, Charlotte?"

"Alarm me!" she angrily uttered. "You must have sprung out of the earth."

"I have sprung from the railway station. Where is Verrall?"

"Why have you come down so unexpectedly?" exclaimed Mrs. Verrall.

"To see Verrall. I go back to-morrow."

"Verrall goes up to-morrow night."

"I know he does. And that is why I have come."

"You might have waited to see him in London," said Charlotte, her equanimity not yet restored.

"It was necessary for me to see him before he reached London. Where shall I find him, Mrs. Verrall?"

"In the dining-room," Mrs. Verrall replied. "What can you want with him, in this hurry?"

"Business," laconically replied Rodolf Pain, as he quitted the room in search of Mr. Verrall.

It was not the only interruption. Ere two minutes had elapsed, Lady Godolphin was shown in, causing Mrs. Verrall and her sister nearly as much surprise as did the last intruder. She had walked over from the Folly, attended by a footman, and some agitation peeped out through her usual courtly suavity of manner.

"Can you be ready to start with us to-morrow morning instead of Monday?" she demanded of Charlotte Pain.

"To-morrow will be Sunday!" returned Charlotte.

"The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath: remember Who it was spoke that to us," said Lady Godolphin, with some sternness. "It is the argument I have just been obliged to bring forward to Sir George. I did not imagine you were so scrupulous."

She laid a stress upon the "you," and a smile crossed Charlotte Pain's lips: Charlotte was certainly not troubled with over-scrupulousness upon these points.

"I do not countenance Sunday travelling, if other days can be made use of," continued Lady Godolphin. "But there are cases where it is not only necessary, but justifiable: when we are glad to feel the value of those Divine words. The fever has broken out again, and I shall make use of to-morrow to get away from it. We start in the morning."

"I shall be ready and willing," replied Charlotte.

"It has appeared at Lady Sarah Grame's," added Lady Godolphin: "one of the most unlikely homes it might have been expected to visit. After this, none of us can feel safe. Were that fever to attack Sir George, his life, in his present reduced state, would not be worth an hour's purchase."

Declining the invitation to remain, Lady Godolphin prepared to leave again, after giving a few moments, with Charlotte Pain, to the settlement of preliminaries for the morning. The dread of the fever had been strong upon her from the first; but never had it been so keen as now. Some are given to this dread in an unwonted degree: while the epidemic lasts (of whatever nature it may be) they live in a constant, racking state of fear, of pain. It is the death they fear: the being sent violently on the unknown life to come. I know but of one remedy: to make peace with God: death or life are alike then. Lady Godolphin had not found it.

"Will Mr. Hastings permit his daughter to travel on a Sunday?" exclaimed Mrs. Verrall, the idea suddenly occurring to her, as Lady Godolphin was leaving.

"That is my business," was my lady's frigid answer. It has been said that she brooked not interference in the slightest degree.

It certainly could not be called the business of Mr. Hastings. For, my lady and Maria, and Sir George and Charlotte Pain, were far away the next morning from Prior's Ash, before he received an inkling of the matter. That graceless George—much *he* cared about the sin of Sunday travelling!—attended them a few stations forward, getting back at night.

"If I had but known of this, what a pretext it would have been for keeping Maria!" mentally uttered the dismayed rector.

THE IRONSIDES.*

NAVAL SONG.

By J. E. CARPENTER.

Old England's glorious wooden walls
 Were once our country's pride,
 Where'er a keel could float they all
 The world in arms defied;
 When NELSON fought and DIBDIN sung,
 No Iron Ships had we,
 But arm to arm we boldly met
 The bravest on the sea!
 And so we will again, brave boys,
 In spite of wounds and scars,
 For Hearts of Oak may still be found
 In England's jolly Tars.

They threaten now with mail-clad ships
 Our commerce and our trade,
 The proof, my hearties, still must be
 Of what their men are made;
 If they have castles on the deep,
 Why we can build as stout,
 'Twill come to this that both, like men,
 Must meet and fight it out.
 But, spite of steam and steel, brave boys,
 There's nothing still debars
 The British Fleet the world to beat
 * With England's jolly Tars.

The Ironsides of England then
 Must proudly take their place,
 And steam instead of wind and tide
 Assist us to give chase;
 A precious change is this, brave boys,
 For Tars like you and me,
 Who've served aboard a man-o'-war,
 And lived at last to see!
 Our duty still we'll do, brave boys,
 And bless our lucky stars
 That alter what they will,—they cannot
 England's jolly Tars!

* This song has been set to a stirring melody by Mr. W. Vincent Wallace.

NOTES ON NOTE-WORTHIES,

OF DIVERS ORDERS, EITHER SEX, AND EVERY AGE.

By SIR NATHANIEL.

. . . . And make them men of note (do you note, men?).—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1.

D. Pedro. Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of *mine* that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!

Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. 3.

And these to Notes are frittered quite away.—*Dunciad*, Book I.

Notes of exception, notes of admiration,

Notes of assent, notes of interrogation.—*Amen Corner*, c. iii.

XLV.—THE EMPEROR JOSEPH II.

KAUNITZ said, "It takes a hundred years to make a great man in Austria." A propos of which *not* a Saturday Reviewer has affirmed that "Joseph II., with all his faults, was undoubtedly a great man;"—and has subjoined the query: "Will the modern Lower Empire live long enough to produce another?"*

It is to the influence of this same Kaunitz,—“who, like an evil spirit, ever attended him”—that Menzel attributes the contradiction apparent in Joseph's character, the intermixture of so much injustice with his most zealous endeavours to do right—for Joseph “evinced an utter want of feeling in his foreign policy” (alluding to Poland), and yet was, in his own dominions, the “greatest enthusiast for popular liberty and the greatest promoter of national prosperity that ever sat upon a throne.”† Maria Theresa died in 1780, and Joseph II. no sooner found himself sole sovereign than, as this historian describes it, he began a multitude of reforms,—with headlong enthusiasm attempting at once to uproot every ancient abuse and to force upon his subjects liberty and enlightenment. “Regardless of the power of hereditary prejudice, he arbitrarily upset every existing institution, convinced that he was promoting the real welfare of his subjects.” His reforms extended to both church and state, and everywhere met the same opposition. That best of schoolmasters, Experience, but “whose school fees are so heavy,” taught him, before he had done, the moral of our old dramatist's adage, that

Things rashly undertaken end as ill,

But great acts thrive when reason guides the will.‡

* *Saturday Review*, No. 26. (1856.)

† Menzel's *History of Germany*, § cccxxviii.

‡ Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, Act I. Sc. 1.

Taking into account his circumstances, position, and mental endowments, there was no monarch in Europe but this emperor, Schlegel maintains, whose mission it so eminently was to determine the great contest of the age, and with a strong hand to guide the changes now almost inevitable, in such a manner and in such a direction as to ensure the general well-being. While, however, most writers assign Joseph's rashness, his desire to reap the fruit as soon as he had sown the seed, without leaving time for its silent growth, as the main cause of the imperfect success of his measures, Frederick Schlegel submits that, easily as this tendency may be explained by the emperor's position, education, destiny, and character, it does not account altogether for the failure of his plans. To him it appears, that it was Joseph's neglect to win over and guide public opinion, that created the principal obstacles to his measures, and often hindered their success. This neglect "is the more to be lamented, as public opinion soon acquired a power so great and formidable, and almost exclusively governed the age. How many means, too, stood at his command to influence public opinion, to become the pilot of that age, and steer it towards the haven of universal well-being! He, the offspring and heir of Maximilian and Charles the Fifth, the successor of Matthias Corvinus, the emperor of Germany, sovereign of the French and German Netherlands, protector and lord of the most refined and industrious provinces of Italy,—a man, too, of penetrating mind and restless energy and activity; well versed in the useful sciences; familiar with the various countries and peoples of Europe from personal observation; master of so many languages; in personal intercourse so attractive and irresistible; he, we say, ought to have swayed the minds of all men, and have been the saving genius of Europe, by imposing silence on the storms that were menacing her with destruction."*

The character Archdeacon Coxe gives of this Kaiser is, that he undoubtedly possessed many great and amiable qualities, but that these were counteracted by a restlessness of temper, and a rage for innovation, which were with difficulty controlled even in his youth, by the calm judgment and wary circumspection of his mother, Maria Theresa;—defects aggravated by a spirit of despotism derived from his high birth, and fostered by his confined education. To these the historian of the House of Austria adds an habitual duplicity, and a disregard of the most solemn engagements, which sunk him in the opinion of Europe, and deprived him at once of the love of his subjects, and the confidence of his allies. A wise statesman, it is remarked, will always consult the genius and temper of his people, and make even prejudice and superstition subservient to the general good: Joseph, unfortunately for himself and for Europe, acted in direct contradiction to this plain rule, in attempting to abolish deep-rooted institutions, and to extirpate prejudices and opinions which had been consecrated by ages. "He expected that to be the work of a moment which could only be the gradual operation of successive years; he never distinguished what was just and specious in theory, from what was reducible to practice. To use the words of his rival Frederick, 'his head was a confused magazine of despatches, decrees, and projects.' With the most thoughtless precipitation, he made laws before he had re-

* Schlegel's *Modern History*, lectures xix., xx., xxi., *passim*.

moved the obstacles to their execution, or could discover and remedy their defects, and changed them with the same precipitation as they were made. Hence he issued an amazing number of ordinances and rescripts, many of which being ill digested or ambiguous, were seldom carried into execution. Couriers were despatched upon couriers, counteracting preceding orders, and every new edict was modified or limited by additional decrees.

"With these principles, it is no wonder that his reign was a continued scene of agitation and disappointment. He himself bore witness to the folly, the inconsistency, and the impracticability of his schemes, when at the close of his life, he said, 'I would have engraved on my tomb: Here lies a sovereign, who with the best intentions never carried a single project into execution.'"

Lord Brougham accounts it in some degree unfortunate for the fame of Joseph, that he came after so able and celebrated a personage as his mother, the *Rex Noster* of then enthusiastic Hungary. Unfortunate, too, it was for him, that the Empress Queen was resolved that her son, even when clothed by the election of the German diet with the Imperial title, should exercise none of its prerogatives during her life; and that so long after he had arrived at man's estate, he should be held in a kind of tutelage by that bold and politic princess. Having, therefore, finished his studies,—as the noble lord goes on to say, "and perceiving that at home he was destined to remain a mere cipher while she ruled, he went abroad, and travelled into those dominions in Italy nominally his own, but where he had no more concern with the government than the meanest of his subjects; and from thence he visited the rest of the Italian states. An eager, but an indiscriminate thirst of knowledge distinguished him wherever he went; there was no subject which he would not master, no kind of information which he would not amass; nor were any details too minute for him to collect." Lord Brougham admits that nothing can be more praiseworthy than a sovereign thus acquainting himself thoroughly with the concerns of the people over whom he is called to rule; and even that the undistinguishing ardour of his studies can lead to little other harm than the losing time, or preventing the acquisition of important matters by distracting the attention to trifles. But Joseph's activity, complains his critic, was as indiscriminate as his inquiries, and he both did some harm and exposed himself to much ridicule by the conduct which it prompted: he must needs visit the convents and inspect the work of the nuns; nor rest satisfied until he imposed on those whose needle moved less quickly than suited his notions of female industry, the task of making shirts for the soldiery. "So his ambition was equally undistinguishing and unreflecting; nor did he consider that the things which it led him to institute might well be void of all merit in him, though highly important in those whose example he was following to the letter regardless of the spirit." Thus, to give a sufficiently far-fetched illustration, because the Emperor of China encourages agriculture by driving, at some solemn festival, a plough with the haud that holds at other times the celestial sceptre, the Emperor of Germany must needs plough a ridge in the Milanese, where of course a monument was erected to perpetuate this act of princely folly.

* Coxe's History of the House of Austria, vol. iii. ch. cxxx.

But of all his admirations, that which Kaiser Joseph entertained for the great enemy of his house, his mother, and his crown, is styled by Lord Brougham "the most preposterous." During the Seven Years' War, which threatened the existence of all three, he would fain, we are told, "have served a campaign under Frederic II.; and although he might probably have had the decency to station himself on the northern frontier, where Russia was the enemy, yet no one can wonder at the Empress Queen prohibiting her son from taking the recreation of high treason to amuse his leisure hours, and occupying his youth in shaking the throne which he was one day to fill. At length, however, the day arrived which he had so long eagerly panted for, when he was to become personally acquainted with the idol of his devotion. His inflexible parent had, in 1766, prevented them from meeting at Torgau; but three years after they had an interview of some days at Neiss, in Silesia, the important province which Frederic had wrested from the Austrian crown. The veteran monarch has well conveyed an idea of his admirer in one of his historical works, which indeed contains very few sketches of equal merit: 'Il affectait une franchise qui lui semblait naturelle; son caractère aimable marquait de la gaieté jointe à la vivacité; mais avec le désir d'apprendre, il n'avait pas la patience de s'instruire.' " And certainly, Lord Brougham observes, this impatience of the means, proportioned to an eagerness for the end, was the distinguishing feature of Joseph's whole character and conduct through life, from the most important to the most trivial of his various pursuits.*

While the proposed meeting at Torgau, in 1766, was the topic of European politicians far and wide, we find the Earl of Chesterfield thus discussing it, after his pungent manner, in a letter to his son: "The emperor, by your account, seems very well for an emperor; who, by being above the other monarchs in Europe, may justly be supposed to have had a proportionably worse education. I find, by your account of him, that he has been trained up to homicide, the only science in which princes are ever instructed; and with good reason, as their greatness and glory singly depend upon the numbers of their fellow-creatures which their ambition exterminates. If a sovereign should, by great accident, deviate into moderation, justice, and clemency, what a contemptible figure would he make in the catalogue of princes! I have always owned a great regard for King Log. From the interview at Torgau, between the two monarchs, they will be either a great deal better or worse together; but I think rather the latter, for our namesake, Philip de Comines, observes, that he never knew any good come from 'l'abouchement des rois.' The King of Prussia will exert all his perspicacity to analyse his imperial majesty; and I would bet upon the one head of his black eagle, against the two heads of the Austrian eagle; though two heads are said, proverbially, to be better than one."† His lordship adds a wish that he had the direction of both the monarchs, that, under his inspiration, they might together deprive France of Lorraine and Alsace. He was a demonstrative admirer of Frederick the Great; and had his life been prolonged, we can fancy him eating his words, one by one (with no sour faces

* See Historical Sketches of Statesmen, &c., First Series, vol. ii. pp. 207-223, *passim*. (Edit. 1845.)

† Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son, No. 399; July 11, 1766.

the while), about Joseph's homicidal tendencies and training, and recognising in his imperial majesty that "great accident," a royal deviation into clemency and justice.

Another imperial monarch, by the way, exhibited a similar ardour of admiration for Frederick. This was the Czar Peter—Semiramis Catherine's worse half.]

Joseph himself, on the other hand, remembering Catherine and St. Petersburg in 1780, might say with Shakespeare's foolish knight, I was adored once, too. Joseph flattered the Czarina to the far end of her long tether, and humoured her to the high tip-top of her bent. She thought him a love of a man. She treated him as every inch a king. When they parted, Catherine was in a flood of tears; and on Joseph's stooping to kiss her hand, she fairly flung her arms about him, and hugged the Kaiser to her heart. When the Crown Prince of Prussia arrived, with a view to eclipse the departing emperor, and to win her majesty to Prussian rather than Austrian preferences, he found himself snubbed and cold-shouldered, and indeed, before long, was told to be off—lest Russia, otherwise a coldish country, might become too hot to hold him. Joseph had made an impression which remained, and had adroitly approved himself on this occasion, to all comers, master of the situation. In manners and person, as well as political tact, he was every way in advance of the nephew of Old Fritz, whose unwieldy figure, awkward demeanour, and chilly reserve, invited nothing but odious comparisons, of which all the odium fell to the new comer's share. Nothing could be less to Catherine's mind, at this juncture, than to carry out the rule which bids courteous entertainers

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

She did her very best to keep the Kaiser; and she did her second best to make a clearance, at once and for ever, of Frederick William. That she failed in the former, was all the better reason for carrying her point in the latter instance.

Joseph is described by Alison as an ardent reformer, a philanthropic philosopher, deeply imbued with the delusions of perfectibility, and impatient to change everything in the civil, religious, and military administration of his vast states; in the warmth of his benevolence, urging on many reforms neither called for by, nor beneficial to, his subjects.* Clarendon tells us of his restored master, that "the king had in his nature so little reverence for antiquity, and did in truth so much condemn old orders, forms, and institutions, that the objections of novelty rather advanced than obstructed any proposition. He was a great lover of new inventions, and thought them the effect of wit and spirit, and fit to control the superstitious observation of the dictates of our ancestors."† There was no very close general resemblance (unless in *bonhomie*) between philosophic Kaiser Joseph and our Merry Monarch, but in this weakness for experimental innovations imputed to the latter by his conservative Chancellor, the Kaiser had a plenary share. Mrs. Austin, who has some forcible remarks on Joseph's "humane, but rash and premature

* History of Europe, vol. ii. ch. ix. § 49.

† Life of Edward, Earl of Clarendon, vol. iii.

attempts to force upon a backward people reforms which they were wholly unable to appreciate," pronounces the "tragical history of that illustrious martyr to a passionate, but most autocratic philanthropy, and an over-estimate of the power of men to understand their own interests,"* to be pregnant with instruction for all who think that good government can coexist with popular ignorance and stupidity. The present Duke of Saxe-Coburg has lately been learning this lesson, and reporting the result. One may apply the moral of La Fontaine's fable—

O vous, pasteurs d'humains, et non pas de brebis,
Rois, qui croyez gagner par raison les esprits
D'une multitude étrangère,
Ce n'est jamais par là que l'on en vient à bout !
Il y faut une autre manière.†

It has been called a melancholy truth, as melancholy as it is certain, that the "abominable enterprise"‡ of the Partition of Poland, in 1770, is the only one of all the Emperor's undertakings that ever succeeded. That partition was arranged at his second meeting with Old Fritz, which took place at Neustadt, the year after their original rendezvous at Neiss.

M. Ferrari, describing "Prussia, now become a monarchy," with its absolute princes, its debauchees, its boudoir philosophers, and its enlightened king,—says of the latter, that he led on the free and federal opposition of the States of Germany to such a height, that the Emperor kept falling lower and lower still, and had hard work to hold his own, summoning to his aid the Magyars, Pandours, Croats, and ante-historical races in Maria Theresa's train. "Joseph II. avenges himself only in falling back upon his own monarchy, wherein, as chief of the despotic revolution, he declares himself first officer of the state, as though his subjects were merely stockholders in an immense joint-stock company. At his command, pens of servile independence make a digest of *la monochomachie*, wherein all the 'religious' of all times, all orders, all places, enter an appearance, one after another, like animals of divers races and of opposite habits: some uttering cries by night, others keeping silence, others travelling to and fro; some again *cloister* together; their plumage varies; a host of circumstances produces new diversities among them; and monasteries fall by hundreds before the ordinances by which this imperial pleasantry is dryly enough sustained."§

It was when Joseph II. had succeeded to the imperial throne and was employing himself in universal reforms, that Wieland produced his "Mirror of Gold"—described by Philarète Chasles as an ingenious piece of Utopianism, the mistakes and faults of which have been tested and condemned by time, that tests all things, and condemns so many. Wieland "deceived himself, like Joseph II., and like all speculative philosophers who would apply abstract theories to the government of men." M. Chasles declares Wieland's philosophical romance to belong, like Plato's Republic and Sir Thomas More's Utopia, to "that class of impossible books which would be the ruin of the world, were the authors

* See Mrs. Austin's valuable work on "Germany," comprising her contributions on that subject to the *Edinburgh Review*.

† Fables de la Fontaine, livre x. 11.

‡ Lord Brougham.

§ Ferrari, Histoire des Révolutions d'Italie, t. iv. xi^{me} partie, ch. iv.

of them to get a hearing." Joseph himself, adds the French critic,* perceived before long that in this world everything is compassed about with difficulties and drawbacks, that the smallest reform is only achieved with much pains, and that fresh abuses, calling for a new set of remedies, spring up beneath the reformer's tread. The *poète satirique*, therefore, took up his pen anew, and set about girding at Joseph, whom he had previously cheered on; the continuation of the "Mirror of Gold" being a formal gibe at Joseph's premature civilisation, introduced, Wieland could now see and say, without art, tact, or common sense.

The difficulty with which the imperial reformer had to contend,—as a reviewer of Thompson's "Austria" has observed,—in his endeavour to give unity, and, in fact, a national character, to his dominions, can only be appreciated by a study of the mass of chaotic elements of which those hereditary dominions were composed. Even at that time, we are reminded, the Germanic Empire had declined into a mere ceremony,—and the cautious house of Habsburg-Lorraine was already preparing to transfer the supreme dignity to Austria. "Joseph began his plan of nationalising his possessions; and, as was natural in his case, he began from the purely German point of view, and wished to establish unity in a German spirit. The Italians, the Magyars, the Zeckse were dissatisfied. He told them plainly that he was a German, and that they must become German too. The use of the Latin language (the common tongue) was abolished in the courts of law, and German substituted. This created confusion. Claims of martyrdom were set up—the bolder spirits resisted—an *esprit de corps* was generated in large masses." And thus it became a point of honour and of pride, we are told, to repress even the tendency to Germanise which had previously worked in silence, and with some success: the rival races made themselves more distinct than ever; and after years of endeavour the monarch found that his attempt had resulted only in sowing the seeds of mutual fear and jealousy amongst his common subjects,—and that, in place of the passive union formerly subsisting, it had introduced the elements of repugnance and future separation. And so, adds the intelligent writer we have quoted, "he gave up his work in sorrow and disgust."†

M. Villemain recognises the disciple of the French philosophes of the eighteenth century in Joseph II., *ce monarque à la fois philanthrope et despote*, who with imperious zeal protected the ideas of liberty, and yet carried into some of his reforms a something of real intolerance. "In the Brabant affair, for example, as an absolute prince he proved himself a tyrannical one; but he was influenced by the ideas accredited in Europe by French philosophy."‡ Napoleon once defined Marcus Aurelius "a sort of Joseph II. on a larger scale, a philanthropist and sectary, holding intercourse with the sophists and ideologues of his time, flattering them, imitating them, and persecuting the Christians, just as Joseph II. did the Catholics of the Netherlands."§ An old Edinburgh Reviewer, in pursuit of his argument that a peculiar kind of treachery seems hereditary

* Etudes sur l'Allemagne, IV. "Wieland et ses Contemporains."

† *Athenæum*, 1849, No. 1118.

‡ Villemain, *Tableau du XVIII^e Siècle*, t. III., leçon xii.

§ See the first volume of M. Villemain's "Souvenirs Contemporains" (1854), p. 155.

in Austria, after citing a variety of damaging illustrations, adds, that "even the purer reign of Joseph II. is not exempt from it. When in 1787 an insurrection broke out in Belgium, this Emperor exclaimed, that 'it was necessary to quench the flames of the rebellion in blood.' Finding afterwards that the resistance was more obstinate than he had anticipated, he apparently grew milder, suppressed his resentment, dissembled, demanded conferences with the insurgents, and promised amnesties and oblivion; but no sooner had the storm blown over, than he recalled his pardon, violated all his engagements, and commenced the system of persecution."* This was the unkindest cut from him who had been teaching them liberalism, and indoctrinating them with reform. He might on that account have upbraided himself in the language of Shakespeare's philosophic and experimentalising Duke, to whom, in certain salient points of political character, Joseph has a mark-worthy resemblance—

'Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do.†

His Flemish reforms, as Lord Brougham says, and then his attempts upon the liberties of the Flemings, ended in exciting an open rebellion, which convulsed the Netherlands at the time of his death.

It is generally entertaining, we think, and sometimes instructive, to trace a fragmentary series of incidental contemporary allusions to some remarkable career, in the familiar correspondence, or journals, of an observer of scene and "position in society,"—for instance, in the voluminous letters of Horace Walpole. It is like looking over a file of the *Times*, for leading-article comments on the shifting aspects, from day to day, and from year to year, of some political question. We get the impressions in vogue at the time—with abundance, maybe, of inconsistencies, and misapprehensions, and even misrepresentations, not to mention the approved modicum of malice; but we have the subject handled, at any rate, as one of then instant interest and import, with the charm of an unaccomplished sequel, an undefined course yet to run. Let us turn to some of the Walpole letters, then, for current testimony of this sort, such as it is, by a man of wit noting down the impressions of the hour, and the gossip of the gazettes, as regards Kaiser Joseph the Second. About the earliest allusion occurs in 1766, while Walpole was in Paris, where rumours obtain, he says, "of a coolness, even of quarrels, between this Court and the new Emperor. . . . It would not surprise me: France, as England has done, will find that the Court of Vienna obeys no law, observes no tie, but that of pride. . . . If this young German Cæsar begins already, I know where he will end—at impatience to reign over his mother's estates."‡ This is not an auspicious commencement of our Horatiana: the young German Cæsar is not in Walpole's good books, to begin with. Years pass on—half a dozen of them; and then we come across this ironical note of admiration: "Pious Maria Theresa! Humane Joseph, the father and idol of his people!"§ This was written in 1772,

* *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xl. p. 309.

† Measure for Measure, Act I. Sc. 4.

‡ Walpole's Letters (Cunningham's edition), vol. iv. p. 476.

§ *Ibid.*, vol. v. p. 414.

à propos of the Partition of Poland and cognate doings. Again years roll on, without Joseph being discussed or mentioned in the Strawberry Hill despatches. But in 1778 the Kaiser has his turn for another buffet. "I doubt that imperial philosopher, who scattered so many humane apophthegms last year at Paris, is a little too impatient to employ his Austrian talons" (there was talk of war between him and Prussia). "What a farce to visit hospitals, when one thinks of nothing but stocking them with maimed carcasses! What buckets of blood it costs, before a prince takes his place at the table of Fame, that might be earned so much better by benevolence!"* Benevolence, by-the-by, being the asserted characteristic of the imperial philosopher in question. Again (April 18, 1778): "I take the Emperor to be the most impatient to be a Cæsar, and his mother I suppose is very ready to employ him at a distance from home." In June, Horace speculates as to Frederick of Prussia's designs—whether he means to maintain his throne as warrior-king of Europe, or cede it "to a young Cæsar. He seems to be aiming at a more artful crown—that of policy; and, in all probability, will attain it; at least, I am not much prejudiced yet in favour of his competitor." That was quite evident.—Then again in August of the same year, after a little croaking over English degeneracy and mishaps in war: "Cæsar seems to have made as bad a figure as we. After usurping Bavaria, he is forced to beg peace too. They say he is convinced of having been in the wrong, by a renunciation that has been found of the Emperor Albert. It is the first time a hero at the head of two hundred and twenty thousand men was ever convinced by an old parchment! His Imperial reason did not deign to listen to law and equity in the dismemberment of Poland; nor would he now, I ween, if Lord Chief Justice Frederick had not enclosed him with more numerous armies."—In the same strain, in March, 1779: "Fame has shut her temple, too, in Germany: yet I think both the Emperor and King of Prussia have some claim on history; the latter by clipping Cæsar's soaring wings, and Cæsar by having kept so old and so able a professor at bay for a whole campaign. Still the professor has carried a great point by having linked his interests with those of the Empire. The gratitude of those princes might soon wear out; but it is their interest to maintain a great, though new, power, that can balance the House of Austria."†

Skipping onwards to August, 1781, we read: "Oh! but the Emperor?—why, he is running about and sowing sayings, that are to be cited by Diderot and D'Alembert. However, I am mistaken if he turns out anything but an ape of the King of Prussia." In September, we get a glimpse of Kaiser Joseph in a new character (but then it is through Strawberry Hill glasses—not unfrequently a discolouring and refracting medium): "I have heard of Lady Derby's imperial conquest; nor should I wonder if her mother was immediately to transport her own rays of beauty to Vienna, since there is a monarch that can take up with remnants of charms, that indeed never were very charming." That is gossip for Lady Ossory's delectation, and so is what follows: "I have met Miss Lloyd at Lady Di's. She is superlatively inflated with the odours

* Walpole's Letters (Cunningham's edition), vol. vii. p. 48.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 53, 82, 104, 183.

that flowed from the Emperor on her and Lady Clermont. 'We sat round him, and he put us quite at our ease.' 'He would not have put me so,' said I; 'I have seen a good deal of princes in my day, and always found, that if they put themselves at their ease, they did not at all like that I should put myself so.' I demurred, too, to the great admiration: I remember when the Lady Clermonts of that time wept for the departure of the Duke of Lorraine, the late emperor, and yet he proved an *caf*. This man announces too much: we shall see."^{*}

Whatever may have been Walpole's experience of royal familiarities, and the shrewdness of his interpretation of them, it cannot be doubted that Joseph II. was exceptionally benign and free in personal intercourse. The author of "Friends of Bohemia," having occasion in one of his satirical portrait-sketches to remark that in those days (as contrasted with the present) kings were kings by the grace of God, and society was kept down in stiff demarcations; whereas in these days Courts have to be circumspect, in the belief that familiarity breeds contempt; adds, in his peculiar way: "Joseph of Austria set a terrible example of *bonhomie* to continental sovereigns; and that free and easy style of royalty has destroyed the principle of monarchy in Germany."[†] A republican sentiment, which also has a free-and-easy style of its own.

But to return to the Walpole letters. Before entering, however, on the next batch, a preliminary word or two may be offered, touching the feats of Kaiser Joseph as an ecclesiastical reformer, with which they are mainly concerned. Nine-tenths of the estates belonging, in former days, to the Church, were confiscated by him between 1784 and 1789; there being this "vital distinction," as Alison calls it, "between the proceedings of this philosophic reformer and those of our Henry VIII.—he did not bestow the confiscated lands on rapacious courtiers or reforming barons, but, with a few trifling exceptions, they were all accumulated into a religious fund (*religionssasse*) in the different provinces, from which provision was thereafter to be made for the spiritual wants and education of the people."[‡] He also, in defiance of all the remonstrances of the Pope, ordered the prayers and litanies in the churches to be performed in German, though Latin was still allowed for mass. Moreover, he took measures to prevent Appeals to Rome, and to retain the power of Ordination and Deprivation within the country. But he proceeded, as Lord Brougham says, in so inconsiderate a manner as to raise universal alarm among all classes of the clergy, and even to make the Pope undertake a journey from Rome with the view of turning him aside from his projects, by showing their dangerous consequences. "A courteous reception was all the Sovereign Pontiff received; and after his return to Italy, the Emperor rashly abolished the Diocesan Seminaries, reserving only five or six for the whole of his vast dominions; new modelled the limits of the dioceses, and altered the whole law of marriage, granting, for the first time in a Catholic country, the liberty of divorce."[§] Courteous as the reception of his Holiness may be called, it does not seem, by a German historian's|| account, to have been very courteous as

* Walpole's Letters (Cunningham's edition), vol. viii. pp. 70, 75, 80.

† Political Portraits, by E. M. Whitty, p. 102.

‡ History of Europe, vol. vi. ch. xl. § 24.

§ Historical Sketches, vol. ii. p. 218.

|| Menzel, vol. iii. ch. 238.

a Court of Rome understands courtesy. The road into Vienna was, indeed, lined by thousands as the Pope (it was Pius VI.) made his entry (1782). But Kaiser Joseph did not honour with his presence the mass celebrated by the Holy Father; nor did he allow any one to have access to his sacred visitor without special permission; and whenever Pius tried to get Joseph into conversation on business matters, the latter declared he understood nothing about them, must first consult his council, and begged that the affair might be conducted in writing. Old Kaunitz, too, instead of kissing the Pope's hand when graciously extended to him, grasped it with a prodigious show of cordiality, and shook it as if he really thought Pius VI. a capital fellow, and one of his best friends; and when the Pope came to visit him, on the pretext of seeing his picture-gallery, the veteran Minister, to keep up the spirit of the thing, received his Holiness in a light *robe-de-chambre*, and with as airy, jaunty a demeanour as he could put on. Four weeks was the baffled *Saint Père* at Vienna, and had to go home again, after all, *re infectâ*. It must have been something in the style of Hamlet's valediction that, in his heart, he took leave of innovating, intrusive, aggressive Cæsar:

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell !*

Then again Joseph took to removing the images from the churches, to show that he could (it is a Protestant liberal's comment), in trifling as well as graver matters, pursue the course of premature innovation, and that he was ignorant of the great rule of practical wisdom in government, which forbids us to hurt strong and general feelings where no adequate purpose is to be served, how trifling or absurd soever the subject-matter may be to which those feelings relate. "The removal of images, however, was far from the most trifling of the details into which he thrust his improving hand. He wearied out the clergy as well as their flocks with innumerable regulations touching fasts, processions, ceremonies of the Church, everything, as has been well observed, with which the civil power has the least right to meddle, and, it might be added, everything the most beneath a Sovereign's regard: so that Frederic used not unhappily to speak of him as his 'brother the Sexton' (*mon frère le Sacristain*)."[†] Lord Brougham's remark is just, that every one must know how such freaks of power, the growth of a little mind, torment and irritate their objects even more than they lower the reputation and weaken the authority of those who commit them.

And all this was done by Joseph *en philosophe*. He provoked the Pope and the populace, at different times and on various grounds, strictly on philosophical principles. We can't help thinking of what old Jarvis says of his young master, when reporting progress to the uncle, in Goldsmith's play: "Faith, begging your honour's pardon, I'm sorry they taught him any philosophy at all; it has only served to spoil him. This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey. For my own part, whenever I hear him mention the name on't, I'm always sure he's going to play the fool."[‡] Many an observer

* Hamlet, III. 4.

† Brougham, *Statesmen of Time of George III.*, vol. ii.

‡ The Good-natured Man, Act I. Sc. 1.

must have always felt sure of the self-same thing in Joseph's time, and in Joseph's own case,—whenever a strong infusion of philosophy tinctured the last new rescript from the throne.

Revenons à notre Strawberry Hill. "We hear with some surprise," Walpole writes to Mann, in January, 1782, "of the Emperor's very rapid suffocation of nunneries. Do not the monks regret their helpmates, and tremble for themselves? If Cæsar could tremble, I should ask if Cæsar had no apprehension for himself. Are all the Jesuits extinct that despatched poor Ganganelli? Is not the Vatican hung with sackcloth?" Ganganelli, Walpole's pet Pontiff (Clement XIV.), was the immediate predecessor of Pius VI., whom Menzel calls the Jesuits' tool. Hence Walpole's significant queries.—Again, in a letter to Mason (Feb. 7, 1782): "If you love imperial logic, pray read the Emperor's rescript on the suppression of Popery; it is a model of reasoning that may be applied to the restoration of Popery here, for it shows that everything *tient uniquement de la volonté libre et arbitraire des Princes de la terre*—did you ever see so happy an union as that of *libre* and *arbitraire*?" In another, to Parson Cole (Feb. 14), after some allusions to their political differences and mutual toleration: "The Emperor seems to be of *our* party; but, if I like his notions, I do not admire his judgment, which is too precipitate to *be* judgment." And a following one (Feb. 22) explains the allusion: "The act of the Emperor to which I alluded, is the general destruction of convents in Flanders, and, I suppose, in his German dominions too. The Pope suppressed the carnival, as mourning, and proposes a journey to Vienna to implore mercy. This is a little different from the time when the pontiffs trampled on the necks of emperors, and called it trampling *super aspidem et draconem*." The same week Horace writes to Mann, at Florence: "You say that the Emperor had consented to receive the Pope, from whom he has taken at least a third of his tiara. We had heard that Cæsar added, that his Holiness's visit would be to no manner of purpose. Perhaps the Monarch would not dislike to return the *super aspidem et basilicum calcabis*—yet he may find an aspic under his feet. There is more than metaphoric poison still left in the vipers of the Church."*

Our next excerpt, from a letter to Cole, dated March 9, 1782, is extra note-worthy. "I do not know whether the Emperor will atone to you for demolishing the cross, by attacking the crescent. The papers say he has declared war with the Turks. He seems to me to be a mountebank who professes curing all diseases. As power is his only panacea, the remedy, methinks, is worse than the disease. . . . I do not approve of convents: but, if Cæsar wants to make soldiers of monks, I detest his reformation, and think that men had better not procreate than commit murder,—but what avail abstracted speculations? Human passions wear the dresses of the times, and carry on the same views, though in different habits."—We must pass on to February, 1783, to get another such hit at the Kaiser. A postscript to Lady Ossory, of that date, informs her of Walpole's having just seen in the *Public Advertiser* a passage in a letter from the Emperor to the Pope, which, says he, "informs me how little the delegates of Heaven have occasion to *read*. Cæsar tells St.

* Walpole's Letters, vol. viii. pp. 143, 151, 154, 161, 166.

Peter, 'that *he* possesses in his own breast a voice which tells what, as legislator and protector of Religion, he ought to pursue or desist from; and that voice, with the assistance of divine Grace, and the honest and just character which he feels in himself, can never lead him into error.' There! Madam, there is imperial infallibility to some purpose! Henry VIII. undoubtedly felt the same inspiration when he became head of our Church. . . . That inward voice, which the Greeks called *Gastromuthos*, prattles to every monarch before he can speak himself, and did so to Henry VI. in his cradle, though he lived to lose everything."—"The next is to Sir Horace Mann, in April of the same year: "The Emperor destroys convents and humbles the Pope; the Czarina preaches toleration, but protects the Jesuits; and these two philosophic sovereigns intend to divide Constantinople, after sacrificing half a million of lives! In one age, religion commits massacres; in another, philosophy. Oh! what a farce are human affairs!" That was Walpole's favourite text, when homiletically disposed.

In 1784, when Joseph quarrelled with the Dutch for the navigation of the Scheldt, Walpole writes to his friend at Florence: "Your Lord Paramount seems to be taking large strides towards Holland,"—and afterwards again, "Newspapers tell me your Lord Paramount is going to annihilate that fictitious state, Holland. I shall not be surprised if he, France, and Prussia divide it, like Poland, in order to settle the Republic! perhaps may create a kingdom for the Prince of Orange out of the Hague and five miles round." In a subsequent epistle (Nov. 8): "I shall not wonder if Cæsar, after ravaging, or dividing, or seizing half Europe, should grow devout, and give it some novel religion of his own manufacture." Anon the papers tell Horace the Dutch are drowning their country to save it: he does not know much, he writes to Mann (Dec. 2), "of the war between the Austrian Eagle and the Frogs, though they say it grows very serious. The latter began the attack by a deluge"—which means, their opening the dykes. "Your holy neighbour, no doubt, rejoices that the Huguenot commerce is thought a preferable morsel to the temporalities of the Church, which I suspect to have been a weighty ingredient in Cæsar's late reformations, as they were in Luther's [of whom, by the way, Walpole could never speak well]. Nor will he squander them, as Henry the Eighth did, on his courtiers." Nor *did* he, as we have seen Alison remarking; but Walpole implies that Joseph would appropriate them to himself, or spend them on war,—which he did *not*.

Early next year, the same letter-writer tells the same recipient (Feb. 2, 1785): "The great scene that Europe expected is said to be laid aside, and that France has signified to the Dutch that they must submit to the Emperor, and that they will—happy news for one or two hundred thousand of the living! Whether the mass of murder will be diminished in future by that arrangement is another question. The revival of the kingdom of Austrian Lombardy [which, says Walpole in a foot-note, is what the Emperor meditated] looks as if the eagle's eastern wing would expand itself as well as the western." Again (July 25): "Though three millions sterling from the plunder of convents is a plump bellyful, I don't believe the Austrian Eagle will stop there, nor be satisfied with private property. . . . He has shown that he thinks nothing *holy* but the

holy Roman empire. . . . One can care little about the upshot of such squabbles. Were I to form a wish, it would be in favour of the Pontiff rather than of the Emperor; *as Churchmen make conquests by sense and art, not by force and bloodshed, like Princes.*"* The italics are Walpole's own.

He underscored that sentiment of hypothetical preference, because he had a strong feeling on the subject. This he shows by reiterating it, in a letter to Lady Ossory (August 10, 1785): "Cæsar is said to have already realised three millions sterling by the suppression of monachism; and by that wealth he will purchase a deluge of blood! *Such reformers make one regret Popery!* I have been told that when this Austrian hird of prey set about his reform, the nobility of Flanders presented a memorial to him, observing that most of the monastic had not been royal foundations, and therefore they hoped from his Imperial equity that he would restore to the respective families the lands which their ancestors had given away from their posterity to the Church. Cæsar made no reply, for he could make none that had common sense—but he did not seize an acre or a ducat the less." To her Ladyship again (Sept. 17), à propos of her lord's shooting campaign in Northamptonshire: "Joseph II., who is as keen a sportsman as Lord Ossory, is going to shoot in Holland; Lord Rodney, who is just arrived from Spa, brings, that forty thousand men are on their march. Others add, that this imperial murderer is in danger from a swelling in his side—I hope he will die soon! His death would save two hundred thousand lives to Europe at least." The same good wishes again next month (Oct. 27): "When General Johnstone returned [from Vienna] a fortnight ago, I told him I hoped he had left everybody well in Germany hut the Emperor." To Mann, (Oct. 30): "You may be sure I am glad that Cæsar is baffled. I neither honour nor esteem him. If he is preferring his nephew to his brother, it is using the latter as ill as the rest of the world." (This refers to the election of King of the Romans.)—To the Earl of Strafford, in August, 1786: "We shall be crammed, I suppose, with panegyrics and epitaphs on the King of Prussia; I am content that he can now have an epitaph. But, alas! the Emperor will write one for him probably in blood! and while he shuts up convents for the sake of population, will be stuffing hospitals with maimed soldiers, besides making thousands of widows!" (To which is appended a sort of historical parallel from the reign of Henry V.)—The Brahant business in 1787 adds fresh fuel to Walpole's flaming wrath. "Have you seen, Madam," he asks Lady Ossory (Sept. 6), "the horrible mandate of the Emperor to General Murray? Think of that insect's threatening to sacrifice thousands of his fellow pismires to what he calls *his dignity!* the dignity of a mite, that supposing itself as superior as an earwig, meditates preventing hosts of its own species from enjoying the happiness and the moment of existence that has been allotted to them in an innumerable succession of ages! But while scorn, contempt, and hatred kindle against the imperial insect, admiration crowds in for the brave pismires who so pathetically deprecate their doom, yet seem resigned to it. I think I never read anything more

* Walpole's Letters, vol. viii. pp. 174, 337, 360, 505, 518, 520, 529, 530, 539, 575.

noble, more touching, than the Remonstrance of the Deputies to Prince Kannitz."—In June, 1787, we have Walpole hitting out at "two such bloody-minded vultures, cock and hen, as Catherine and Joseph. . . . Oh! I wish Catherine and Joseph were brought to Westminster Hall and worried by Sheridan!" Richard Brinsley had just delivered his Begum speech.—Again, in September: "I am glad that those gigantic incendiaries, the Russian Empress and Austrian Emperor, are so hampered, disappointed, mortified; nay, I prefer to them"—this is to the Countess of Ossory—"the — of Babylon and Pagan Turks, who were living quietly and honestly on the cheats and robberies of their predecessors and forefathers, and disturbed nobody." With one other piece of invective we will conclude these Horatian amenities. It is from a letter in December, 1789, to the same lady of title and taste: "I was in town on Wednesday, and was told that the Emperor had made a truce for two months with the Flemings, which was likely to be followed by a peace. I am glad that they will be relieved, and that *He* is baffled and mortified. There is as wide a difference between Joseph and Louis [the Sixteenth], as between their present situations. The latter, without being an aggressor, was willing to amend a very bad government, and has been treated like a Sicilian Dionysius, and has seen numbers of his innocent subjects massacred, &c. Joseph, with the flippancy of a French prater, has violated oaths and laws, and plundered, in order to support an unjust war of ambition, while he is the tool of the northern Semiramis, whom I call by a name that sounds quite Russian, *Catherine Slay-Czar*."*

There is hardly any recognising in Walpole's *Cæsar* the kindly, simple, modest, unpretending, well-meaning Kaiser Joseph of whom we read in ordinary history and essay.—But he happened to fall within Lord Orford's select circle of cherished aversions—an entrance into which was greatly facilitated in the case of royalty; and so it came to pass that for long years his name was consistently and systematically blackened by one of the best of good haters.

About two months after the last quoted extract was written, Kaiser Joseph was a dead man. He had worn himself out by incessant exertions, mental and bodily. His last hours gave evidence of an affectionate warmth of feeling, and he is said, on good church authority, to have made an edifying end. He expired, very tranquilly, on the 20th of February, 1790, in his forty-ninth year. He was handsomely made—with a pair of eyes engagingly expressive and "beautifully blue." Hence the saying, "imperial blue," according to Menzel, to denote that colour in other besides imperial eyes.

* Walpole's Letters, vol. ix. pp. 3, 12, 26, 28, 65, 108, 122, 128, 144, 146, 240.

THE GREVAVOE ELOPEMENT.

II.

IN the quiet fashion already described was Grevavoe, and the entire island in which it was situated, being carried round by the revolutions of the world, without any appearance of change. Nothing was altering, everybody was in excellent health; in fact, you might have thought the place had obtained some mysterious patent elixir, which was going to make it rival the famous American town "down east," where "no one knows how old he is, and when people want to die they have to go somewhere else." M'Candle was, indeed, thinking of effecting a little temporary minor revolution shortly. He was actually making up his mind to do in word and deed what he had already been doing in the language of the eyes and in pantomimic action—viz. to "pop the question." But unhappy, ill-fated M'Candle (as Serjeant Buzfuz said in his speech in the memorable case "*Bardell v. Pickwick*"), "the sapper and miner was at work." The unfortunate divine might be compared to one of the inhabitants of grand old Pompeii, peacefully and cheerfully pursuing his wonted avocations, hopeful, looking confidently forward to a long bright future, when the fearful, devouring volcano burst suddenly upon him. We hurry to particulars; we will no longer keep our beloved reader in suspense.

It was winter-time—January, in fact, usually the most stormy season in Zetland. The weather had been gloomy and wet for several weeks. For a whole fortnight no boat had been able to leave the island, and the mail-packet from Aberdeen had not made her appearance in Lerwick for twice as long as that. The inhabitants of Zetland were in blissful ignorance of the state of public events for the last month. Anything might have happened: Napoleon Bonaparte—he was pursuing his career of glory at the period of our story—might have been crowned at London; the Pope might have been deposed, and the Wandering Jew appointed to succeed him at the Vatican; the Prince Regent might have become an estimable character; Lord Macaulay's New Zealander might have been paring his pencil preparatory to sketching the ruins of St. Paul's (only the late lamented noble lord was a boy then), for all the Zetlanders knew for certain to the contrary. Tomkins felt this very much when the winter came round; it was his most painful trial. Till he came to Zetland he had never experienced anything of this kind, and he naturally felt himself much aggrieved, felt satisfied that the whole arrangement was an especial provision of nature to insult and annoy him personally, and grumbled tremendously. People were very frightened for Tomkins when these dark seasons came upon him. None cared to approach him but Julia. M'Candle would as soon have thought of giving a pic-nic on the beach, or going out to sea in a tub to meet the packet, as of bearding Tomkins in his den at that fearful period. He shut himself up, and said he was studying. Being curious to know what he was studying, Messrs. Bob and Horatio Nelson examined Tammie Sweynson on the point the first convenient opportunity.

"I kenow no," said Tammie (innocent Tammie); "he rises about

twal, an' he hes his denner at twa, an' dan he plays da fiddle fill he hes his tay, an' dan he drinks speerits an' watter an' plays da sheckers* ur bare-birkie† wi' da certts‡ wi' me fill he geens till his bed."§

And the minister was less original in the pulpit at this season than at any other. He fished out from his repository of sermons the very oldest of his discourses, containing his very rawest and most crude reflections on the lives of David, Abner, and Gehazzi. He knew his congregation would be very limited, and that there was no chance of Miss Julia, or even her laughing, quizzing, little waiting-woman Kirsty (whom he feared very much), making their appearance. The few people who came, however, were quite satisfied. The old women slept, ate caraway-seeds, groaned, and shed tears, just as enthusiastically as they could have done under the most favourable circumstances; and the elders of the kirk remarked to one another in the vestry afterwards, "He|| wis a vera gnde discoorse; but, hairns, I tink I'm heard him|| afore." As, indeed, they had several times every winter since the Reverend Donald M'Candle had entered on his duties as curator of souls in the district.

Mr. Eric Sweynson, meanwhile, stuck to his shop and his accounts, and did with praiseworthy assiduity all that was required of him, though, of course, his business could not fail at this season to be much slacker than during more propitious weather. He did not bother his head to go near Tomkins; he knew the lieutenant was just then a very barrel of gunpowder, and was fearful lest his might be the hand to apply the match. Miss Julia remained in her own boudoir with Kirsty Sweynson, read old novels over again, talked gossip, and wrote reams of correspondence to her "dearest Harriets" and "Cecilias," depicting her life in the most romantic light, talking a good deal about sea-kings and about M'Candle, whom she represented as a sort of Eugene Aram, affected by the wild weather to a state of melancholy frenzy, and shut up day and night "studying, studying, studying;" so that Miss Harriet and Miss Cecilia immediately and simultaneously pictured to themselves M'Candle a pale youth with dreamy eyes and long black ringlets, sitting in a dressing-gown before a small lamp, with a wet towel round his head, drinking strong coffee, and learning Plato in the original Greek by rote; refreshing himself occasionally with a dip into the Hebrew Bible or the Differential Calculus. The young lady's interesting brothers alone managed to roam about, visiting the sea-shore, on the out-look for drift-wood, in company with some of the ragamuffins of the neighbourhood; frequenting weddings and any place where the fiddle was being played and a little drink was going, where they danced, shouted, and kissed the lasses to perfection; and dropping in at any house where they understood a young family of pups or kittens had been recently brought into the world, for the purpose of volunteering their services to assist at the drowning. These lads—strange as it may appear—were their revered parent's sole solace at that dark hour. He flogged them every Sunday during the continuance of the rain when they came in to meals! These brief moments of ecstasy stood out in glorious relief on the dark back-

* Chequers, or *sheckers*, drafts.

† Beggar-my-Neighbour.

‡ Cards.

§ In this sentence, "*fill*" denotes "*till*," and "*till*" denotes "*to*."

|| The natives usually ignore the neuter-gender.

ground of the rest of the week ; these were the bright rays that lit up his sad and melancholy existence !

The worst of the January days had come. Nothing like it had been seen all that winter—nor for fifty previous winters, the old women said—but then old women always say these things. M'Candle did not get up at all that day, as he recounted afterwards ; and he used often to say he wished he never had got up more, for from that day did he date his miseries. At Trafalgar Hall the wind blew fierce and loud, and showers of sea-spray dashed over the grass-field, and over the flower-plot on to the very windows. The doors were barricaded, and even the Masters Tomkins were detained at home, where circumstances obliging them to seek recreation in some innocent sedentary pursuit, and Miss Julia and Kirsty Sweynson having harred them out, and unanimously declined to go into the arrangement of "changing clothes and going and frightening pa out of his wits," they were thrown entirely upon their own resources. But as the poet remarks, the human mind is powerful for anything : it "can make a heaven of hell—a hell of heaven !" It is full of devices. Minds like those of the Messrs. Tomkins can, at all events, accomplish the last feat described by Milton. They may be beaten on the left wing, beaten on the right wing, beaten on the centre, but this only enables them to bring their fine reserved forces on the field with greater *éclat*. Thus the Messrs. Tomkins, jun., repulsed in many quarters, yet retained their vigour and invention. With such simple agents and instruments as two dogs, three cats, the kitchen poker and tongs, all the cooking utensils, some crockery-ware and a hand-bell, they produced a fund of amusement and healthful recreation most satisfactory to themselves, if not to the spectators and audience. But envy is malignant, and these humorous youths, in the midst of their bappy, childlike pastime, were crushed by the hand of a saturnine, unsympathising opponent. Lieutenant Tomkins had drunk a good deal of spirits—more than ordinary, for he wanted to put himself to sleep—and he got to sleep, and slept soundly. In his slumbers he had fearful dreams. He heard awful noises. He thought he was once more a midshipman, and had been caught behaving improperly ; was ordered by the commander to the mast-head, and had almost reached that "bad eminence," when—terrible as the whoop of the Red Indian—a shout rang in his ears, he started, lost his footing, fell from the mast, and awoke ! In his ears still resounded the noises, and there came, loud and clear, the sound of a bell. Could it be the ship's bell proclaiming that another hour had gone by ? He rubbed his eyes, and the sense of his position flashed upon him. He was no longer "middy Tomkins ;" he was Lieutenant Tomkins, a man of, at least, middle age, and he had two sons—yes—and *that was them* ! The whole truth broke upon him at once ! Yes, *that was them*, glorious thought, glorious opportunity ! He might now do that which would send his name down to (immediate) posterity for at least a week, and give him subject for delightful reminiscence for some days to come. It was the work of a moment to don his dressing-gown and his slippers, to seize his walking-stick, to rush out. In the lobby, Messrs. Horatio Nelson and Robert Tomkins were fencing with the kitchen poker and their parent's umbrella ; the dogs, attached together by curious folds of twine, to which the hand-bell was suspended, worried one another in a corner ; and Miss Julia's

favourite cat hung to the stair banisters at the last gasp! Lieutenant Tomkins rushed upon the belligerents like a lion. To cut down the cat, to cut asunder the dogs, to throw one out of the window, and the other into the kitchen, was the work of an instant. Then his heavy hand and stick fell upon the martyrs. Yells resounded on all sides; the Messrs. Tomkins succumbed and rolled on the floor; then the conqueror dragged them off triumphantly one by one, like unto Achilles dragging Hector at his chariot-wheels. Mr. Bob was lodged in the coal-cellar, Mr. Horatio Nelson was conveyed to the farm offices and padlocked in the barn, then the lieutenant breathed freely once more. But he could not sleep again; he felt exhilarated, refreshed, up to anything. He did not know exactly how to give vent to this buoyancy; he thought for a moment of setting off to the Manse and calling on M'Candle; fortunately for the divine, however, he renounced this idea after reflection. He paced the room up and down for a long time, as he had been accustomed in old times to pace the deck of his ship. Then he went to the window and looked out. Gloomy and dark the prospect, certainly. It was now about three o'clock in the afternoon, and the short winter's day was rapidly approaching its close. The dark shadows of night were coming down on ocean and shore thick and fast, and the little light still remaining showed only a wilderness of great, dark, tossing, rolling waves, chasing one another, and bursting madly in sheets of spray and foam on the coast beneath him, and on the lofty rocks on the opposite side of the vale. Nothing living could he see; even the sea-fowls and eagles seemed to have been blown away or gone to rest. The wind was still rising, although it had blown a very respectable tempest all day, and the lieutenant observed, as he stood at the window, a flash or two of lightning (seldom seen in Zetland except in winter-time), and heard some thunder groaning in the distance. Just then he saw indistinctly through the dusk, between him and the sea, two or three men walking rapidly, and over the thunder of the blast could catch the sound of their voices shouting to one another. Hurrying down to the front door he hailed them. They proved to be Laurence Sweynson, two of his grown-up sons, Maggie Smith, a sweetheart of Kirsty's, and some other men.

"Where are you going?" asked the officer.

"Weel, sir," replied Laurence, who, like his comrades, was drenched to the skin, and had his hair, whiskers, and eyebrows glistening with spray, "we wir just gaen ta luke efter wir bits o' boats, sir. We mann draa dem up farder, sir, ur da sea 'ill tak dem. He's a dreedful coorse night, sir!"

"Pon my soul it is, Sweynson," rejoined the lieutenant. "Hang me, I've been out in bad nights, but I never saw such a boisterous one in my life before, I think. But don't stand talking, the sooner you go after your boats the better."

So Laurence, after further remarking that there would be "a hantel o' waracks* da night," and that some "craters" (that is, cattle, horses, &c.) belonging principally to his brother, had "geen o'er da banks,"† and after inquiring for the health of "da leddy," went off with his companions, and they all disappeared from the sight of the lieutenant. He

* A number of wrecks.

† Gone or fallen over the cliffs.

went in, and barred the door again, shutting out the violent wind, which, during the short period of the above conversation, had almost taken the roof off the house. "Devilish cheerful, this!" he exclaimed. And the prisoner in the coal-cellar hearing the sound of his parent's voice, and welcoming this sign of civilised life with feelings similar to those of the man who fell in with the gibbet on the island where he had been wrecked, yelled and kicked at the door. "You'd better hold that row of yours, sir," shouted the lieutenant, growing cheerful as he recalled his late exploits. "Julia, Julia!" Miss Tomkins presently made her appearance. "Come and give us a tune, and do make that woman hurry with dinner."

Dinner, as it happened, was ready, so it was partaken of immediately; then Miss Tomkins performed some of her most cheerful waltzes, and reels, and jigs, on her pianoforte; then there was tea, and then more music, and Lieutenant Tomkins, sitting cozily by a roaring fire, smoking and sipping toddy, and listening to the music, thought that coarse weather wasn't such a bad thing after all, and felt so amiable towards all creation that he began to think he would go presently and let out his boys from "durance vile." He felt like a popular monarch who is being fêted on the occasion of his happy accession to the throne, and resolves to mark the day by proclaiming unconditional freedom to the state criminals. Just then he started, and Miss Julia started also, as a singular sound struck their ears; and before they could collect their thoughts and put them into language, Kirsty Sweynson rushed into the room, exclaiming,

"Did ye hear dat, sir? Did ye hear dat, mem?"

"Faith, I should think I did!" cried the lieutenant, rising hastily. "If I ever heard the report of a cannon, that was one. Good God! where's my hat? Bring my boots!"

At this moment a loud knocking came to the front door. Down went the trio, and open went the door, at which stood a breathless boy, one of Kirsty's younger brothers.

"Oh, if ye plase, sir," panted this youngster, "dey're a veshil coming ashore just below da Erin-stack."

This was a high, sharp rock, which took its name from the eagles or "erius" which frequented it, and was separated at high water from the lofty cliffs opposite.

"Below the Erin-stack!" exclaimed Lieutenant Tomkins; "then they're all lost. Unquestionably gone! Here, bring my coat—bring my plaid—light the lantern!"

And, despite the entreaties of his daughter, Lieutenant Tomkins, wrapped up to the mouth, with a fur cap strapped over his ears, and the lantern and his walking-stick in his hands, sallied forth in company with the hoy Sweynson. But ere crossing the threshold he paused. It was harsh to deprive the poor boys of this little innocent amusement. He threw open the door of the coal-cellar, released Master Bob, and telling him "what was up," gave him the key of the barn, and told him to go and free his brother also, which Master Bob obediently did, and the youths were on the scene of action long before their parent and his guide. It was a dreadful sight which met their eyes when they reached the cliffs opposite the Erin-stack. The short walk in the open air had

enabled them to see with some little distinctness, dark though the night was, and frequently now flames of lightning illuminated the scene for a moment. The wind was blowing right on the land, and it was possible to stand pretty near the cliff without any danger of being blown over, though it required strong "sea-legs," which Lieutenant Tomkins scarcely possessed now, to avoid being blown with force in the other direction. But he got one peep by the aid of the friendly lightning, and could see that the vessel—from which shouts and shrieks were proceeding without intermission—was a large one, that she had struck at the base of the Erin-stack, and was rapidly going to pieces. The cliffs, or "banks," where most of the men of the district were now assembled, though precipitous in appearance when viewed from the sea, had in reality a gentle slope, easy enough of descent and ascent during the day. The face of the cliff was, however, formed of crumbly loose stones, intersected with holes, the abode of rabbits and their sworn enemies—cats, once domestic but now wild—and under the present circumstances to go down was, without doubt, most perilous. Still there was no hope of being of any assistance unless the descent could be effected, and some of the younger and stronger of the men, Sweynson's elder sons, Magnie Smith, and others, carrying sticks and lanterns, proceeded to make the attempt, following a sort of zig-zag footpath which led down to the sea. Anxiously the men above watched the glimmer of the lanterns as they went gradually downward, and anxiously they waited during the long time which elapsed till the return. Lieutenant Tomkins and Mr. Eric Sweynson, after a little conversation, went and had some grog in the shop, and by-and-by came back again, and at length, after the cries below had for some time ceased, and dreadful fears began to be entertained by the friends of the young Zetlandmen, it was shouted out that they were returning. Gradually the voices became heard, and gradually the lanterns again came slowly upward. Some of the older men went a few yards down the declivity to meet them, and in a short time the whole party made their appearance on the top of "the banks." Their numbers had been increased by three; these were all of that large ship's crew they had been able to rescue from the devouring waves which boiled round the Erin-stack. The crowd pressed round the saved men, Lieutenant Tomkins and Mr. Eric Sweynson keeping in the front. The strangers were much exhausted, and had received slight bruises in their late fearful struggle, but they had been able to climb up with the assistance of their saviours, and were soon able to speak intelligibly. The ship, they said, was a brig bound from Archangel to Liverpool, heavily laden, and with a large crew. Only one of that crew was alive; the other two persons were passengers, Captain George Mortimer, of H.M. — Dragoons, and his footman. The lieutenant introduced himself immediately to Captain Mortimer. He had the honour of belonging to the united services also. He would be delighted to be of any assistance to the captain; the latter must take up his residence at Trafalgar Hall until circumstances permitted his reaching the mainland. Captain Mortimer, who had of course lost everything but the clothes on his back, and was delighted to find himself among persons who were not utter barbarians, as he had expected, joyfully accepted the lieutenant's proffered hospitality. There was no time to be lost in further questioning; dry clothes, refreshment, and rest

were required by the men rescued from the sea, so Captain Mortimer hurried off with Lieutenant Tomkins. At the request of the latter, Mr. Eric Sweynson, after a slight hesitation, put an apartment in his house at the disposal of the footman, and Laurence Sweynson took charge of the sailor. There was little sleep in the houses round Grevavoe that night; the recent events had made most people wakeful and thoughtful. The morning broke upon a scene less wild, but still stormy and threatening. The wind had fallen somewhat, but the waves still careered rapidly as far as the eye could reach, burst on the rocks, and boiled over the beach and sand. Many people all day long traversed the coast, looking for drift from the late wreck. But the greater part of the *débris* had been borne elsewhere by the fierce, ungovernable tide. A few spars, a few trifling articles of ship-furniture, a few pale corpses, crushed and bruised and crab-bitten, lay on the shore—this was all that remained near the place where she had struck of that fine vessel and her crowd of human beings. Day after day the wind fell, the waves grew more still, and the weather improved. By-and-by a boat was able to cross to the "mainland island," and on its return brought the letters and newspapers from "the south country," the mail-packet having at last reached Lerwick in safety. Lloyd's agent from the latter place shortly arrived at Grevavoe, only, however, to find nothing at that place which could in any way benefit Lloyd's. The poor sailor proceeded homeward, a small subscription having been taken up to enable him to do so. Letters from Captain Mortimer and his footman, Mr. William Dicky, telling their friends of their safety, went southward, and in a few weeks the Scotch and English papers informed the public of the loss of the Archangel brig, and the relatives of the captain and crew, as time went on, learned that these would never cross their thresholds more, but slept their last sleep in the Northern Seas. And days and weeks went by, and the people of Grevavoe began to talk of "dat'coorse day in winter when da warack wis" as an epoch of history, and still Captain George Mortimer and his footman remained at Grevavoe, though the latter had left Eric Sweynson's, and had a small room fitted up for him at Lieutenant Tomkins's. And when M'Candle, not seeing Miss Tomkins at church for four Sundays in succession, came over to Trafalgar Hall to see who was ill there, he found every one as lively and cheerful as crickets, but saw a sight which very nearly made him ill personally; for he found Miss Julia seated on a retired rock by the sea-shore, hearing Captain George Mortimer read poetry in a sweet and an affecting manner.

And that impudent and insulting Master Bob whispered to him, in the passage: "I say Mr. M'Candle, Captain Mortimer is going to cook your goose, I think; you'll have to marry Kitty, after all." And further, the saddened minister happened inadvertently to hear pert, cockney-fied, little Mr. William Dicky, the footman, say to Kirsty Sweynson, with a laugh and a glance at him: "Well, I never saw such a Guy in my life. So that's your rector, is it? Well, I nayver! And he was spooney on Miss Tomkins, was he? I suppose the old buffer will be jealous of my master, he, he!"

Mr. M'Candle fled homewards and buried himself in his "study" for some weeks. But he found no consolation there. "Bare-birkie" and "the sheckers," and the society of Master Thomas Sweynson, had

lost their charms for him. He was a miserable man—an outcast. He applied himself to a fresh study of the lives of David and Gehazi, and wrote seven new sermons on those subjects, but the most careful scrutiny showed him no exactly parallel case in the histories of his favourites. Neither of them appeared, on any occasion, to have been cut out in a love affair by a handsome captain of dragoons. He would have liked very well to have borrowed one hint from David, and had it in his power to get up a great battle, and put Captain George Mortimer in the front to be shot at. After deep and careful consideration, he determined that, as “those who never ventured never won,” he would put on a bold front, and demand of Lieutenant Tomkins the hand of his fair daughter in marriage. But in the first place he would, with careful diplomacy, feel his way. He would find out, before making matters worse, how Lieutenant Tomkins stood affected to Captain Mortimer. So he went oftener to Grevavoe, and he induced Lieutenant Tomkins to visit the Manse and give his opinion on some improvements he thought of requesting the heritors to make (which he usually did twice a year), and he sounded the lieutenant. He had the delight of finding very shortly that the lieutenant could easily be won over to his side. The officer had evidently no affection at all for Captain George Mortimer. At first he had made a great fuss about the captain, especially when he had learned from the latter that he was the son of a baronet; but then they had differed once or twice on politics and other little matters. And the lieutenant thought with Mr. M’Candle that the captain was paying his addresses to Miss Tomkins, and he found out from Mr. Eric Sweynson that the young officer had put some cunning questions to him as to whether the Tomkinses were very rich, and that Mr. Sweynson had imprudently let out that Miss Tomkins, he believed, had a good deal of money after her mother. And at the same time the lieutenant thought Captain Mortimer’s ideas and habits appeared very extravagant, more so than the supplies of money which he got from home would seem to warrant; and all this induced him to communicate with a friend in England who resided in the neighbourhood of Captain Mortimer’s father, and he learned from this friend that though the captain’s father was certainly a baronet, he was by no means a very wealthy one; that he had four other sons older than this one, and that “George” had the reputation of being “an extravagant ynung dog,” and people said that if he went on as he had been doing, he would soon have to sell out. So Mr. M’Candle found Lieutenant Tomkins by no means desired the captain for a son-in-law, and he then broke to Lieutenant Tomkins his love for Miss Julia, which, indeed, the lieutenant had been aware of for a long time. The lieutenant thought to himself in this fashion: “The man is a fool, but he’s in a good position, and she seemed to like him well enough before this scamp came. I don’t mean to leave here, and if she marries him I can always have her near me. And he’s a quiet economical sort of fellow, and always gives in to one.” So, to the delight of Mr. M’Candle, he assured him he should be very glad to have him as a son-in-law, and would do all that lay in his parental power to bring about that desirable arrangement. But Mr. M’Candle “must see they would have to go to work cautiously,” which M’Candle certainly did. It was therefore decided that nothing was to be done hastily; they were to bide their time; M’Candle meanwhile to visit Grevavoe frequently, and

use all his arts and blandishments to cut out the dragoon officer. So poor M'Candle sets to work to perform his part of the bargain. But, alas! this was no easy affair.

Whenever M'Candle came to Grevavoe—morning, noon, or evening, wet or dry—he was sure to find Miss Julia in company with, and being amused by the captain in some shape or other. The captain sang beautifully and in various languages, the captain read poetry beautifully, the captain played the piano, the captain drew, and voluntarily executed portraits of the whole Tomkins family separately, Messrs. Bob and Nelson not excluded; and he talked beautifully, and had such a collection of pretty amusing anecdotes, relating principally to fashionable life. And what was much more important than all this, as our readers—particularly our young lady readers—will readily admit, the captain was in personal appearance a very beautiful man; an inch or two taller even than M'Candle, with curly hair, and features almost, if not quite, regular; and such black eyes, and, oh, heavens! such black whiskers! He was popular with everybody, even with the Masters Tomkins, with whom he condescended to go out riding, and go to the “craigs”* and the “eela”† with. And as for Julia, why she had fallen in love with him at first sight, long before she knew anything of the singing, the drawing, the anecdotes, and the other accomplishments. The artful girl took pains to assure her correspondents in the south (to whom she now abused the unfortunate M'Candle like a pickpocket) that it was the captain's *mind* she had fallen in love with; though we are perfectly certain that had Dr. Johnson or Porson happened to have been alive at the time and to have been shipwrecked at Grevavoe instead of Captain George Mortimer, she would never for a moment have dreamed of falling in love with them, despite their genius and learning, but would have described them as “ugly, queer old things.”

It was really a most cheerless expedition poor M'Candle had embarked in, and he began to feel it. No one sympathised with him, for although the lieutenant might be said to be favourable to his cause, that gallant officer could never be exactly described as “sympathising” with anybody. The country people seemed all to be the other way. He heard them talking much on the subject:

“Bairns,” said Mrs. Laurence Sweynson, in his hearing, to Magnie Smith's mother and some of her other cronies, “bairns, dis AynGLISH offisher is sheurely coortin' wi' Miss Tunkins. Kirsty says she kenows he is, an' Messter Dicky wis tellin' Lawrie it he tinks his mester 'ill shut himsel' if she winna tak' him.”

“Weel,” rejoined Mrs. Smith, “he's a weel leukin' laad, wi' bewteefil rid cheeks, and a boannie figger if he wisna' just sae lang.”

M'Candle pumped Tammie Sweynson to find out whether any of the people talked of *him* in connexion with Miss Julia. He felt that if they did, even this would be some little encouragement; it would not make the matter look so very absurd and improbable. He thought he knew Tammie's character, and that the youngster was too innocent to suspect or to repeat anything. The fact was, however, that Master

* *Craigs*—fishing from a rock.

† *Eela*—fishing from a small boat near the shore.

Tammie, notwithstanding his apparent innocence, was entirely the creature of his acute sister Kirsty, who kept him as a sort of spy, and prompted all his words and actions. Consequently Tammie, at Kirsty's instigation, informed M'Candle that "Da fokka onnly spokk o' him an' Miss Murdoch tagidder, an' windered he didna' go an' mayry her!"—the said Miss Murdoch being a yellow, pimply-faced personage, about twenty years Mr. M'Candle's senior, who was the daughter of the old minister to whom he had first come as assistant and successor, and had always looked upon M'Candle as her lawful property, and become his deadly enemy because he did not see the matter in the same light. M'Candle did not reflect that some people probably looked upon him as an individual quite as uninteresting and impossible to accept as a spouse, as Miss Murdoch appeared to him. But, fallible beings that we are, we never can be got to see ourselves as others see us. This, as wise men have always remarked, has caused more mischief and heart-rendings in the world than anything else.

Still M'Candle, truth to tell, went about his task with a perseverance and moral courage worthy of a better and more hopeful cause; though, poor fellow, the only result of his exertions was that he managed to make himself an object of loathing and a perpetual bore to Miss Julia Tomkins and her new lover, the latter of whom was, indeed, only prevented by the sacred profession of his rival from laying violent hands upon him. The captain, however, upon the whole, took the matter with tolerable coolness; he knew pretty well how he stood with the fair one, and he had no fear of her parent interposing any obstacles. There was no talk as yet of the young dragoon departing southward. He had got his leave of absence extended, on the plea of ill-health, in consequence of the injuries he had sustained in the wreck (which, as Mr. William Dicky said to Kirsty, confidentially, was "all gammon, you know; but never mind that, mum's the word," and Kirsty kept the secret admirably, principally because she hadn't the slightest conception what the words "gammon" and "mum" meant).

Lieutenant Tomkins would have been very well pleased if the captain had taken himself off; but having once invited him to his house, he couldn't, of course, hint to him that he had better go, especially seeing that he was the son of a baronet; so the captain and Mr. William Dicky continued to prolong their stay at Trafalgar Hall, and the people remarked to one another, "Bairns, dey're sheurely gaen' ta hide here fur a' noo!"

About this time, however, Mr. M'Candle obtained a slight addition to his party. The new volunteer was Magnus, otherwise Magnie, or Mansie Smith, Kirsty's lover, to whom we have previously alluded, and the cause of his secession to the M'Candle ranks was—jealousy. He had discovered that Mr. William Dicky was paying attentions to Miss Kirsty. Whether Mr. Dicky's views and intentions were wholly honourable we do not know; we will not take it upon us to say that they were not, but we cannot believe that this gentleman ever seriously contemplated leading to the hymeneal altar, and subsequently introducing to the fashionable society in his native country, of which he must have been such a distinguished ornament, a person of Kirsty's birth and

breeding as his lawful wife. The mildest construction we can put upon his conduct was that he probably felt overwhelmed with ennui, and sought in a little harmless flirtation a cheap and innocent amusement; and we must not conceal the fact—which may further excuse the course pursued by the imprudent and susceptible Dicky—that Kirsty, like most of the young Zetland peasant girls, was very pretty, with regular features, a fine skin and colour, splendid hair and teeth, langhing blue eyes, and a shape which the most cunning article of female dress ever devised by the inventive brain of the Empress Eugenie could in no ways have improved. Be all this as it may, the fact is this, that Mr. William Dicky did unmistakably make love to Kirsty, and, to say the least of it, she did not very strenuously object to his doing so. She certainly once or twice told him, “No ta come sae closs,” or “she wid cloot his lugs” (*Anglicè*, box his ears); but she did not at all object to his following her about on every practicable occasion, or to his informing her that she was “an hangel,” and that her “heyes were hunmistakably the finest he ’ad ever seen in a ’od,” &c. &c. However, by-and-by Mr. Dicky grew a little bolder, but he was most nnfortunate in his choice of a time to offer attentions of a more tender nature.

It was a fine moonlight night, and Mr. Dicky meeting Kirsty all alone outside the garden-wall, and inspired by the beauty of the evening and the strength of his own passion, attempted, after a little preliminary conversation, to snatch a kiss, which Kirsty of course resisted, but with poor chance of ultimately beating off the invader, when, lo and behold! just as opportunely and naturally as if he had belonged to the stage instead of to real life, Mr. Magnie Smith suddenly made his appearance, tore away Kirsty, and knocked Mr. William Dicky heels over head into an adjoining potato-field! Mr. Dicky’s “spotless honour” of course demanded, in consequence of this indignity, that it should be granted to him to revenge himself in single combat; which favour he obtained, only he could not be said, except by a strong stretch of imagination, to have “revenged himself” in the smallest degree, as Magnie—who was a famed pugilist and an experienced thrasher, on the street of Lerwick, of the Englishmen belonging to the Greenland whalers who put into that port—beat Mr. William Dicky to within a few inches of his mortal life, and bunged up both his eyes. Mr. Dicky might have certainly consoled himself with the reflection, that the “satisfaction” usually obtained by duellists, of much higher station than his, is not of a more satisfactory nature than what fell to his lot. And what did Magnie get for his reward? Mark the inconstancy of woman, so proverbial from the earliest times! Nothing but a recommendation to “mind his own business,” and a flat refusal to repay him for his championship, even with the small favour which Mr. Dicky had been fighting for, and which Magnie had very often got for nothing at all—and for scarcely the asking—on previous occasions. And not only this, but Miss Kirsty went and complained to Lieutenant Tomkins (who would certainly have found out for himself that something was wrong, from Mr. Dicky’s appearance), and the lieutenant ordered Magnie Smith never to come near his premises any more on pain of being immediately incarcerated in Lerwick gaol, and remarked, forcibly, “Kissing, indeed! and where’s the harm of that? Bless me! I

wonder if I never kissed a girl in my life, without being beat to a jelly in consequence?" Which remark of the officer's must have been made use of in a manner, and adopted as a line of conduct by persons, not at all thought of by him when he spoke it (just as most of our thoughtless remarks are), for very shortly afterwards little Tammie Sweynson asked Mr. M'Candle privately whether "Kissin' leddies wis irreligious;" and when Mr. M'Candle had—rather in a hesitating manner, for he felt that David could not support him in this emergency—answered in the affirmative, Tammie rejoined, "Weel, dan, Cap'n Murtimer an' Miss Julia is irreligious, fur wir Joahnie saa dem kissin' een anidder last Foersday night, tro'da parlour window, whin da lootenan wis sleepin' an' da young gentlemen wis oot brakkin' in da mad Faroe mare."

After this bit of information M'Candle felt that matters must be pushed to a crisis. He would rush to Grevavoe, and throw himself at Miss Julia's feet, and pour forth his long pent-up passion in incoherent language. He felt that, at all events, he would succeed in the incoherency if in nothing else. But when he came to Grevavoe on that fine June afternoon, bent on solving the problem, "To be or not to be, that is the question," there was no Miss Julia to be found, for the young lady was at that moment far away up the hurn, sitting with the captain under a shady heathery hank, listening to the gentle, quiet murmur of the water stealing over the pebbles on its solitary course to the voe, and listening to the captain's words, as he pretended to try and catch diminutive trouts on a "sillock wand," and watching the little hill spiders spinning their gossamer threads from hank to hank in the bright sunshine. M'Candle wondered—as no doubt the more discreet of our readers will wonder—that Lieutenant Tomkins did not see the vast impropriety of all this; however, he knew there was no use of remonstrating with that officer. Seeing that there was small chance of his finding an opportunity of stating to Miss Tomkins his feelings orally, he resolved on putting his sentiments, hopes, and desires into writing, which he did, filling about three sides of a large sheet of letter paper, and with great difficulty and yet praiseworthy determination, managing to avoid in the epistle all allusion to David and Gehazzi. With a diplomacy which he was surprised to find himself possessed of, yet secretly admired and gloried not a little in, he despatched this letter by the hands of Tammie Sweynson to the principal post-office in the island, situated in a shop at the spot where the mail from the mainland island was landed, and managed it so that it reached the hands of the official there along with the Lerwick letters (which came twice a week), and thus came to Trafalgar Hall without the slightest suspicion being entertained by any one what awful words lay within the folds of that harmless-looking bit of paper. Lord Monteagle could not have opened that mysterious document which announced to him the existence of the gunpowder plot with greater indifference or less suspicion than did Miss Julia Tomkins break the seal of the epistle which contained the protestations and humble prayer of the lovesick M'Candle. But even when she had read it it did not seem to have any particular effect upon her. She made quick work of her reply: "Very sorry, affections otherwise engaged; always looked upon Mr. M'Candle as a valued friend;" "and all that sort of old deuced humbug,"

as Lieutenant Tomkins remarked when he saw the letter, without being reproved by M'Candle for his improper language.

Of course M'Candle showed the letter, which had been despatched in the most barefaced way to the manse by a boy on horseback, immediately to the lieutenant, and that officer was in a towering rage, and lost no time in speaking to his daughter on the subject. The result was just what it usually is on similar occasions. Lieutenant Tomkins wouldn't give in, and Miss Julia wouldn't give in; she "would never marry Mr. M'Candle," and he "was sure she should never marry any one else. She should never, with his consent, marry any of your beggarly dragoon officers," &c. &c. Now the lieutenant rather lost himself here, for Miss Julia had never alluded to Captain Mortimer at all, and she determined not to do so until she had had an opportunity of consulting with her lover, so of course she expressed surprise and much indignation at having such things said to her, especially by a parent, and blubbered a little; all of which little artful ebullitions of feeling had a strong effect, if not exactly the desired one, upon the lieutenant, who felt he could not well be rude to the captain until some further move was played on that side of the board. So Miss Julia dried her eyes and went off, and as soon as she could manage she laid the whole matter before Captain Mortimer, who had, we need scarcely say, long ago placed his hand and heart at her feet after his own graceful and irresistible fashion. Now the reason Captain Mortimer had never asked from Lieutenant Tomkins his daughter's hand in a bold manner was that, in vulgar parlance, he had "smelt a rat." He had perceived that Lieutenant Tomkins did not like his large way of talking on money matters at a time when it was evident he had very little money to spend, and he suspected that when it came to proposing the lieutenant would be very particular about settlements, &c. Moreover, he had seen one day a letter going by the post directed to Lieutenant Tomkins's friend, who lived near his father, and he suspected the lieutenant was making inquiries about his family, and in due course he was certain, from a little involuntary change in his host's manner, that the reply to these inquiries had come, and was not of a highly favourable nature. So he had resolved just to let matters take their course for the present, meanwhile writing his father constantly, telling him of the highly eligible match he wished to make, and dwelling very strongly on the lieutenant's great wealth, and determination not to let his daughter marry any one but a man of means; in the hope that his father, to bring about such a very desirable alliance, would make some further settlement on him. However, just about the time of Julia's scene with her father, he had found out that his four elder brothers having likewise a taste for style and dash, his father had not the power, if he had the will, to help him, and he was deliberating what was to be done next when Julia came to him for advice. After hearing her narrative, and questioning her a little so as to ascertain whether her mother's money was not entirely her own, and finding that it was, Captain Mortimer informed her that in his opinion there was no alternative but elopement. Elopement! How delightful! But how was it to be managed? Miss Tomkins had read in novels of gloriously romantic elopements, of carriages drawn by smoking horses, urged on by courageous

young post-boys, tearing along the northern road to that modern temple of Hymen, Gretna Green, pursued by wicked, implacable old fathers and young brothers, who fired off loaded pistols into the dark all the way along and hit nobody, and, as we all know, always arrived at the goal just three minutes too late to prevent the marriage, but in nice time to grant a full forgiveness, and shake hands all round.

But in none of these cases had the parties been obliged to journey over several miles of rough ground, where there was little or no road, and no carriage to be got had there been a proper path to drag one along, and then to cross some hundred miles of sea before even reaching *terra firma*, whereon that famed blacksmith's altar was situated. This was no ordinary description of elopement. However, the captain's brain was a perpetually working mint of invention, and after much consideration, and certain inquiries put carefully right and left, he thought he had at length hit upon a reasonable plan. Meantime he wrote to his father, telling him that he had resolved on returning at once to his regiment, and requesting him to furnish him with means to enable him to do so; and by very much exaggerating the expense of travelling from Zetland to England, he managed to draw enough out of him to cover the expenses of the proposed trip. This money arrived at a very seasonable time, and just when the captain deemed the proper moment had arrived for putting his schemes into execution.

THE ABBÉ GALANT.

BY FREDERICK ENOCH.

WHERE was the face like the Abbé Beaupère's,
 Silken and smiling, unfurrowed by cares,
 Matched to a voice that seemed ever in place,
 With a creed nicely tempered for velvet and lace?
 Where had white fingers a daintier fold,
 Worthier ring of pontifical gold?
 Whether gaily in face, or half-slyly askant,
 Who had a laugh like the abbé galant?

And the countess she smiled on the Abbé Beaupère
 When the youngest and bravest of galants were there;
 The cavaliers envied him all to a man,
 Sipping his coffee and holding her fan;
 And the fence and the foil of his wit but the more
 Held licence it seemed from the garb that he wore,
 For who in a breath dare of malice descant
 With the mild blameless life of an abbé galant?
 The vicomte, with twenty-five summers of mirth,
 Fretted to see all his charms of no worth,

The gay haron chafed with his vanity stung,
And the rage of the marquis gave spleen to his tongue :
And he mockingly chattered of lips that drew near
Unto lips for confession, forsaking the ear ;
While the lady's smile swept o'er each would-be *amant*
Bright coldness, to melt on the abbé galant !

The time it is night, just when morning is nigh,
Unbarring the pale amber gates of the sky,
And the earth is so dark, and the world is so still,
And the breath of the dawn is so ghostly and chill,
And the flowers have no scent, and the dew is not up,
And the fountain all timidly drips in the cup,
And palpitates madly the nightingale's lay
To the fragment of moon falling downward away :
Countess, oh ! why from your window that look—
Full of gay thoughts as a madrigal book—
Leaning white arms on the rude satyr limbs
Of the ivy that over your balcony climbs ?

Why do you smile, through the half twilight air,
On the shadow that closed the house-door with such care ?
Why still to follow its flight have you stood,
Till crossing the garden 'twas lost in the wood ?

Scarcely had she back from the balcony sprang
When crash on the silence a pistol-shot rang !
It woke e'en the count, though his slumber was strong,
And it shattered to muteness the nightingale's song ;
And it brought the white heat to the countess's face,
As she tottered as if in a dream through the place,
As she crept through the room where the day 'gan to shine
Through the half-empty crystal of red wanton wine.

O'er the grey château the day stole about,
And the peasants at work in the vineyard were out ;
Through the fresh stillness the lark flashed away,
And the grass was all powdered with cool silver spray ;
And the broad elmen branches that skirted the wood,
Full to the glare of the new sunlight stood,
While under the boughs, where the rays shone aslant,
With a ball in his breast lay the abbé galant.

A CARAVAN OF PARISIANS IN THE DESERT.

WOUNDED in an engagement with the unsubjected Kabyles, Captain Breton, corresponding member of a scientific society, wished to utilise the leisure afforded by his convalescence, by an excursion to the oasis of the Golden River, where, according to report, were thermal springs, and a curious species of antelope, hitherto undescribed. He associated with him to this effect a party of eight, including Amédée Gouët, the historiographer, Gilbrac, Fabre, and Evelin, friends, and he had even yielded to the earnest solicitations of his niece Jenny, a charming young person of eighteen, and consented that she also should be one of the party. The caravan was to leave Saïda in the morning, to cross the desert to the wadi of the Golden River, dip a thermometer in the springs, run down a specimen of the nondescript antelope, and be back the same evening. This was, as proposed, an easy and a pleasant excursion. Akbar ben Mussud, an Abyssinian, acted as guide, and a Berber attendant, called Yussuf ben Jinn, or Joseph, son of the demon, also accompanied the party.

Arrived at Saïda, Akbar sententiously declared that "night belonged to the poor, if they have courage to avail themselves of it;" and he added, "Remember that the traveller has no better friend than his gun."

"Begasse!" exclaimed Gilbrac, who was Gascon to the back-bone, "we are up to the tricks of Arabs. Haven't I read Ali Baba over and over again?"

"My dear Gilbrac," observed Evelin, who was an employé in a "bureau Arabe," "there are some among the descendants of the Forty Thieves who are perfect artists. Did not they strip our friend Fabre, when taking a siesta, without even waking him up? It is even said of the same man, Shafar, that he can abstract a horse from beneath the rider without his being aware of the occurrence."

The party were well received by the Beni-Raten, at Saïda, and they took the opportunity of explaining what tribe they also belonged to, by declaring that they were Beni-Parisians. The party, however had to divide, Gilbrac accepting the hospitality of a certain Ben Sabat, who had professed great admiration for the horse he rode, and which he declared to descend in a direct line from Al Burak, the Prophet's own steed. Ben Sabat's house was at the extremity of the Ksur, or marketplace, uninhabited, and falling into ruin.

"Begasse!" said Gilbrac, "where are your slaves? Well, a night is soon over. But what primitive simplicity! It really makes one feel five thousand years younger."

There were two rooms, whose only furniture were two reed mats. Gilbrac selected the outer one, and after fastening his steed by a halter to his foot, he laid down in his burnuse, and was soon dreaming of cavalades and caravans. But he was almost as soon awakened by swarms of fleas: "Caramba!" he exclaimed; "I thought that this house was un-

* *Les Aventures d'une Caravane Parisienne Egarée dans le Désert.* Par Amédée Gouët. Paris: E. Dentu.

inhabited!" Rising up and lighting a cigar, he sat at the threshold. It was a fine clear night, and he thought he saw a hush where the previous evening there was not a blade of grass. "How could a bush grow in a night?" thought he; and then, as he looked more fixedly, he saw that the hush began to move, and what was more singular, was, that his horse seemed to follow it, hrowsing on the way. He at once seized the rope that was made fast to his foot, to pull the horse back, and the halter came with a jerk, bringing the bridle with it, but no horse! At the same moment the hush stopped, the virtuous Ben Sabat issued forth from it, and springing on the horse's back, was lost in the darkness before Gilbrac could get hold of his gun.

"I am robbed!" sighed the unfortunate Gascon.

Early next morning Akbar took his station under a magnificent palm, there to await the assembling of the caravan. Gilbrac had presented himself to the sheikh, to lay his complaint before him. The wily old patriarch disclaimed all acquaintanceship with Ben Sahat. He did not, he said, belong to their tribe; the house that he had received the Gascon in was untenanted—a ruin, in fact. Gilbrac was, accordingly, accommodated with Jenny's donkey, while the young lady herself was exalted on a dromedary. The departure was not, however, effected without an incident. Akbar kicked Yussuf, and Yussuf drew his yataghan. A monkey that sat on Gilbraille's head—for the Gascon had given this appellation to his asinine steed—grinned with delight. An old Arab woman had given him this red-eyed little creature, and had accompanied the gift with a strange intimation: "This little monkey," she said, "would save the life and honour of a beloved one. One of the guides would make them shed tears of blood, and the winds of the desert would whiten the bones of some of the party."

The first steps taken in the desert were taken in silence. Gilbrac led the way, singing and playing with his little monkey. Akbar and Yussuf followed, interchanging glances of hatred. Jenny was attended upon by Fabre and Evelin, both young men, and both courting her favour. Gonët and Breton brought up the rear. The two latter conversed about the old woman's prophecy. One argued that if evil came from one of the guides, it would be from the fierce and haughty Akbar; the other, that it would be from Yussuf, "son of the demon," and whom he declared to be as much under the influence of Jenny as were the cold and calculating Fabre and the more ardent Evelin.

At length the caravan came to a bifurcation of the road. Akbar insisted upon going one way, Yussuf another. Both knew the road; one, therefore, must be deceiving. Was it Yussuf or Akbar? The position of things was embarrassing; there were two roads and two opinions. It was necessary to decide. The captain supported Yussuf, Gonët believed in Akbar. Once more the Berber and the Abyssinian nearly came to blows. The Berber accused the Abyssinian with having betrayed them to the "jackal" Shafar, who was to waylay them; the lion-hearted Abyssinian declared that the Berber "serpent" wished to isolate the fair "gazelle" in order that he might destroy her. "God is just!" he averred; "the serpent loves the gazelle." The allusion to Jenny was too palpable to be mistaken. The discussion was interrupted by Gilbrac, who proposed as an alternative that they should breakfast before deciding

the question. The place was propitious; there was water, a few shrubs, and two or three scanty palms afforded a dubious shade; so the proposition was unanimously carried. "We will breakfast upon it," said the captain; "and since Akbar and Yussuf cannot agree as to which is the road to the Golden River, we will return to Saïda."

"In Europe all roads lead to Paris," interrupted Gilbrac, "so in the desert all roads must lead to the Golden River. It is a most pleasant place this desert; no elbowing as on our pavements, no being splashed or run over as on the Boulevard des Italiens. And what a sun! This, at least, is a genuine sun that understands its business, and lets you know what it is about. Ah! Beni Parisians, is not this a magnificent scene? I will tell you what it is; my Gilbraille and my monkey shall tell me the road, and we won't go back disgraced like chasseurs of the Rue St. Martin returning from the plain of St. Denis."

No sooner said than done, Gilbrac mounted his long-limbed Nubian ass, and, pushing him forward, soon disappeared from view. Very shortly afterwards the discharge of a musket was heard, followed by other shots. The captain and Gouët vaulted on their horses, Akbar and Yussuf followed. Evelin and Fabre remained to take care of Jenny. It was in vain that the party advanced among the rocks; no Gilbrac and no predatory Arabs, neither Gilbraille nor "jackals," were to be seen. They had got some distance from the spring when they heard shouts in their rear. The truth suddenly flashed upon them. They had been duped into an advance by shots in front, whilst the "jackals" themselves had turned the rocks, and got into the rear to carry off Jenny and the baggage. The captain and Gouët hurried back, anxiety and anger fighting for mastery in their bosoms. They could hear that the shots were answered, and the braying of Gilbraille was audible over and above all. At length they gained the level bathed in perspiration, and breathless with anxiety. Jenny was retreating in the distance on her dromedary, Evelin and Fabre were screening her from six Arabs. Gilbrac and Gilbraille were pursuing the Arabs.

"Poor Gil is not killed!" said the captain, as his breast filled with hope when his eyes first took in the position of things. And the four pushed on to the aid of the gallant little fellow.

There was Jenny in front, Evelin and Fabre behind, then the six Arabs, next Gilbrac and Gilbraille, and finally the captain and his friend, with the Abyssinian and the Berber all on a line, pushing their steeds to their utmost across the immense plain. It was a race, at once picturesque and earnest. The sky was clear, the atmosphere on fire, and the stirring scene was only here and there interrupted by little clouds of dust stirred up by the galloping steeds.

Three of the Arabs had made a descent upon the baggage left behind in protecting Jenny's flight, but Gilbrac had succeeded in beating them off, armed with a colossal spoon, and then helping himself to a flask of cyprus to celebrate his victory, he had launched forth in pursuit of the "jackals." Jenny's dromedary had in the mean time been hit in the leg and lamed, and flight became no longer possible. Evelin and Fabre placed themselves between her and the Arabs, pistol and sword in hand. For greater security, Fabre took the young girl on his horse, whilst Evelin, surrounded by the "jackals," would have inevitably succumbed

bnt for Gilbrac, who came up at the opportune moment. The ranks of the assailants had been, however, augmented at the same time by those driven from the baggage, and the fight continued unequal till the captain and his followers came up. The Arabs, however, did not wait till this had taken place, but fled on the approach of succour. Gilbrac thus remained, in reality, master of the field, and, brandishing his huge spoon in triumph, he shouted rather than sang :

“Pyramides, saluez ! Gloire ! gloire ! gloire !
Faites silence, Marengo !
Moi, je remporte la victoire
Avec une cuiller à pot !”

Which distich finished, he saluted the captain on his approach by lowering his spoon.

Men and horses were all knocked up. Such a gallop and such a skirmish in a mid-day African sun was enough to broil anything living. Even Gilbrac, so lately the admirer of the desert, declared that the sun was as clever as a photographer in giving people the countenances of a negro. Yussuf came to the help at this conjuncture by declaring that there was a shady, if not a cool, grotto at two gun-shot's distance. It was unanimously resolved at once to repair to it.

Gilbrac led the way, singing as usual. The grotto was spacious, but perfectly dark, and the entrance was encumbered with large rocks. Akbar had been despatched to bring up the baggage, and the Gascon was filling the vaulted hollow with his jocund voice, when a sound like the mewing of an angry cat came forth from the depths of the cavern.

“We are not alone here,” observed the captain ; “we must light up the darkness.” And so saying he twisted an old newspaper and lit it as a torch. But he had not advanced far down the cave when a host of terrified bats flying past put it out.

Gilbrac, in the mean time, was pursuing his topographical investigation on all fours, when he was suddenly heard to exclaim : “Help ! Murder ! Here is a strange country ! A doctor eating up a solicitor ! Caramba ! why you will poison yourself !”

A gleam of light at the same moment enabled the captain to see a pup panther devouring a serpent, whilst close by another was playing with a skull. At the same moment the voice of Yussuf announced the approach of the father at the mouth of the cave. Every one rushed to his arms. “There is no time !” exclaimed the captain. “All to the stone at the mouth ! Gilbrac, Evelin, Fabre, Gouët, and Yussuf at once obeyed the summons. A moment more and the panther would have been in among them. The rock, tilted up by their united efforts, was rolled to the mouth of the cavern, and the panther bounded against it in vain. There remained a vacant space above, from which it could be seen bounding to and fro in angry impatience, whilst it filled the desert with its roar.

“Bah !” said Gilbrac, “he does not seem to approve of the reception given to him.” Within, the dromedary, Gilbraille, and the monkey, all began to make various noises, that added to the tumult. Gilbrac added to the confusion by his lyrical effusions.

“Don Gil,” said the captain, “will die singing.”

“My mother says I sang a week before I was born,” observed the Gascon ; “I dare say I shall sing a fortnight after my decease.” And

then he went on laughing alternately at the horses, the dromedary, the panther, the cubs—that replied by their mewings to the roar without—and, then at the donkey, whose bray, he said, was alone wanting to complete the concert.

At length the guns were found, but only one went off. It broke the leg of the panther, which responded by a new assault upon the stone, in which it was now joined by the female. To add to the difficulties of the position, the powder-flask could not be found.

"Well, no one can come and carry us off," observed Gilbrac; "we can at least sleep here in peace."

"We shall all die of hunger," said the captain. "Better attack the panthers with our swords."

"What!" said Gilbrac, "have I been fattening myself for twenty years merely to feed an anthropophagous panther? I appeal to all the gourmets, if your proposition has any sense in it." Then seeing that the female panther had laid down on the sand, weary of its repeated efforts to displace the stone, he apostrophised it: "Come, that is sensible; take a little rest. *Garçon, une glace à la vanille pour madame!* Suppose we rest ourselves too a little." But at that very moment the panther made a supreme effort, and directing all its energies to the opening above, it got its head through, while it shook the rock with its claws. The captain, Evelin, and Gouët, who were resisting with their backs like caryatides, called for their swords, but neither Fahre nor Yussuf answered. Gilbrac alone rushed forward, and putting his hat over the panther's mouth, he knocked it with his fist over its eyes and head, till, discomfited by so strange an attack, it bolted back.

"My hat!" exclaimed Gilbrac; "the beast has taken away my hat!"

At this moment a shot was heard, and the panther rolled in the dust. It was Akhar who had come up to the rescue.

"Jenny, Jenny!" exclaimed the captain, "we are saved!" But Jenny did not answer. Yussuf had carried away the gazelle during the struggle against the panthers by another opening that existed in the grotto, the knowledge of which he had reserved to himself. It was he also who had removed the powder and swords, so that they might have no means of defence.

"Follow me!" said Akhar; "and were the desert as boundless as the ocean, we will find the traitor. God is just! but the chief of the French does not know the truth when it is spoken to him. I told him that the serpent loved the gazelle, but he believed the serpent."

Had the thunder burst at their feet, or the mountain been cleft in twain, the stupor of all present could not have been greater than it was. The abduction was a thing so monstrous that they could not realise it. Gilbrac forgot for a moment his lyrical quotations. Evelin was the first to act: casting the stone aside, he rushed out of the cave. Luckily the male panther was disabled, and Akhar gave it the coup de grace.

The Berber, when he ran away with Jenny, had had the precaution to lead off the dromedary too, so that they might, although the animal was lamed, now be fairly concluded to be at some distance. The horses were rapidly assembled; nothing remained but the chance of superior speed. Akbar, who declared that everything that had happened was by the will of God, and what He did was good, and that the best of men was a well

of iniquity, opined that Yussuf would make for the Smoking Mountain, a distance of some eight days' journey. This was the complement of a day's pleasure-excursion in the desert! It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. Ever since they had left Saida, except the brief moments devoted at the spring for breaking fast, neither they nor their horses had had any rest. The Arabs had plundered their provisions. They had only a few dates, figs, a little brandy, coffee, and rice. Their strength was exhausted by the long siege sustained against the panthers. The hopes of rescuing Jenny alone upheld them.

Gilhrac had cut a gourd in half for a head-piece, and, rolling his kerchief round it, he extemporised a turban, but he did not sing. It was in silence then that the caravan of Parisians, deprived of its brightest ornament, once more advanced into the desert. Akbar led the way.

The Abyssinian went at a round trot, looking out in every direction for traces of the dromedary. The Frenchmen followed without exchanging a word. Rock and bushes, and the occasional grave of a wayfarer, were passed amid heat and dust without an observation. They seemed themselves like shadows passing over these vast and arid solitudes.

Suddenly Evelin, drawing his sword, rushed at a hush, exclaiming, "Yussuf! stop, wretch! stop!" and then he seemed to fight with the air. The course of the steeds were stayed. Fatigue, anxiety, and the heat of the sun had been too much for the young man; but the captain, taking him by the hand, said a few kind words to him, assured him that Jenny would be recovered, and he gradually regained his composure. The frightful state of suspense they were all in was found, however, to be rendered only more agonising by silence. Gilhrac was invited to intone a few of his favourite distiches, and conversation was encouraged, but the attempts to be cheerful were very inglorious. "I feel," said Gilhrac, on attempting a couplet from Béranger, "as if I had swallowed a lot of peach stones without having masticated them."

The increased distinctness of the tracks of the purloined dromedary cheered up the pursuers for a moment. Gilhrac declared that the dark Abyssinian must have the clairvoyance of a Parisian somnambulist to detect from his horseback that which he could only discern at the extremity of his nose.

"Courage!" replied Akbar. "Before the sun shall have once more gone round, the serpent's head shall be crushed, and the gazelle delivered. But, by the anger of the Prophet, what is this?" he exclaimed, looking towards a black point on the desert horizon. "The Simun! Cast yourselves on the ground, or we are all lost."

The atmosphere was still, and at a red heat. The sun, seen through the storm, seemed like a globe of fused metal, which, as the whirlwind came nearer, became more and more obscure. A few moments more and the stifling stillness was supplanted by a resistless hurricane. The terrified horses broke from their halters, and were swept across the desert. Gilhrac had the imprudence to rise up and start in the pursuit of his inseparable Gilbraille, who had gone with the rest. He had just reached his long-eared friend, and mounted it, when the hurricane became a cataract, and both were lifted up like dry leaves, and disappeared in the cloud of dust. When the hurricane had passed over, and the others attempted to rise, they found their limbs stiff and numb, with a feeling of having been

exposed to severe electric shots. They were also partly buried in sand, and Evelin, who had lain in a hollow, was completely so—so much so that fears were entertained that he was suffocated.

Evening was coming on, when they were once more on their legs. They had no longer any horses. The tracks of the dromedary had been effaced by the simun. Gilbrac and Gilbraille were nowhere to be seen. Akbar deemed that it would be wise, under the circumstances, not to proceed further.

"The sun that is about to set to-night," he remarked, "will reascend towards heaven in the morning. The serpent will have been caught by the simun, and to-morrow he is in our toils."

It was a melancholy attempt at rest made by that party, a few hours ago so happy and indifferent. Evelin was raving, and at times his delirium assumed a violent and then a fantastic form. He would rise and rush in furious pursuit, and then dance with maniac joy at his imaginary success. The night was calm and clear, the silver light of the moon was reflected in lines of white over the sandy plains. But fever, anxiety, and anguish prevented their closing their eyes. The roar of the lion and the cry of the jackal returning to their dens announced the dawn, and they rose up, numbed and stiff, as after the passing over of the simun. The gallant Breton did his best to cheer them on, and a sense of duty, added to the strongest impulses that ever moved men to action, did the remainder. But it was as melancholy a start as some of those may be imagined to have been which preceded the last journeyings of the survivors of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. Evelin was so exhausted by his delirious energy that he had to be supported. They moved on at first in the direction in which the hurricane had carried away Gilbrac and his donkey. The captain tried to make light of it. "The rascal," he said, "he has gone on before us." But none could forbear believing that he and his pet quadruped were entombed in the sands of the desert.

After some hours painful marching they arrived at the foot of a range of rocky hills, where they divided into parties in search of water, from the want of which their physical sufferings had attained a point that almost exceeded their mental anguish. Gouët and Fabre had advanced into a hopeful ravine, when suddenly they heard a voice singing:

"Vérité, vois quelle peine
N'ai-je pas à crier ma plainte vaine,
Dans ce puits où je suis reclus,
Perclus!"

"Gilbrac!" they both exclaimed, as they bounded forward; and true enough there was the worthy Gascon, who, in his anxiety to obtain water, had fallen into a well, whilst Gilbraille remained hrowsing upon the leafless twigs that grew around its mouth, calmly contemplating at the same time his helpless master below. Needless to say that Gilbrac was speedily extricated from his unpleasant position, and the same means used to pull him out were also put in force to obtain a supply of cool and pleasant water. The first thing the liberated Gascon did was to embrace his donkey. "Ah! Gilbraille, my friend, my companion," he said, "you, at least, would not leave me in my distress—you have the heart of a donkey,

Gilhraille, marvellous instinct, and more humanity than many an asinine hipped!"

Somewhat refreshed by their libations the party pursued their way up the ravine, when suddenly Gilhraille shook his ears, and began to Bray lustily.

"What I told you," said Gilbrac, "that that ass is worth its weight in men of genius!"

And at this very moment the little red-eyed monkey, that at the time of Yussuf's evasion, was with Jenny on the dromedary, attracted by the braying of his old friend, came leaping down from rock to rock, till it got upon the ass's back.

"Yussuf is not far from here," exclaimed the captain.

Akbar and Evelin were already escalating the rocks. On the opposite side the Berber was detected, trying to get away with Jenny; the dromedary lay apparently dead on the rocks. Evelin rushed down like a madman, but Yussuf turned upon him and fired. The ball missed the young man and struck the captain in the shoulder. Akbar and the captain fired, and Yussuf staggered. He had strength however to fire once more, Akbar receiving the ball in his chest; he then turned upon his feet and rolled down the precipice—a corpse. His horse fled, nor could they effect its capture; but Jenny was delivered!

The poor young girl was pale, exhausted, stunned. She looked at Breton and then at Evelin, as if in a dream; and then she threw herself into the arms of the old soldier and wept, and her tears relieved her burning head and heart. The captain pressed her to his bosom, and then looked at her amid tears and smiles. Evelin jumped about as if a prey to one of his fits of the previous day. There was not a dry eye in the party, and yet, strange to say, all were glad—all save one, who contemplated the Parisians and complained not. He would not mar their happiness. At length he too was thought of, and most anxious were the inquiries as to whether he was much hurt.

"No, I do not suffer," said the Abyssinian; "you are happy."

"I shall never forget your devotion," said the captain.

"Akbar is your guide, and is devoted to you," replied the wounded man. "God does as he wills. I have my reward now. I see Azrael in the dark; the angel of the last farewell awaits me."

So saying, his head fell on his chest; his mouth filled with froth and blood, and his eyes closed for ever.

Standing one by the side of the other, with the exception of Gilbrac, whose feet had been horribly hurt in his fall from what he called his poetic flight with his Pegasus on the wings of the simun, and who was no longer capable of walking, they contemplated the disaster in silence. They had now the desert before them, and no guide! There was, however, no time for lamentations, and Breton almost exhausted himself in encouraging the others. The Abyssinian's bag was examined; it contained a small stock of welcome powder and balls, and a little dry fruit and kukusu.

"Well, we can breakfast, at all events," observed the incorrigible Gascon. "We can feed our happiness. How happy one would be with a humper of Cyprus in hand!"

"Well, you shall have it at Algiers, Don Gil," said the captain.

"Keep up your hearts, and in three days we shall have left the desert, I hope for ever, behind. No more chases after nondescript antelopes for me."

At this moment Gilbraille, who was as usual busy when others were unoccupied, in cropping all the stubborn tufts and remnants of vegetation that were to be detected in the wilderness, lifted up its head and began to bray.

"Another signal!" shouted Gilbrac. "And, by the Holy Prophet! Caramba! if there is not Yussuf's horse coming down the mountain-side. Never did trumpet of Jericho merit more of posterity than thy chromatic bray, my precious ass!"

It was as Gilbrac said, Yussuf's horse, without master or companion, had grown weary of solitude and the desert, and hearing the bray of his quondam travelling companion, bad at once made off to join the party. The possession of a horse was at this conjuncture invaluable. Gilbrac could not walk, so he must perforce ride his faithful steed—the horse would carry Jenny.

Jenny on horseback, then, Gilbrac on Gilbraille, the captain, Gouët, Evelin, and Fabre on foot, they started from where they had covered the body of their guide with stones to keep off the prowling jackals, to advance in the direction of home.

"The mountain we leave behind us," observed the captain, "in charge of the relics of our two guides of yesterday, is, I believe, a part of the well-known Kayar; not far from it, in the direction of Algeria, lies the oasis of the Great Serpent. If we can only reach it we are saved."

This was said to encourage the party; but it was noon, the sun darted its rays like tongues of fire, they could scarcely get their breath in the heated dusty atmosphere, and, to add to the labour of those who were on foot, the sands were mobile and yielding, and progress was at once difficult and irksome. No wonder that they moved on in monotonous melancholy silence.

The sight of a few pebbles came to cheer them.

"Ah, Caramba!" observed Gilbrac, "they are going to macadamise this African Rue de Rivoli, in anticipation of a row of mansions. Not a bad idea!"

A heap of pebbles was, in fact, an indication of a route followed by caravans. Such is as a sign-post in the desert.

"My children!" said the captain, "we are on the high road; we shall soon reach a refreshing shade."

"The Bois de Boulogne!" observed Gilbrac.

The discovery, however, cheered them on, and evening was approaching when Jenny announced that, from her elevated position, she could make out an Arab.

An Arab was in reality coming quietly towards them.

"Salaam Alakum!—Peace be with you!" was all he said; and then made as if passing on. But this was not at all what was wanted (and he knew it, too).

"Alakum Salaam!—Peace be with you!" replied the captain. "Your words are good. Listen to ours. We have lost ourselves. Our guide is dead. Where does this road lead to?"

"To the Hunter's oasis."

"How far is that off?"

"Fourteen days' journey."

"And we were following that road! And where does that road lead to?" asked the captain, pointing backwards.

"To the oasis of the Golden River," was the reply.

"Ah, Caramba!" interrupted Gilbrac, "we shall catch the nondescript after all. The cursed beast has won over all the demons of Africa to its cause."

"Guide us to the Golden River," said the captain, "and you shall have two duros for every hour of the journey."

"Abu Aibu has made a vow of poverty," replied the Arab; "but he will help those who are tormented by genii."

And, so saying, he sat down by some stones, and drawing a little cage from beneath his cloak, he began singing to it in unintelligible jargon.

"Pilgrim," said Gilbrac, "are you a marabut?"

"No!" was the reply. "I am a trapper of genii."

"What is in that cage?"

"A genius."

"Bajasse!" exclaimed Gilbrac. "I have seen all the geniuses of the Academy of Paris, I should like to see those of Africa. But this is an Opera genius," he said, peering into the cage. "As I live, nothing but a fat rat!"

"Sidi!" coolly replied the Arab, "this is not a rat, but an enchanted genius."

"That Abu Aibu," remarked Fabre to Gilbrac, "resembles Shafar, who deprived me of my habiliments whilst taking a siesta, as much as one Arab thief can resemble another in the twilight."

"In France, all cats seem grey at night-time, and in Africa all Arabs are thieves," retorted the Gascon. "If that Abu Aibu had not a beard, I should say it was Ben Sabat himself."

Night had come on; the sense of security inspired by the presence of a guide, and the weariness of long fatigue and anxiety, disposed all to sleep. At midnight they were woken up by Gilbraille braying.

"Trapper of genii!" exclaimed Gilbrac. "The rascal is off with our only horse!"

Not only had the capturer of demons taken the horse with him, but he had actually partly stripped every one of the caravan: Gouët's burnuse, Captain Breton's hat, watches, purses, Gilbrac's cloak and Fabre's boots; all the arms, guns, and swords, powder and balls, had been carefully disposed of as baggage upon the horse before he had walked off with the latter! The wretch, to add insult to injury, had left his cage, with the enchanted genius in it, behind him! This sad reverse and sudden change in circumstances were most trying. Worn-out and exhausted by fatigue and privations, lost in the arid waterless desert, their forces ebbing from them like their life's blood, hopes had been excited by their supposed happy falling in with a guide, only to enhance their disappointment by his running away and depriving them of their last chance and their last resources. It was stupefying!

The gallant old captain was the first to endeavour to rouse the rest to action. "My children," he said, "we must be on a frequented road; let us only advance, however slowly, we are sure to meet with some help.

Let us hold up, then. The ant crosses the desert; shall we have less perseverance than an ant?"

A start was accordingly resolved upon. It was no use sitting down to perish in the wilderness. Gilbrac's boots had to be cut open; his legs had swollen, as he himself expressed it, to the size of the towers of Notre Dame. The captain's hat was replaced by a kerchief and the hood of his burnuse. The monkey had disappeared. Jenny, much against the Gascou's wishes, had to walk. As to arms, all that Abu Abu had left them was a brace of pistols which he had overlooked in the holsters of Gilbraille's saddle.

The appearance of the caravan of the Parisians was anything but enlivening. Jenny was pale and careworn. Fabre bent his melancholy brow downwards. Evelin's mind was wandering more and more, and his state excited the liveliest apprehensions. Gouët was affected with vertigo. The old captain's eyesight had grown dim and confused. As to Gilbrac, he had fainted away once or twice from sheer suffering. Their weakness, and consequently the danger of their position, increased hourly. Fabre led the donkey, Gouët supported Gilbrac, Breton gave his arm to Jenny, Evelin hovered like a wild bird around the caravan. Their laborious steps were directed towards a range of mountains that bordered the horizon.

"Conrage, friends!" said the captain; "on the other side of these mountains we shall find life, repose, abundance. Forward! and we are saved!"

They persevered for a short time under the ardent sun, but at length Gilbraille gave way and rolled on the plain, Gilbrac by his side. Fabre and Gouët sat down at the same time, utterly exhausted. Evelin had fainted; and Jenny sat by his side, incapable of comforting him. Only the captain kept his feet. The final moment seemed to have arrived.

"Friends! children!" exclaimed the veteran, "only two hundred paces more and we are saved!"

But no one could answer him. Gouët was the first to recover. Fabre and Gilbrac next regained their senses.

"Fabre," said the captain, "you must remain and take charge of the others. I and Gouët will go forward in search of help; beyond that mountain there must be an oasis and living people. Come, then!"

Gouët obeyed almost mechanically. In a few moments they reached the foot of the hills and began the ascent. But Evelin, who had opened his eyes, seeing them thus depart, was seized with a terrible access of delirium. He rushed wildly after them up the mountain-side.

"Oh, save him!" exclaimed Jenny to Fabre. "I love him!"

Fabre cast a melancholy look of despair at the young girl, and replied: "I will save him, Jenny, if it costs me my life. May you be happy."

And he hastened after the unfortunate maniac. Evelin seemed to be endowed with supernatural energy. He leaped rocks, crossed ravines, and climbed precipices as if inspired with spiritual vigour. His course was, however, eccentric, and Fabre succeeded, not without great efforts, in overtaking him. Seizing him by the body, he endeavoured to restrain him in his mad course, but Evelin struggled against him, and both fell.

The captain and Gouët had witnessed the catastrophe from the other side

of the mountain, and they hurried back as fast as their strength would permit them to the scene of disaster. Poor Fabre was dead; he had made a shield of his body to save Evelin. The latter was white as a sheet; he was contused, cold, and senseless, but his heart beat. It was, however, impossible to revive him without water, without a resource.

"Poor children!" said the captain. "What a fate!"

Weep they could not. The tears seemed dried up within them, and the agony of the moment made their throats feel as if on fire.

Breton once more roused himself. Only a few hundred paces separated them from the oasis, but they had not the power to cross that short interval. They seemed, as it were, to be nailed to the spot on which they stood by the accumulation of horrors that hung like clouds upon every effort that they made. But at that moment a strange animal, resembling a stag, with ears erect and legs outstretched, as if pursued, made its appearance, staring at them with astonishment. "It must be our non-descript friend!" exclaimed the captain; "we are at the Golden River! Would that we had never sought it."

The arrival of the antelope was followed by the clamour of a hunting-horn, and soon the sound of horses cantering was distinctly heard as the antelope bounded away. A few moments more and a hunting-party made its appearance, headed by Commandant Barbaro, well known in Algeria for his passion for field sports and his collection of wild animals. The surprise of the commandant and of his friends at meeting two Frenchmen in such a plight can be more easily imagined than described. In Algeria, however, people are more accustomed to strange incidents than in more civilised countries. To be down by their side, to uncork a brandy-flask and pour out a tumbler of water, were the work of an instant. The next was employed in succouring the lifeless form that lay by them on the ground. It was long before Evelin was sufficiently recovered to be moved away upon an extemporised litter. Help was in the mean time sent those behind. Jenny had wept till she had sunk senseless on the sand. Gilbraille was dead, and Gilbrac lay on his friend's body, grimly chanting:

"Il meurt et la joie expire,
Il meurt, lui qui si souvent
Vous a fait mourir de rire!"

All the parties recovered except the unfortunate Fabre, whose skull was broken. Evelin and Jenny have since married, and have vowed never to go farther from Paris than Pantin. Abu Aibu, arrested while endeavouring to dispose of his plunder, was recognised to be the same as Shafar and Ben Sabat, and met with his deserts. As to Gilbrac, he only regrets that he did not see the fantastic antelope of the Golden River, which he always declares to be a demon, and he incessantly mourns his beloved Gilbraille. "He was an ass," he says, in melancholy tones, "who was a true friend to humanity. He had a heart. How many are there that have only ears!"

ROME AND ITALY.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

THE great question in Italy at the present moment, and one of no inconsiderable interest to all Roman Catholic countries, is that of the temporal power of the Pope. All the world knows with what tenacity ecclesiastics cling to the good things of this life; so much so, indeed, as that by comparing the main points of their faith as professed with the difference of their practice, it savours grossly of hypocrisy. Humility, contempt of the good things of this world, universal charity, and similar virtues, are professed, while pride, love of self, bitterness of hatred, and lust after absolute authority, take the place of what they affect to practise, if their own account of that practice is to be credited. The friends of the Pope declare that the temporal power of the pontiff is essential to his post, abominably as he may have abused it. All the reasonable individuals who address themselves to the point, Roman Catholics, contend that the temporal power does their faith more harm than good.

The papal chair, pretended to be first occupied by St. Peter, while there does not exist a tittle of evidence to show the apostle ever was in Rome at all—the papal chair was, after the corruption of Christianity by Constantine down to the reign of Pope Stephen II., or about the year 760, occupied by popes without temporal power. In twenty years after that introduction, or rather usurpation, image-worship was adopted by Adrian I., A.D. 772, and, in 847, the ridiculous story of Pope Joan was set going; from that time down to the present, or from the last-mentioned year, the papal chair has been filled too frequently with monsters in place of men. John XII., styled "The Infamous;" Benedict VI., murdered in prison; Gregory V., anti-pope; Benedict IX., made pope at twelve years of age; Alexander II., devoured by ambition; Gregory VII., the most unprincipled; Boniface VIII., who proclaimed that God had set him over the kingdoms of the earth; Urban IV., noted for his cruelty; Innocent VIII., who persecuted the Waldenses; the abominable Alexander VI., best known as Roderic Borgia; Pius III., infamous for his vice and cruelty; Julius II., whose pontificate cost 200,000 lives; Leo X., the donor of indulgences, who talked of "that fable of Christ;" Julius III., who handed over his cardinal's hat to the keeper of his menagerie; Paul IV., who claimed the English throne, and declared Queen Elizabeth illegitimate. These were some among the popes, after 752, when they first had temporal power; while before that event, up to the origin of the popedom, not one such base character appeared. The crimes of popedom were, therefore, consentaneous with its temporal power to a great extent; indeed, several of the popes, before that event, are said to have suffered martyrdom for their faith, whereas, after the usurpation of the temporal power, they made hosts of martyrs of other people in place of becoming so themselves. Thus, the possession of temporal power wonderfully improved them as leaders of an apostolic Christian Church, judging by their works!

But the great body of those of the Roman Catholic faith unconnected with the sacerdotal habit, except a comparative few of the credulous and weak-minded, are now of opinion that the temporal power does more

harm than good to their Church. They prefer it as it was for the first eight centuries of its existence, reckoning in their mode, and they would rather see their Church as it was than as it is. They observe the inconsistency it involves, and how dissonant, in consequence, are some of its practices from those they are taught to believe consist with the foundation of their faith. If this is doubted, it can only be by those who have had no experience of modern society in the more enlightened Catholic countries. In Spain, the Tyrol, in Austria—by the command of the present emperor the other day—and in certain parts of Ireland, the temporal power of the Pope is held as a sacred thing. On the other hand, among the more enlightened European nations, the opinion held is very different by the larger part of the Roman Catholics themselves. If this is denied, let regenerated Italy be taken in proof, and Catholic France.

It was the lust of temporal power in the popes that caused them to embroil the rulers of other nations with one another so incessantly, for their own interest's sake. That the temporal power of the Pope ought not to exist was shown by Napoleon I., who endeavoured to make Pius VII. relinquish it, but in vain, and he deposed him in 1809, but the pontiff was restored to full powers by the allies in 1814.

The truth is, that by the majority of the Catholic people out of Rome, except the priests, the Pope is thought less about than people suspect. In Rome itself he is by no means the awe-striking personage which many would fain make him out to be. There things are done in his name, it is true, but he is not aware of a title of what is thus executed. The cardinals are the agents who perform what may be called the public duties of the government in the name of its chief, who knows not half of what goes on, and the consequence is, that these officials have long become objects of popular attack, and even of derision, from the same quarter. This may be observed in the satires and jests continually thrown out in numerous ways at the red-stockings, and many of them with cutting effect. The Romans are fully awake to those allusions and delicate touches of satire, to which the people of the North would be wholly insensible; and though the liberty of the press does not, and did not, exist in Rome, there were ways enough of judging of the public feeling, and making the scourge of satire tell in modes where the public notice of it would be more mischievous than suffering it to pass. This has long been the case in the Eternal City. The Romans imagined, at one time, that they could not get an easier master than the Pope himself, and for fear they should not, carried his yoke; but they would have their jests stuck upon the torso of Pasquin, and Marforio's answer, cost what it may. Besides, the jest would have been so rich, of a public trial for the exhibition of a fantoccini, and the actors thirteen inches high, that the last of it would never have been heard.

The stage that thus ventured to satirise the Roman authorities was and is small, not more than ten or twelve feet wide, by four feet six inches in height. The price of entrance used generally to be about five sous—a price high enough to keep out the mobility. The audience, alive to the most delicate touches of satire, take their seats in stillness and perfect order. If oppressed, it is something to be able to laugh openly and heartily at the oppressors, and if they could not shake them off, they could satirise them. From this it may be judged that the Romans, having no great affection for their rulers some years ago, the time to which allusion

is now making, must have much less now, when the citizens see a way of deliverance of which a little while since they had no expectation.

But to facts: the audience was seated before the little stage, where all was got up in an exact proportionate scale. Nothing was omitted seen in a large theatre; the actors, of course, improvised, and the audience prepared to have a hearty laugh at the expense of the men in place. They have no censor for these little theatres, or had not, to mar an author's copy. And now the curtain is drawn up, and expectation is upon tip-toe. The view of the stage is very deceptive, all being constructed on a perfect scale, even to the doors and windows in the scenery.

First there appears a sort of bachelor-looking man, who does not want more than ten or twelve winters of three score and ten, quite the Italian gentleman in manner, with something of the fop, his head grey, in fact a bachelor of fashion, where all the heads of the government are *cibataires*. He is a monsignori, who is seeking honours from the papal court, in other words, a cardinalship, and may be condemned to linger a long while. In the mean time, he is made to fall in love with the sister of an artist. An embryo cardinal in love is delicious ridicule to a Roman. He is represented as awaiting his lady dear, and walking up and down impatiently, with all the airs of a sexagenarian in love, while affecting to play off the cardinalship that is in his mind's eye. The puppet imitates the life admirably. Presently the lady appears, and her old lover begs to sing to her a piece of music which he has recently heard. This is sung exceedingly well, and applauded by the audience, the words being descriptive of his passion. The lady replies. The old fop, in place of talking about love, praises his dress to his mistress, article on article, and tells what each cost him. He draws his chair up close to the lady, and is apparently about to propose to her, when her brother comes in and spoils the declaration. This brother, an artist, is dressed in the most exaggerated style of conceit among the artists. He requests the visitor not to pay his suit any more to his sister, in reply to which, the foppish old bachelor administers to him an irresistible dose of flattery.

The artist and his sister being left alone, he demands from her how she can be so imprudent as to receive the attentions of a man who cannot marry her. This produces shouts of laughing, it being a fresh hit at the clerical character. The old lover, more inspired than ever by his passion, is disconsolate, and sets about disguising himself in the garb of a youth, in order to become a pupil of the painter.

In the next scene he is discovered in the painter's house, wearing large black whiskers and a huge wig, while behind his ears the grey hairs are represented as peeping out, to the great amusement of the audience. He makes love by talking of his money, which he tenders to the lady, and tells her how happy they shall be, and "no one shall know of it!" Here shouts of applause follow, as it was another hit at the prospective cardinal. He next falls at his mistress's feet, in which posture he is surprised by the aunt of the lady, to whom he had made love forty years before, in another part of Italy, and she reminds him of it. He runs off into the painter's studio, and turns back again with all the other incipient artists at his heels. The brother of the young lady laughs at the old lover, and bids him strip, that his pupils may colour him "of the finest scarlet; and thus, having attained the end of your ambition," he tells him, "you shall be walked up and down the Corso." Here, at the words "finest

scarlet," there are loud applauses at the application again to the cardinalship. The unlucky lover becomes alarmed, and consents to marry the old aunt. He then comes forth to the audience, and says, "I resign the 'scarlet'" (that means the cardinalship); "I shall become uncle to her I adore, and then——" pretending to be called away, he makes his obeisance and disappears. The audience is convulsed with laughing at the allusions, which are all aimed at the Consistory and the scarlet-clothed clericals; in fact, at the chief authorities of the Church.

Now, where such exhibitions as these were going on for years, since we speak of a period prior to 1848, it is clear that the common sense of the Roman people rose superior to the time-eaten dictates of the ecclesiastical ruler, or rather rulers. They had no quarter from which to expect a profitable change. The darker-minded of the European despots were all Catholics, ready to support the Pope by protecting his dungeons and scaffolds with the bayonet of their soldiery, as in 1848, when the Pope, after his outrageous rule, solicited the aid of a foreign military force to replace him, and it restored him in 1849. Austria, on pretences very similar, occupied other parts of Italy, and, in fact, made it a province of Germany. She governed it with an iron hand, and being seen with the utmost apparent complacency by the other powers, continued her odious sway there until Austrian insolence produced the present glorious emancipation of that noble country by the aid of the French; all except the Roman question being considered settled, as the addition of Venice, it is probable, will remain a question for future adjustment.

It is from little things we discover tendencies to great results, and when alluding to the fantoccini, which, above thirty years ago, was so bold, and welcomed in its little representations so heartily by the people, it cannot be imagined time would diminish the distaste of the Romans for a government of priests. No doubt, since 1849, when the Pope was replaced in Rome by foreign bayonets, the contempt for the Conclave of Cardinals has much increased, and has not lost strength by the means taken to preserve the existing abuses. Foreign bayonets are necessary to keep the Pope from deposition by his "faithful" people, and no doubt the Pope and cardinals are quite ready to pay any foreign soldiery or any power that will protect the present state of things. The troops of that people who boast of their freedom and will enter the service of any despotic power for pay—the

Swiss who fight for any God or man—

had been solicited to champion for the papal protection. Rome, in the mean while, is the common disturber of Italy, sheltering the ex-King of Naples, and enabling him and his banditti, well armed, to keep the neighbouring territories in disturbance—a state of things which cannot be allowed to endure much longer. When a king ceases to reign, especially when his conduct merits his expatriation by his people, he should be considered simply as a subject in the state where he has found an asylum, and should not be permitted with impunity to disturb the peace of neighbouring nations from the site of that asylum. An ex-ruler is a very inglorious character. Rabelais makes such personages, when in the lower regions, to be set to the employment of crying "greens to sell;" which, however unkingly, is a more honest and honourable employment than cheating the people whom they misrule.

It appears to us essential that it is for the advantage of Europe that Italy should become not only a great, but a free kingdom. Her resources have been wasted, her energies restrained, her people enslaved by a race of Germans, the least worthy of the name. The time is over when monarchs can play the game of the late Emperor Francis, and the character of their own gaolers, finding a grim gratification in the imprisonment of victims under their own eye, as at Spielberg. Francis was a despot who could not boast a scintillation of understanding in affairs of government that did not involve absolutism in its most stringent sense. His word was not his bond, like his interest. He neither possessed a sentiment of honour nor humanity, and was at variance, very frequently on the side of excess, with his right-hand, Metternich. The latter, while he did not stickle about any arbitrary act necessary to carry out his political ends, felt how impolitic it was to throw away uselessly the power of injury to others. This Francis never felt, as his treatment of many illustrious men of Lombardy proved six or seven years after the peace of 1815, whom Metternich released upon the tyrant's decease.

It was a fortunate thing for Italy that the present Emperor of Austria, by his invasion of Piedmont, exhibited the spirit which really actuates him. He has been alarmed, and his pretence of ruling by milder measures is only the result of his fears. He will give a constitution to his empire, and a representative system, but then he will direct the representatives what they shall do, and how far they shall go. How his mind is bent may be seen by his attempt to make the Catholic the sole tolerated creed in his dominions. The truth is, that he neither knows nor cares about anything but his own personal power and security. It is not in the nature of a despot born and bred, and whose efforts have all hitherto been to support arbitrary principles, to become all at once a sincere oppositionist to those principles.

The Austrian empire is a disjointed affair. It can boast of no bond of union arising from national feeling. The system of rule has been in politics a rod of iron, and in morals the utmost licentiousness, as we who knew the capital under Francis is well aware.

Germany, also, is uneasy, for there, on every side, are symptoms of a desire of the lesser states to be no longer handled about between Austria and Prussia as their masters. A union of the lesser states with one or the other of the larger seems to be desired. The arrangements of the treaty of Vienna are already broken, evidences as they were of the desire of the great powers of Europe to do everything by the rule of *sic volo, sic jubeo*. The doing what was just and right, and leaving the result to time to develop, was not a process which suited the potentates there assembled, as is now plain to demonstration. It is also plain that the heads of empires must be bound in their actions by the same rule of right and wrong, whether politic or not, which binds individuals of an humbler class in life. If this rule be discarded, results will be just such as we now see in Europe—the whole frame crumbling to dust. As to sovereigns, it is not for them to give constitutions as a boon to their subjects; it is for the latter to give them to their sovereigns, after the example of England, or that of Aragon formerly, when its monarchs being offered the oaths, it was demanded,—Would they rule according to the laws and constitution of the state? if so, they would accept them as their rulers, if not, not!

THE COUNTRY AND THE PEOPLE OF SIAM.

Few countries in the world can rival, none surpass, the kingdom of Siam in the wealth of nature. In its extensive provinces are developed to perfection the riches of the vegetable and the mineral kingdoms, whilst animated nature is profuse and prolific. The superficial surface of the soil abounds with all that is necessary for the wants of man or beast, and with a great deal that is superfluous and luxurious; whilst its subterranean wealth is uncounted, untold, unknown. From the soil of Siam is derived an abundant supply of sugar, which is transported thence to Bombay, and eventually Great Britain; and enormous quantities of rice, over and above the immense consumption of that grain by the natives, are carried to the Straits of Malacca and various seaport towns of China and Cochin China; besides which, there is an abundant yield of cotton of the finest quality, but which, as yet, has hardly found its way into European markets, though, under the present pressure, speculation may more fully develop the resources of Siam in this respect. It is, however, an indisputable fact, that not a hundredth part of the empire is under cultivation; that there are immense tracts of waste land and jungle, the resort only of the tiger, the elephant, and other denizens of the forest, whose ivory and skins alone constitute a considerable and valuable trade, followed up by the hardy hunters of the interior, who barter these valuables chiefly with enterprising Chinamen for raiment and the commonest necessities of life. Thence, also, borne upon the rapid waters of the glorious Menam—that river which traverses the vast kingdom from the sea to its unknown sources—float cargoes of gamboge and logwood, with many other precious dyes, gums, spices, and an immense variety of valuable timber. And the mountains are almost all mines affording gold, silver, copper, lead, and many precious stones, which only require the hand and judgment of skilful and educated man to prove an *El Dorado*. Gold and silver must be plentiful, indeed, with a people who can afford to make mats of these precious metals for the white elephant to wear away under its ponderous flat hoof. All the spires of the various wats, or temples, are another glittering evidence of the wealth existing in the land as they sparkle in all the brilliancy of Eastern sunset, like so many fabulous fairy-tale castles—literally one mass of gold and silver, and precious stones of a great variety of hues.

From the stately banana and teak-tree down to the fragile sensitive plant, from the hedgerows of dense and impenetrable prickly pears (where myriads of cochineal insects feed undisturbed) to the delicate air-plant which, suspended from a thread fastened to the ceiling, decorates the interior of many a Siamese dwelling—the vegetable kingdom embraces a vast extent and variety of trees, and plants, and shrubs, and flowers. Neither is the valuable indigo by any means unknown or uncultivated in the interior. The nutmeg and the clove grow wild, as do the mango, the mango-stein, and the dhurian, whilst many other delicious and but little known fruits are the spontaneous production of the soil on which subsist countless hordes of monkeys, some, especially the snowy-white ones, very rare and very much venerated by the natives, and per-

fect cohorts of parrots and paroquets. Herb for the use of man is also abundant. The Indian brinjal and bandicoot; the drumstick vegetable, produced by a tree; the pepincoy, and a vast variety of pumpkins, cucumbers, and spinage, besides yams, sweet potatoes, and many other roots and edible bulbs, luxuriate in the climate and soil of the kingdom of Siam. What has been said of the vegetable kingdom is also applicable to the animal. From the monstrous elephant, larger in the interior than in any other known part of the world, down to the tiny, little, exquisitely shaped moss-deer, whose delicate limbs snap under the gentlest touch of man, great, indeed, is the variety in size, shape, colour, and nature of quadrupeds that are to be met with throughout the length and breadth of the land, many of them affording excellent food for man, as, for instance, the whole of the deer tribe, the wild boar, the hare, and the delicate flesh of the bison calf. So also is the variety found in the more loathsome genus of reptiles, from the huge boa-constrictor down to the tapeworm-like carpet snake, beautiful, but deadly of sting; from the iguana to the loathsome tokay, or leoprosed lizard; from the alligator to the ant-eater; and, amongst the fiany tribe, from the voracious sea-lawyer or blue shark (which never ventures up the rivers) down to the smallest of small whitebait, delicious indeed as eaten by the natives in savoury curries.

It is no uncommon thing during the intervals between the two monsoons to see fleets of water-fowl floating upon the surface of the rivers, whilst legions of beautiful humming-birds not bigger than an humble-bee are fluttering round the honeyed blossoms of the tuberose or the wild Indian jessamine. In short, mountain and plain, river and sea, abound with riches and delicate luxuries. Be it fruit or vegetables, fish, poultry, flesh, or the more sordid and substantial, and certainly equally useful and requisite, mineral wealth, Siam possesses everything, and everything in abundance; and basing our knowledge upon such little as the researches of the few educated and enterprising men have afforded to the public, we may rest assured that we fall far short of the mark in classifying Siam amongst the richest kingdoms of the earth.

There is one peculiar feature in Siam which isolates it from every other empire of the earth: Siam has no cities! No strong-built, well-fortified, elegantly-constructed towns and cities, with suburbs and suburban villas. The pagan in Hindostan rivalled in the architecture of his temple the most splendid efforts of Greece in her sunniest days. The Taj Mahal was something exquisite in the conception of the brain that first conceived its existence in embryo. China and Japan have noble specimens also of architectural beauty, and all Christendom and the Ottoman Empire have something to show in the shape of what constitutes a city. The tent of the Arab of the desert and the floating-house of the Siamese are very much assimilated. Now they are swallowed up in the vortex of some town or city constituting an item either central or suburban. Now they are isolated and lonesome. In fact, the Siamese may be called the Bedouins of the river. Whilst the Arab's faith clings tightly to his mare, on whose back he may fleetly traverse the sandy wastes, pursuing or pursued, the Siamese relies upon the excellence and swiftness of his canoe, which constitutes his all in all, whether for pleasure or for flight, or for the remunerative services it renders him in fishing or in the con-

veyance and vending of the produce of the soil. As in the desert we may encounter the solitary tent of an Arab, his spear stuck into the ground and his well-beloved mare fastened thereto, so, in desolate portions of the Menam are to be encountered single floating houses, with the indispensable canoe chained to the front, and here, in fishing or some other occupation, the inhabitants pass the time in undisturbed tranquillity. The capital of Siam, Bangkok, is nothing more nor less than a congregation of wooden huts or cabins floating upon strongly constructed bamboo rafts, any score or two of which may at any given moment be loosed from their moorings and shift the scene of their future homes either farther up or lower down the river, thus weakening the city in the number of its houses and inhabitants. Or else, as is not unoften the case, some thousand-ton ship or junk of huge proportions swings suddenly to the tide, carrying away a small colony of houses, which drift away rapidly, to the astonishment and terror of the yelling inmates. With the exception of a few palaces and wats, a few monumental pillars and European residences, Bangkok has nothing substantial about it, and some unusual flood-tides might any night sweep away the greater mass of houses and population, and leave the astonished inmates of the more solid fabrics on *terra firma* positively alone in their glory.

That a people so lodged should be almost amphibious in their natures cannot be a matter of surprise. The first duty of man, and of woman also in Siam, is to learn to swim, and infants barely able to toddle about take to the water as kindly as young ducklings. They may be said to be a scrupulously cleanly people if often lavations are a proof thereof, for one half of the day, excepting during the monsoons, they are paddling and swimming about, men, women, and children, heterogeneously mixed up, and destitute of any sense of delicacy or shame as they almost are of clothing. Yet with all this it cannot be said that the Siamese are an immoral people; indeed, in this respect, they are far superior to the natives of the continent of India, and there is much more of simplicity and gentleness about their disposition, and none of that crafty treachery and revenge which is the predominant feature of the Malays, to whom in every other respect they bear close resemblance. As a rule, admitting of very few exceptions indeed, the Siamese, both men and women, are short of stature, but remarkably sinewy and strong about the legs and arms. Their complexion varies, according to their exposure to the sun, from a light fawn colour to a deep copper, verging sometimes upon bronze. They have all flat faces with high cheek-bones, small sharp eyes, flat spreading noses with large nostrils, but, generally speaking, very fair mouths with beautiful white teeth, which the women disgustingly disfigure, according to their notions of beauty, by dyeing into a jet black with the aid of betel-nut. Both men and women shave the head, leaving only an upright tuft of hair sticking up just in the centre of their low beetle-browed foreheads. Their costumes consist, from the king downwards, of a loose punjannah, or skirt, which fastens round the waist and hangs to just below the knees. Unmarried girls wear in addition to this a loose white scarf flung over the shoulders so as to conceal the bust. Indeed, the costume of the Siamese women is precisely the same, excepting only the head-dress, as the Nayar women in the Travancore districts; the great difference in their personal beauty, however, is immense.

With the exception of the lowest menials, all others in Siam rank upon a gradation scale, one higher than the other, until at the top of all presides, all-powerful and despotic, the king. The abject grovelling method they have of evincing respect is singularly illustrated in the ante-chamber of the royal palace on levee or council days. The first arrival, perhaps, may be a nobleman of inferior note, but his appearance is the signal for all the attendants to prostrate themselves, and on all fours they crawl about, and meet his behests. The next canoe lands somebody of higher grade, and instantly the first noble crouches to the ground, and so, by turns, each big man sings small himself as some one greater than himself arrives. Until at last comes the Praklan, the prime minister, who only knuckles down to the prince who is heir-apparent to the throne, whose name is of no importance, seeing that it might occupy me a week to spell it; and he, in his turn, knuckles down when the brother of the White Elephant and cousin of the Moon and Sun presents his hulky and greasy royalty to his trembling courtiers: a fat hulk of Bashan amongst a multitude of crawling frogs. Then it is that his Siamese majesty, solely in all the kingdom entitled to shelter of umbrella, or any other covering to intervene between his highly-polished pate and the blue canopy of heaven, summons his high priest of Buddah, and bids him, through trumpet blast, announce to the world at large that his celestial majesty having banqueted, others may partake of their vulgar food.

A day at Bangkok in fine weather is a well-illustrated page of the country and the people of Siam. It has been a sultry night, so sultry and still that every ripple on the water has been clearly distinct ever since the moon went down, about a couple of hours before daybreak. You are lying in that state of torpor which is neither sleep nor wakefulness, and yet is a compound of both, afraid to think, lest the very effort should awake you. The disgusting cry of the tokay somewhere close over your head gradually subsides as the night verges into morning, and you are just flattering yourself upon the enjoyment of a couple of hours' wholesome sleep in the delicious freshness of the early dawn, when a scuffling and rustling about the rooms warn you that one or more snakes have pursued some hapless frog into a *cul de sac*, and are meditating an early breakfast. If you had any doubts about this subject, they are soon dispelled by the cries of the hapless frog and the angry squeaking of the tame house-rat (every house in Siam has a tame rat, which, being taken young and carefully reared, grows to a great size and of prodigious strength, and expels all other vermin of a like genus that offer to intrude upon the premises), who likes not the proximity of such ugly customers, and scamper up the hedpost for better protection. The possibility of its being followed by some hungry snake induces us to strike a match and light the candle, and in two seconds afterwards the room is cleared of intruders. It is no use thinking of any more sleep, for there comes those certain harbingers of day, countless legions of noisy crows flying overhead like black and impenetrable clouds, and hound from the coconut topos where they roosted to the rice-fields in the interior, in search of early grubs. In half an hour's time hence they will all be back again with redoubled cawing, and take up their regular positions for the day, spread all over the city, and each individual crow bent upon committing a felony at the earliest available opportunity.

The hour between daybreak and sunrise is the most enjoyable of the twenty-four in the day at Siam. Then the freshness of morning mingles with the breeze, and the whole atmosphere is scented with newly-blown flowers. Then the cool waters of the Menam are thrice tempting to the fevered frame, stung to desperation by legions of mosquitoes. Into the river everybody plunges *sans cérémonie*, and as the first rays of the sun illuminates the loftier spires of the city, multitudes swarm out of the water again, and all the floating houses and ships open for the day. The first thing after bathing is to have a smoke—everybody smokes in Siam—and it is no uncommon sight to see a child leave its mother's breast, and, taking the boree (a cigarette made with tobacco rolled up in a dry banana-leaf) from its mother's mouth, inhale a few whiffs, and then refresh itself with another draught of milk. Up to this time the river has been void of boats, saving only those belonging to the huge junks and stately men-of-war and merchantmen anchored here and there. Suddenly a yellow eruption breaks out upon the blue surface of the river. In countless scores of boats the talopians, or priests, in their saffron garments and bald pates, are paddling from house to house, levying black mail, in the shape of rice and fish and curry stuff, from every householder, bestowed not as a charity, but as a tithe to support these indolent and rascally villains, who are too lazy to work, and while away the live-long day in the pleasant shady topes attached to their various watts, smoking, drinking, eating, and sleeping. They are bound down by vows to celibacy, deviation from which, when detected, ensures a certain and cruel death. The priests having carried off their day's supply of food, the population bethink themselves of their own breakfasts, which consist for the most part of the remnants of last evening's dinner—cold rice, cold stewed fish, some pieces of cocoa-nut, red chillies and cucumber, and onions *ad lib.* This repeat they wash down with the water from the river, and, considering that the rice has turned sour during the night, it is no great marvel that cholera often scourges the population, making a clean sweep of two-thirds of their numbers. Before the sun is high enough in the heavens to make the day oppressive, groups of young men congregate under the shady trees which line the bank-side of the Menam about Bangkok, and indulge in athletic sports. It is something really marvellous to see how pliant and supple are their limbs, and with what dexterity and force they can bring their feet and toes into play as readily as their hands and fingers. Their game of battledoor and shuttlecock is always played with the foot, the shuttlecock being firmly clenched between the big and the first toe, and thus hurled up into the air and received skilfully upon the sole of the foot. They keep up this game by the hour, standing in a circle, and seldom, if ever, missing their aim. A Siamese will in this manner project a smooth pebble to a considerable distance, and with fatal precision, amongst a posse of noisy sparrows, seldom failing to pocket his bird. Tired of these sports, they congregate under some wide-spreading tree, and indulge in really harmonious music. One of their favourite instruments, composed of a double row of hollow canes clasped together by a wooden mouthpiece, emits the most dulcet and cadent notes, little inferior only to the finest-toned organ. Of music as an art, however, they have little or no conception.

By this time the traffic for the day has fairly commenced on the river.

Countless canoes are shooting into the stream from creeks and nooks leading to Paklat-Belo and other places far down the river, all laden to a perilous extent with mountainous piles of vegetables, fruit, and beetle-nut, and for the greater part navigated by young girls, barely yet ten years of age. As these paddle along, they cry their goods plaintively, and mixed up amongst them are the canoes of the vendors of poultry, dead or alive, fish, cooked or raw, whilst a few Chinamen monopolise the meat market, consisting mostly of pork, and some dispense viands ready cooked by means of a portable cuisine firmly fixed into the centre of the canoe. The front row of houses on either side of the river have also an attractive and business-like appearance. Ranged along the balcony are samples of the silks and other goods to be had within, and seated behind these is the guardian angel of the floating shop—the only daughter—the adorable Chin-chin. Yonder grey-bearded old Arab, Russmallah Aga, came thither from the borders of the Red Sea, and is now the wealthiest shipowner and merchant at Bangkok. Forty years' continual residence has naturalised him to the soil, and he has made it a rule every consecutive year to add one gem to the ornaments of his harem. He is pretty well off as regards family, and certainly will not be ashamed to hold up his head when he meets his enemy in the gateway if ever he returns to the cities of the Prophet and carries his quiver full of arrows back with him.

As we float down the stream, we shall pass many houses occupied by tradespeople, and many others by artisans. In carved wood-work and gold and silver filigree few can surpass these people, and they are equal to the Chinese in the perfection at which they arrive in ivory and bone-work. That they are skilful ship-builders the splendid men-of-war at anchor in the river or building in the docks can amply testify, and they have a literature of their own, with printing-presses, &c., complete. For these last they have to thank the indefatigable missionaries that have visited and resided amongst them. It cannot be said that they have many pastimes, open-air theatres, such as the Chinese delight in, being their only source of amusement. They are, in fact, a people that live from hand to mouth, that rise with the sun and go to roost with the birds, the entire interval between being devoted to various means and methods for living and letting live. Most of the sugar-plantations are the property of Chinamen who have settled down here, and these prefer employing Chulies from the Coromandel coast to either Siamese or the Burmese colony, settled down here. That Siam affords a vast and virgin field for enterprise none can doubt, and it would be well for the British if they pushed forward the interests of commerce with that distant country, and not lose the prestige of being the most persevering, speculative, and successful, as well as the wealthiest, nation in the universe.

STEREOSCOPIC GLIMPSES

By W. CHARLES KENT.

XIX.—FALCONER AT SEA.

AGAIN, as oft before ancestral* eyes,
 Rocked on the rolling deep 'neath tropic skies,
 Rapt in calm thought, methinks I see thee stand
 On England's gliding war-ship leagued from land:
 Alone, at eve, on the deserted prow,
 The ripped waves gurgling, flashing far below.
 Towards weather hulwark while one brown hand strays,
 The other shields from sight the westering rays,
 Where sinks the Day-god towards his ocean bed,
 Purple and golden poms around him spread.
 Reflected gleams of crimson on thy face,
 Though harsh and bronzed, yet touched with lines of grace;
 Rare glints of amber in the chestnut hair
 That swerves and flickers in the briny air;
 A ruddy sheen upon the tarnished gold
 Around thy careless, spray-drenched sea-cap rolled.
 Of moderate stature—lithesome—sparely shaped,
 Thy sinewy limbs in flowing blue cloth draped—
 Tight round thy belted waist, thence loose it flows,
 Where the shoe's buckle like a diamond glows:
 Thy coarse pea-jacket flapping in the breeze
 That crests with silvering foam the billowy seas.
 O'er all that waste of waves the horizon rings,
 Naught but yon stately frigate's cordage sings,
 Thrilled by the winds—great ocean's gliding lyre!—
 Naught save yon poet's latent soul of fire,
 Where—in whose voiceless chant—what gifts combine
 "The vision and the faculty divine!"
 Hushed though the hour and calm the smiling deep—
 Again mast-high the billowing surges sweep;

* William Falconer's two intimate friends and shipmates, "the Hunters"—so often referred to in the biography prefixed to his masterpiece, our great national poem of "The Shipwreck"—it may here be remarked in explanation, were uncles to the present writer's grandfather, himself a post-captain in the royal navy, dying in command of his Majesty's ship *Union*, 98 guns, then stationed up the Mediterranean. The elder of these brothers, the one mentioned throughout the memoir of Falconer as Captain John Hunter, was afterwards better known among his contemporaries as Admiral Hunter, the governor of New South Wales, the second governor in sequence from the foundation of that colony. His younger brother, Lieutenant William Hunter, at the period of his decease in Greenwich Hospital, was numbered among the officers of that establishment. It may be further observed, in regard to these fraternal intimates of Falconer, that Admiral John Hunter and Lieutenant William Hunter were themselves nearly related to two other brothers, their namesakes, one of whom has left to the world an imperishable reputation: namely, John Hunter, the great surgeon, and his brother, Dr. William Hunter, the eminent physician.

It may be interesting to remark here, moreover, that Admiral (then Captain) Hunter was the last person to grasp the hand of the gentle and dauntless *La Perouse* when that lamented navigator (so like Falconer in his destiny, and so much resembling him in his character) took his departure upon his last voyage, never to be heard of afterwards.

Again the crushing, clattering thunders roll,
 The ghastly lightnings flame from pole to pole;
 The groaning timbers tell the dreadful strife
 The leaguered mariners there wage for life.
 Up liquid mountain to the scowling skies
 On wings of woe the fated vessel flies,
 Thence sheer descending to black gulfs below,
 As though to Acheron her path must flow;
 Death in the wave and horror in the air,
 And in each tar's unquailing heart despair.
 Shrill through the shrouds the whistling whirlwind sings;
 Through rattling blocks the whizzing cordage rings;
 While willing hands the mizen* swift up brail,
 Hark! with dire crash explodes yon giant sail,†
 Torn into ribbons by one thunderous blast,
 Whose repercussion strains the quivering mast.
 Prone on her beam-ends, see, the vessel lies,
 Till the prompt mate his whirling hatchet plies.
 Keen through the splintering oak its edge descends,
 And, stroke on stroke, the groaning mainmast rends.
 The severed rigging next, by axe recast,
 Drifts with the spars to ocean's boiling yeast:
 Mast, thus, on mast abandoned to the wave,
 The wrecked hull rights one brief while o'er her grave.
 The shattered bowsprit by her lee bow hangs,
 Trailed in the roaring surge that round her elangs:
 Till, as again the blue electric glare
 Lights with an instant's flash the ebon air,
 Th' inevitable Hour, with dismal shock,
 Hurls the doomed ship upon the fated rock.
 Then—turn by turn—what tender sighs lament
 The varied woes in that one ruin blent!—
 Albert, the dauntless leader of the train,
 Mourning the child he ne'er shall see again—
 Anna, with mind so pure and form so fair,
 His life's sole treasure and his heart's one care;
 She whom Palemon grieves far more than life,
 Now lost to love though plighted for his wife.
 Palemon, he, that bold, ingenuous youth—
 With glance all passion and with tongue all truth—
 Whose dying words, yet echoed down through song,
 The pathos of this woful scene prolong.

Such the wild dreams on swelling tides that roll
 Their potent influence on that Sailor's soul,
 There, where, 'mid Present lull, his Fancy hears
 Dread mingled sounds of Past and Future fears;
 Where, 'traneeed, the visionary Storm he sees
 From yon hushed deck careening to the breeze—
 Heard boom of waters, seen the lightning's glare,
 His brown curls flickering in calm sunlit air!

* The brailing up of the mizen (that is, the large sail bent to the mizen-mast, and ordinarily reckoned as one of the courses) is incidentally introduced by Falconer in his poem, and is there certainly productive of one of the most startling effects in his astonishing narrative of the Shipwreck. The mizen, so-called in Falconer's time, is now-a-days only known among sailors as the spanker.

† The mainsail—immediately upon the casting off of the sheet, before the sea-men can stand by the weather-brace in a sudden hurricane.

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE ELEVENTH.

I.

HOW DE VIGNE AMUSES HIMSELF WITH FENCING, AND NEVER DREAMS THE
BUTTONS CAN FLY OFF.

DE VIGNE never did anything by halves, to use a sufficiently expressive, if not over elegant, colloquialism. He hated and mistrusted women, not individually, as he ought to have done, but sweepingly, en masse. At the same time, there was in him, naturally, too much chivalry and generosity not to make him pity "Little Tressillian," and show her kindness to the best of his power. In the first place, the girl was all alone, and had no money—two facts which appealed to his delicacy and warmer feeling; in the second, he had known her as a little girl, still held her as such, indeed, and never thought of classing her among his detested "beau sexe;" in the third, the letter of Boughton Tressillian had in a way recommended her to his care, and, though De Vigne would have been the first to laugh at another man who, at thirty-five, had taken up a girl of eighteen as a protégée, and made sure no harm could come of it, he really looked on Alma as a child, though a very attractive and interesting child it is true, and would have stared at you if you had made his kindness to her the subject of one of those jests customary on the acquaintance of a man about town and an unprotected girl—like himself and "Little Tressillian." He *was* kind to her, for there was a deep spring of generosity and (where he liked people) of lavish kindness under the cynicism and chill reserve now gathered round him. As he had promised, he picked out some of the choicest books of his library, his own favourites—not such as young ladies read generally, but such as it might be better if they did—and sent them to her, with the reviews and periodicals of the month. He sent her, too, one of his parrots, for her to teach, he said, she being such an admirable adept in the locutory art, and some flowers, to put her in mind of Weive Hurst.

"Her room looked so pitifully dull, poor child!" said he, one morning, when I was lunching with him. "Those flowers will brighten it up a little, and she'll care for them more than I. Raymond, did you send Robert down with those things to Richmond?"

"Yes, Major."

I chanced to look at the man as he spoke; he was the new valet, whom De Vigne thought such an acquisition. He was a smooth, fair-faced fellow, really gentlemanlike to look at, not, *ça va sans dire*, the "gentlemanism" of high breeding, but the gentlemanlyism of many an oily parson or sleek parvenu. There was a sly twinkle in his light eyes, and a quick, fox-like glance as he answered his master, which looked as if he at least attached some amusement to the Major's acquaintance with the pretty little artiste at St. Crucis on the Hill.

De Vigne never remembered the presence of servants; he thought
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they had no more eyes or ears than the chairs or tables around him. They served him as the plates or the glasses did, and they were no more than those to him; else, wise man as he was, he ought to have recollected that, if he wished to draw no notice upon Alma, he should not have sent his servants to her with hooks and flowers. More mischief, reports, and embrouillements have come from the prying eyes, coarse tongues, and second-hand slanders of those "necessary evils" than we ever dream of, for the huzz of the servants' hall is often as poisonous as the subdued murmur of the scandal-retailing boudoir above stairs. How it came about, I don't know, but Alma, some way or other, was not long kept *in petto*. Some three weeks after that, Sabretasche, Curly, Tom Severn, Vane Castleton, and one or two other men, were at De Vigne's house. We had been playing Loo, his favourite game, and were now supping, between three and four, off all the delicacies and first-class wines his chef and cellar could offer us, chatting of two-year-olds and Derby books, of bons mots and beauties, of how Mademoiselle Fifine had fleeced Little Pulteney, and Bob Green's roan mare won a handicap for 200 sovs.—the talk that is chatted over a late supper-table and choice champagne cup, in real life; though, no doubt, real life is shockingly frivolous, and all wrong altogether, and we *ought*—though you know we never *do*—out of "healthy novels" of "muscular Christianity" (by the way, what may that mean?) to have been puzzling out our several missions, discussing how to christianise India, analysing the Origin of Species, or blackening everybody else's character and whitening our own, which is, I believe, the received recipe for "regenerating" society.

It was curious to see the difference between men's outer and inner lives. There was Sabretasche lying back in the very easiest chair in the room, witty, charming, urbane, with not a trace on his calm delicate features of the care within him that he had had Violet Molyneux not tempt him to unveil; there was Tom Severn, of the Queen's Bays, with twenty "*in re's*" hanging over his head, and a hundred "little bills" on his mind, going to the dogs by express train, who had been playing away as if he had had Barclay's to back him; there was Wyndham, with as dark and melancholy a past as ever pursued a man, a past of which I know he repented, not in ostentatious sackcloth and ashes, but bitterly and unfeignedly in silence and humility, tossing down Mott's with a gay laugh and a ready jest, as agreeable in the card-room as he was eloquent in the Lower House; there was Charlie Fitzhardinge, who, ten years ago, had accidentally killed his youngest brother, a Benjamin tenderly and deeply loved by him, and had never ceased to be haunted by that fair distorted face, laughing and chatting as if he had never had a care on his shoulders; there was Vane Castleton, the worst, as I have told you, of all Tiara's sons, a fellow without heart, honour, or conscience, fatal to women and disliked by men; with his low voice, his fair smooth brow, his engaging address, nobody would have thought he would have hurt a fly, yet we called him huteher, because, in his petty malignity, he had hamstrung a luckless mare of his for not winning a Sweepstakes he had intended her, and had shot dead the young brother of a girl, the daughter of a clergyman (whom he had eloped with, and left three weeks after without a shilling to help herself), for trying, poor boy!

to revenge the faithless cruelty to his sister; there was De Vigne—yet, no, De Vigne's face was type true enough of his character—a character reserved, by nature very frank and haughty, generous as the winds, but impetuous, passionate, and proud; in the sleeping fire of his eyes and the iron command of his brow, with the strong, straight arch of its eyebrows, was the visible stamp of an unquiet fate.

"Halloa, De Vigne," began Tom Severn, at supper, "a pretty story this is about you, you sly dog! So this painter of yours we were all called in to admire a little time ago is a little concealed Venus, eh?"

De Vigne looked up from helping me to some mayonnaise.

"Explain yourself, Tom; I don't understand you."

"*Won't* understand, you mean. You know you've a little beauty locked up all to yourself in a farm-house at Richmond, and never have told it to your bosom friends. Shockingly shabby of you, De Vigne, to show us that water-colour and let us believe it was done by a young fellow in Poland-street! However, I suppose you don't want any rivals poaching on your manor, and the girl is à ravir, we're told, so we must forgive you, eh?"

De Vigne looked supremely disdainful and a little annoyed.

"Pray, my dear Severn, may I ask where you picked up this cock-and-hull story?"

"Oh yes. Winters, and Egerton, and Steele were making chaff about it in the Army and Navy this morning, saying Hercules had found his Omphale, and they were glad of it, for Dejanira was a devil!"

The blood flushed over De Vigne's white forehead as Severn, in the thoughtlessness of his heart, spoke what *he* meant as good nature; even yet he could not hear unmoved the slightest allusion to the Trefusis, the one disgrace upon his life, the one stain upon his name.

"How *they* heard it I can't tell you," said Severn; "you must ask 'em. Somebody saw the girl looking after you at the gate, I believe. She's a deuced pretty little thing, ain't she?—trust you for that, though—with golden hair, I think. I like golden hair myself, it's so out of the common, and makes a woman look like a walking sunbeam. But what do you call it a cock-and-hull story for? It's too likely a one for you to deny it with any chance of our believing you, and Heaven knows why you should try. You may hate women now, but everybody knows you never forswore them. We are all shepherds here, as Robin Hood says."

De Vigne was annoyed: in the first place, that this report, which could but be detrimental to her, should, in so brief a time, already have circulated about himself and poor little Alma; in the second, any interference with him or his pursuits or plans always irritated him exceedingly; in the third, he knew that if he ever disabused their minds of his having any connexion with Alma, to know that a pretty little thing was living alone and unprotected was for these fellows to ferret her out immediately, to which her métier of professional artiste would give them the means at once. He was exceedingly annoyed, but he was too wise a man not to know that manifestation of his annoyance would be the surest way to confirm the gossip that had got about concerning them, which for himself, of course, didn't matter two straws.

He laughed slightly. "We are, it is true, Tom; nevertheless, there is

a fawn here and there that it is the duty of all of us to spare; don't you know that? I assure you—and I have no need to ask any of you to believe my word—that the gossip you have heard is pure gossip, but gossip which annoys me, for this reason, that the lady who is the innocent subject of it is the granddaughter of a very old friend of mine, Tressillian, of Wiltshire, whom I met accidentally a few weeks ago. Her picture hangs in my room here, but merely because she wished to have Sabretasche's judgment upon it, of whom I had spoken to her as a dilettante and first-rate artist. Beyond, I have no interest in her, nor she in me, and for the sake of my dead friend, any insult to her name I shall certainly consider as though one to my own, for I respect Miss Tressillian as fully as if she were now in the rank and affluence her childhood was passed in, and I shall listen to mess-table gossip about her as little as I should listen to it about any sister of mine, if I had one."

He spoke quietly and carelessly, but his words had weight. De Vigne had never been known to condescend to a lie, not even to a subterfuge or a prevarication, and there was such a haughty *noli me tangere* air about him, that nobody thought of meddling with his concerns.

"All right, old fellow," said good-natured Tom Severn. "I didn't know, you see; fellows will talk."

"Of course they will," said De Vigne, eating his marinade leisurely; "and in nine times out of ten they would have been right. I never set up to be a pharisee, God knows. I'm a great deal too naughty a boy for that. However, I have no temptation now, for love affairs are no longer to my taste—I leave them to Corydons like Curly. As poetic individuals say, I have but one love, my sword, and if I can't have her, I am so constant I care for no other."

"But, hang it! De Vigne," said Vane Castleton, "Tom's description of this little Trevelyan, Trevanion—what is it?—is so delightful, if you don't care for her yourself, you might let your friends. Introduce us all, do."

"Thank you, Castleton," said De Vigne, dryly. "Though you *are* a Duke's son, I must say I don't think you a very desirable addition to a lady's acquaintance."

He cordially detested Castleton, than whom a vainer or more intensely selfish fellow never curled his whiskers and befooled women silly enough to be caught by his specious manners and purring voice, and he had only invited him because he had been arm-in-arm with Severn when De Vigne asked Tom that morning in Regent-street.

Lord Vane pushed his fine fair curls off his forehead—an habitual trick of his; his brow was very low, and his blond hair, of which he took immense care, was everlastingly falling across his eyes. "Jealous, after all! A trifle of the dog in the manger, eh? with all your philosophy and a—a—what do you call it, chivalry?" he said, with a supercilious smile.

I knew De Vigne was growing impatient; his eyes brightened, his mouth grew set, and he pulled his left wristband over his wrist with a jerk. I think that left arm felt an intense longing in its muscles and sinews to "straighten from the shoulder;" with him, as with David, it was a great difficulty to keep the fire from "kindling." But he spoke quietly, very quietly for him; more so than he would have done if no other name than his own had been implicated in it; for he knew the world too well not to

know, also, that to make a woman the subject of a dispute or a brawl is to do her the worst service you can.

"I am not a boy to interpret insult where no insult is dreamt of, so I shall not take your speech as it might be taken, Castleton," he said, gravely, with a scornful, haughty smile upon his lips. "My *friends* accept my word and understand my meaning; what *you* may think of me or not is really of so little consequence that I do not care to inquire your opinion."

Castleton's eyes scintillated with that cold unpleasant glare with which light grey eyes sometimes kindle when angry. If he had been an Eton or Rugby boy, one would have called him "sulky;" for a man of rank and fashion the word would have been too small. A scene might have ensued, but Sabretasche—most inimitable tactician—broke the silence with his soft low voice :

"De Vigne, do you know that Harvey Goodwin's steel greys are going for an old song in the Yard? I fancy I shall buy them. Don't you think they would go well with the pair I bought the other day for my drag?"

So the conversation was turned, and little Alma Tressillian's name was dropped. Curly, however, half out of mechanceté, half because he never heard of a pretty woman without making a point of seeing her, never let De Vigne alone till he had promised to introduce him to her.

"Do, old fellow," urged Curly, "because you know I remember her at Weive Hurst, and she had such deuced lovely eyes then. Do! I promise you to treat her as if she were the richest heiress in the kingdom, and hedged round with a perfect abatis of chaperones. I can't say more!"

So De Vigne took him down, being quite sure that if he did not show him the way Curly would find it for himself, and knowing, too, that Curly, though he was a dandy, a "little wild," as good-natured ladies say, indolent, spoilt, and devil-may-care, was a true gentleman; and when a man is that, you may trust him, where his honour is touched or his generosity concerned, to break through his outer shell of fashion, ennui, and dissipation, and "come out strong" in his original inborn nature.

So De Vigne, as I say, took him down one morning, when we had nothing to do, to the little farm-house of St. Crucis. It was a queer idea, as conventionalities go, for a young girl to receive the visits of men like ourselves without any chaperone to protect her and play propriety; but the little lady was one out of a thousand; she could do things that no other woman could, and she welcomed us with such a mixture of frauk and child-like simplicity, and the self-possession, ready wit, and perfect ease of a woman ten years her senior, and accustomed to society, that it was very pretty to see her. And we should have known but a very trifle of life and womanhood if we had not felt how utterly distant from boldness or forwardness of any kind was our Little Tressillian's charming vivacity and ingenuous candour—a vivacity that can only come from an intelligent mind, a candour that can only spring from a heart that thinks no ill because it means none. "To the pure all things are pure." True words! Many a spotless rain-drop gleams unsoiled on a filthy and betrotten trottoir; many a worm grovels in native mud beneath an unspotted and virgin covering of fairest snow.

It was really pretty to see Alma entertain her callers—three bien-aimés of fashionable sets, moreover, and fastidious to the last degree.

She was perfectly natural, because she never thought about herself. She was delighted to see De Vigne, and happy to see us, as he had brought us—not quite as flattering a reason for our welcome as Curly and I were accustomed to receive; and in her dainty picturesque dress (she still retained the taste for pretty toilettes, given her by Boughton Tressillian in her childhood), sitting in her little low chair, Alma chatted with us all, as easily and fluently as, but with much more simplicity and talent than, any Belgravian belle.

"Have you walked every day, Alma, as I told you?" said De Vigne.

"Not every day," said Alma, penitentially. "I will when the summer comes, but the eternal spring upon my canvas is much dearer and more tempting to me than your chill and changeable English spring."

"You are very naughty, then," said De Vigne; "you will be sorry ten years hence for having wasted your health. What is your aim in working and working eternally like this?"

"To make money to buy my shoes, and my gloves, and my dresses. I have nobody to buy them for me, you know; that is aim practical enough to please you, is it not?"

"But that is not your only one, I fancy?" smiled Curly. "Miss Tressillian scarcely looks like the expounder of prosaic doctrine."

"No; not my only one," answered Alma, quickly, her dark blue eyes lighting up under their silky and upcurled lashes. "They say there is no love more tender than the love of an artist for his work, whether he is author, painter, or musician; and I believe it. For the fruit of your talent you bear a love that no one, save those who feel it, can ever attempt to understand. You long to strengthen your wings, to exert your strength, to cultivate your powers, till you can make them such as must command applause; and when I see a masterpiece, of whatever genre, I worship with my whole heart the divinity of genius, and feel as if I should never rest till I, too, had laid some worthy offering upon the altar of art."

Ideal and enthusiastic as the words may seem, coldly considered, as little Alma spoke them, with her eloquent voice and gesticulation, and her whole face beaming with the earnestness of her own belief in what she said, we three men, quickest of all mortals to sneer at "sentiment," felt no inclination to ridicule here, but rather a sad regret for the cold winds that we knew would so soon break and scatter the warm petals of this bright, joyous, Southern flower, and gave a wistful backward glance to the time when we, too, had like thoughts—we, too, like fervour.

De Vigne felt it more, I believe, than either of us, but, as his wont was, he turned it with a laugh:

"Curly, you need not have started that young lady. In that fertile brain I ought to have warned you there is a powder-magazine of enthusiasm ready to explode at the mere hint of a firebrand, which one ought not to approach within a mile at the least. It will blow itself up some day in its own excessive energy, and get quenched in the world's cold water!"

"Heaven forefend!" cried Curly. "The enthusiasm, which you so irreverently compare to gunpowder, is too rare and too precious not to be taken all the care of that one can. If the ladies of the world had a little of such fire, we, their sons, or lovers, or brothers, might be a trifle less useless, vapid, and wearied."

"Quenched in the world's cold water!" cried Alma, who had been pondering on De Vigne's speech, and had never heard poor Curly's. "It never shall be, Sir Folko. The fire of true enthusiasm is like the fires of Baku, which no water can ever attempt to quench, and which burn steadily on from night to day, and year to year, because their well-spring is eternal."

"Or because the gases are poisonous, and nobody cares to approach them?" asked De Vigne, mischievously.

I noticed that Alma was the first who had brought back in any degree the love of merriment and repartee natural to him in his youth; the first with whom, since his fatal marriage-day, he had ever cordially *laughed*. She called him Sir Folko, because she persisted in the resemblance between him and her favourite knight which she had discovered in her childhood, and because, as she told him, "Major de Vigne" was so ceremonious. His manner with her, like that of an elder brother to a pretty spoilt child, had established a curiously familiar friendship between them, strangely different from the usual intercourse of men and young girls; for De Vigne received from her the compliments and frankly-expressed admiration that come ordinarily from the man to the woman. Somehow or other it seemed perfectly natural between *them*, and, après tout, Eve's

My anctor and disposer!—what thou wilt,
Unargued I obey. God is thy law,
Thou mine——

is strangely touching, sweet, and natural—strangely like, surely, the love that nature *meant* women to bear to men, and strangely *unlike* the "penchant" of the present day, when we kneel at the lady's feet to sue for that condescending assurance of an "interest," unacknowledged and unseen till our "intentions" are fully known, and even then measured out but gingerly and meagrely, as is maidenly and proper!

Alma shook her head (on which the much-praised "golden hair" of Tom Severn waved and clustered in shining undulating bandeaux) impatiently at De Vigne:

"Who can beat you at repartee? If the gas is poisoned, monsieur, you have some of it. You have a good deal of enthusiasm, only it has had a marble stone rolled over it, somehow or other, and will not acknowledge it is still alive and awake under it."

"The deuce!—how quick-sighted this little thing is!" thought De Vigne, as he answered:

"I enthusiastic! Good Heavens! what an idea! I have done with all that long ago, thank God. I am the most practical and common-place man——"

"You common-place!" cried Alma, with horror unspeakable, and bursting indignation. "Well, if you are common-place, so am I, and that is a thing I never *did* think!"

"No, but perhaps you have rather more vanity than I?" said De Vigne, looking at her with an amused smile. Alma, for once, had no answer, she was so occupied in laughing at her own defeat.

Curly was enchanted with her; he went into tenfold more raptures about her than the beauties of the Drawing-room, with their perfect tournures and sweeping trains, had ever extorted from him; she was "just his style;" a thing, however, that Curly was perpetually avowing

of every different style of blonde and brunette, tall or small, statuesque or kittenish, as they chanced to chase one another in and out of his capacious heart.

"She is a little darling!" he swore, earnestly, as we drove homewards, "and certainly the very prettiest woman I have ever seen."

"Rather overdone that, Curly," said De Vigne, dryly, "considering all the regular beauties you have fallen down before and worshipped, and that poor little Alma is no regular beauty at all."

"No, she's much better," said Curly decidedly. "Where's your regular beauty that's worth that little dear's grace, and vivacity, and lovely colouring?"

De Vigne put up his eyebrows as if he would not give much for the praise of such a universal admirer as Curly was of all degrees and orders of the beau sexe.

II.

LE CHAT QUI DORMAIT.

"WHO is that Little Tressillian they were talking of at De Vigne's the other night?" Sabretasche asked me one morning, in the window at White's—his club, *par excellence*, where he was referee and criterion on all things of art, fashion, and society, and where his word could crush a belle, sell a picture, and condemn a coterie.

He shrugged his shoulders as I told him, and stroked his moustaches:

"Very little good will come of *that*; at least for her; for him there will be an amusement for a time, then a certain regret—remorse, perhaps, as he is very generous-hearted—and then a separation, and—oblivion."

"Do you think so? I fancy De Vigne paid too heavy a price for passion to have any fancy to let its reins loose again."

"*Mon cher, mon cher!*" cried Sabretasche impatiently, "if Phaeton had not been killed by that thunderbolt, do you suppose that the bonleversement and the conflagration would have deterred him from driving his father's chariot as often as Sol would have let him had it?"

"Possibly not; but I mean that De Vigne is thoroughly steeled against all female humanity. The sex of the Trefusis cannot possibly, he thinks, have any good in it; and I believe he only takes what notice he does of Alma Tressillian from friendship for her old grandfather, and pity for her desolate position."

"Friendship—pity? For Heaven's sake, Arthur, do not you, a man of the world, talk such nonsense. To what, pray, do friendship and pity invariably bring men and women? De Vigne and his protégée are walking upon mines."

"Which will explode beneath them?"

"Sans doute. We are, unhappily, mortal, *mon ami!* I will go down and see this Alma Tressillian some day when I have nothing to do. Let me see; she is painting that little picture for me, of course, that I ordered of him from his unknown artist. He must take me down: I shall soon see how the land lies between them."

Accordingly, Sabretasche one day, when De Vigne and he were driving down to a dinner at the Castle, took out his watch, and found they would be there twenty minutes too early, from De Vigne's clocks having been too fast.

"We shall be there half an hour too soon, my dear fellow. Turn aside, and take me to see this little friend of yours with the pretty name and the pretty pictures. If you refuse, I shall think Vane Castleton is right, and that you are like the famed dog in the manger. I have a right to see the artist that is executing my own order."

De Vigne nodded, and turned the horses' heads towards St. Crucis, not with an over good grace, though, for he knew Sabretasche's reputation was that he was as cruel as he was winning to the fair sex; and the Colonel, with his fascination and his *bonnes fortunes*, was not exactly the man that, whether dog in the manger or not, De Vigne thought a very safe friend for his "Little Tressillian." But he did not care enough about it to make an excuse, if he had had one, and there was no possibility of resisting Sabretasche when he had set his mind upon anything. Very quietly, very gently, but very securely, he kept his hold upon it till he had it yielded up to him. I believe it was that quality, more than even his beauty and his attractions, which gave him his *Juanesque* reputation and success.

So De Vigne had to introduce the Colonel to little Alma, who received them with her usual ease and grace, so singularly free alike from *gêne* or boldness, awkwardness or freedom. Sabretasche dropped into an easy-chair beside her, with his eye-glass up, and began to talk to her. He was a great adept in the art of "bringing out." He had a way of hovering over a woman, and fixing his beautiful eyes on her, and talking softly and pleasantly, so that the subject under his skilful mesmerism developed talent that might otherwise never have gleamed out; and with Alma, who could talk with any and everybody on all subjects under the sun, from metaphysics and ethics to her kitten's collar, and who would discuss philosophies with you as readily as she would chatter nonsense to her parrot, it is needless to say Sabretasche had little difficulty.

De Vigne, Sabretasche's only rival at club and mess-rooms in wit, and repartee, and varied, original conversation, let the Colonel have all the talk to himself, half irritated—he scarcely knew why—at the sight of his immovable and inquiring eye-glass, and the sound of his low, tralante, musical voice. Now and then, amidst his conversation, the Colonel shot a glance at him, and went on with his criticisms on art, sacred, legendary, and historic; on painting in the mediæval and the modern styles, with such a deep knowledge and refined appreciation of his subject as few presidents of the R. A. have ever shown in their lectures.

At last De Vigne rose, impatient past endurance, though he could hardly have told you why.

"It is half-past six, Sabretasche; the turbot and turtle will be cold."

The Colonel smiled:

"Thank you, my dear fellow; there are a few things in life more attractive than turtle or turbot. The men will wait; they would be the last to hurry us if they knew our provocation to delay."

De Vigne could have found it in his heart to have kicked the Colonel for that speech, and the soft sweet glance accompanying it. "He will spoil that little thing," he thought, angrily. "No woman's head is strong enough to stand his and *Curly's* flattery."

"I like your little lady, De Vigne," said Sabretasche, as they drove away. "She is really very charming, good style, and strikingly clever."

"She is not *mine*," said De Vigne, with a haughty stare of surprise.

"Well! she will be, I dare say."

"Indeed no. I did not suppose your notions of my honour, or rather dishonour, were like Vane Castleton's."

"Nor are they, cher ami," said the Colonel, with that grave gentleness which occasionally replaced his worldly wit and gay ordinary tone. "But like him I know the world; and I know, as you would, too, if you thought a moment, that a man of your age cannot have that sort of friendly intercourse with a girl of hers without its surely ripening into something infinitely warmer and more dangerous. You would be the first to sneer at an attempt at platonic in another; you are the last man in the world to dream of such follies yourself. Tied as you are by the cruelty and absurdity of Church and Law, you cannot frequent the society of a girl as fascinating as your little friend yonder without danger for her; and for you, with your generous nature, probably regret and remorse, or, at the least, satiety and regret. With nine men out of ten the result would be love and a liaison lightly formed and as lightly broken; but you have an uncommon nature, and a young girl like Little Tressillian your own warmth of heart would never let you desert and leave unprotected. I hate advising; I never do it to anybody. My life has left me little title to counsel men against sins and follies which I daily commit myself, nor do I count as sins many things the world condemns as such. Only here I see so plainly what will come of it, that I do not like you to rush into it blindfold and repent of it afterwards. Because you have had fifty such loves which cost you nothing, that is no reason that the fifty-first may not cost you some pain, some very great pain, in its formation or its severance——"

"You mean very kindly, Sabretasche, but there is no question of 'love' here," interrupted De Vigne, with his impatient hauteur. "In the first place, you, so well read in woman's character, might know she is far too frank and familiar with me for any fear of the kind in another. I have paid too much for passion ever to risk it again. I am not a boy to fall into a thing whether I like it or not, and I hope I know too well what is due from honour and generosity to win the love of a young and unprotected girl like Alma while I am by my own folly fettered and cursed by marriage ties. Sins enough I have upon my soul, God knows, but there is no danger of my erring here. I have no temptation; but if I had I should resist it; to take advantage of her innocence and ignorance of my history would be a blackguard's act, to which no madness, even if I felt it, would ever make me condescend to stoop!"

De Vigne spoke with all the sternness and impatience natural to him when roused, spoke in overstrong terms, as men do of a fault they are sure they shall never commit themselves. Sabretasche listened, an unusual angry shadow gathering in his large soft eyes, and a bitter sneer on his pale delicate features, as he leaned back and folded his arms to silence and dolce.

"Most immaculate pharisee! Remember a divine injunction, 'Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.'"

De Vigne cut his horses impatiently with the whip.

"I am no pharisee, but I am, with all my faults and vices, a man of honour still."

Sabretasche answered nothing, but annoyance was still in his eyes, and

a sneer still on his lips. In a few minutes they had reached the Castle, and over their Rhenish and entremets De Vigne and Sabretasche laughed and talked as though they had quite forgotten their approach to a quarrel. They were too wise men, and too attached to one another, to split upon straws. Sabretasche was really a very sweet temper. He was wont to say anger was such a trouble and exertion that no man who knew how to enjoy life would allow himself to feel it. De Vigne was a hot and fiery temper, but if he was wrong he would own it with frank grace; and if he had been in a fury and passion with you, he never by any chance bore you malice, and, as his poor mother used to say, the sun shone all the sweeter for the momentary tempest.

De Vigne had one fault, which I must have described his character very badly to you if you have not already seen, namely, that if advised not to do a thing, that thing would he go and do straightway; moreover, being a man of strong will and resolve, very fastidious in his own honour, and very reliant on his own strength, he was too apt, as in his fatal marriage, to go headlong, perfectly safe in his own power to guide himself, to judge for himself, and to draw back when it was needful. Therefore, he paid no attention whatever to Sabretasche's counsels, but, as it chanced, went down to see Alma rather more often than he had done before; for she, when talking once of her pictures, had said how much she wished she could exhibit at the Water-Colour Society, which De Vigne, knowing something of the president, and of the society in general, had been able to manage for her, greatly to her own delight, for Alma had all the natural ambition of true talent to make itself known and admired. De Vigne, too, was pleased to be the means of giving her pleasure, for he was by nature formed to do kindnesses where he liked people, and to enjoy seeing his kindness bring fruit of joy for others; and little Alma was now the only one to whom he softened, and hers the only gratitude expressed to him in which he believed.

"What should I do without you?" said Alma, fervently, to him one day, when he went there to tell her her picture was accepted. "Oh! you are so kind to me, Sir Folko!"

"I? Not at all, petite," laughed he. "I have nothing benevolent in my composition, I assure you."

"Benevolent! No," laughed Alma, indignantly, "that is a horrid word; that means a man who is as kind to his next-door neighbour as to the person he loves best in the world. Benevolent means a Jenkinson with white hair and unctuous words—a man who goes about for other people's destitute orphans or ragged children, and quite forgets to be sweet-tempered to his wife or generous to his own sons. Benevolent is as bad for a man's character as a shabby hat for his appearance. No, Sir Folko, you are much better than benevolent; you are generous, and true, and noble-hearted, and do real kindnesses unseen, not ostentatious ones that men may praise you."

"That is no merit; I dislike praise, and hate to be thanked. But, my dear child, I wish you would not exalt me to such a pinnacle. What will you say when I tumble down one day, and you see nothing of me but worthless shivers?"

"Reverence you still," said Alma, softly. "A fragment of the Parthenon is worth a whole spotless and unbroken modern building. If my

ideal were to fall, I should treasure the dust. The dead prince's heart was valued more than a thousand living ordinary ones of common-place and useless Lowlanders."

"By the Douglas, perhaps; scarcely by the poor Lowlanders themselves," said De Vigne, half smiling. "But, seriously, I wish you would not get into the habit of rating me so high, Alma. I don't in the least come up to it. You do not guess—how should you?—you cannot even in fancy, picture the life that I, and men like me, lead; you cannot imagine the wild follies with which we drown our past, the reckless pleasures with which we pass our present, our temptations, our weaknesses, our errors; how should you, child as you are, living out of the world in a solitude peopled only with the bright fancies of your own pure imagination, that never incarnates the hideous fauns and heckoning bacchanals which haunt and fever ours?"

"But I cau," said Alma, earnestly, looking up to him with her dark blue eyes, in which even he, sceptic as he was in women, could see no guile and no concealment. "I do not go into the world, it is true, but still I know the world to a certain extent; it is not possible to read, as I have done, the broader and freer range of thinkers, which you tell me are *défendus* to girls of my age, without learning more of the thoughts, temptations, and impulses of men than a young lady can learn by a few waltzes in a ball-room, or the vapid talk of ordinary society. Montaigne, Rochefoucauld, Rabelais, Goethe, Emerson, Boliughroke, the translated classics, do you not think they teach me the world, or, at least, of what makes the world, Human Nature, better than the few hours at a dinner-table, or the gossip of morning calls, which you tell me is all girls like me, in good society, are allowed to see of life? You know, Sir Folko, it always seems to me, that women, fenced in as they are in educated circles by boundaries which they cannot overstep, except to their own hindrance, screened from all temptations, deprived of all opportunity to wander, if they wished, out of the beaten track, should be all the gentler to your sex, whose whole life is one long temptation, and to whose lips is almost forced that Circean 'cup of life' whose flowers round its brim hide the poisons at its dregs. Women have, if they acknowledged them, passions, ambitions, impatience at their own monotonous rôle, longings for the living life denied to them, but everything tends to crush these down in them, has thus tended through so many generations, that now it has come to be an accepted thing that they must be calm, fair, pulseless, passionless statues, and when here and there a woman dares to acknowledge that her heart beats, and that nature is not wholly dead within her, the world stares at her, and rails at her, for there is no *bête noire* so terrible to the world as Truth! No, Sir Folko, though I am a girl—a child, as you say, in knowledge and experience, compared with you—I can fancy your temptations, I can picture your errors and your follies, I can understand how you drink your absinthe one hour because you liked its flavour, and drink more the next hour to make you forget your weakness in having yielded to it at all. That my own solitude and imagination are only peopled with shapes bright and fair, I must thank Heaven and not myself. If I had been born in squalor and nursed in vice, what would circumstance and surroundings have made me? Oh, I think, instead of the pharisee's presumptuous 'I thank God that I am holier than he,' we, with human nature strong within us, and error ready

at any moment to burst out, and passion beating so warmly in us as it does in the hearts of even the coldest and most prudent, our thanksgiving should be, 'I thank God that I have so little opportunity to do evil!' and we should forgive, as we wish to be forgiven ourselves, those whose temptations, either from their own nature, or from the outer world, have been so much greater than our own."

Her voice was wonderfully musical, with a strange *timbre* of pathos in it; her gesticulation had all the grace and fervour of her Southern Europe origin; her eyes and lips—indeed, her whole face—were singularly expressive of the thoughts that lay in her fertile and fervid mind, and spoke themselves in natural and untutored eloquence. Her words sent a strange thrill to De Vigne's heart; they were the first gentle, the first sympathising, and the first tolerant words he had heard from a woman's lips since his mother had died. He had known but two classes of women: those who shared his errors and pandered to his pleasures, whose life disgusted, while their beauty lured him; and those who, piquing themselves on a superiority of virtue, perhaps not seldom unjustly denounced the short-comings of others, giving the coup de Jarnac to those already gone down under society's kicks and cuffs, whose illiberality equally disgusted him in another way, and whose sermons only roused him to more wayward rebellion against the social laws which they expounded. It touched him singularly to hear words at once so true, so liberal, and so humble, from one on whose young life he knew that no stain had rested; to meet with so much comprehension and so much sympathy from a heart, compared with his own, as pure and spotless from all error as the snow-white roses in her windows, on which the morning dewdrops rested without soil. Wide as was the difference between them, in the liberality of thought there was unison of mind; in the passion and warmth of heart, now checked in the man, still sleeping in the girl, there was similarity of character, and at her words something of De Vigne's old nature began to wake into new existence, as, after a long and weary sleep, the eyelids tremble before the soul arouses to the heat and action of the day.

As he looked down in those dangerous eyes of hers, a memory of the woman whom Church and Law in their cruel folly called his wife passed over him—he could scarcely tell why or how—with a cold chill, like the air of a pestilent charnel-house.

"Alma, if women were like you, men might be better than they are. Child, I wish you would not talk as you do. You wake up thoughts and memories that had far better sleep."

She touched his hand gently with her own little fingers:

"Sir Folko, what are those memories?"

He drew his hand away and laughed, not joyously, but that laugh which has less joy in it even than tears:

"Don't you know a proverb, Alma—'N'éveillez pas le chat qui dort?'"

"But were the cat a tiger I would not fear it, if it were yours."

"But I fear it."

There was more meaning in that than little Alma guessed. The impetuous passion that had blasted his life and linked his name with the Trefusis would be, while his life lasted, a giant whose throes and mighty will would always hold him captive in his chains.

He was silent; he sat looking out of the window by which he sat, and

playing with a branch of the white rose that stood in a stand among the other flowers he had sent her. His lips were pressed together, his eyebrows slightly contracted, his dark eagle eyes sad and troubled, as if he were looking far away—so he was—to a white headstone lying among fragrant violet tufts under the old elms at Vigne, with the spring sunshine in its fitful lights and shadows playing fondly round the name of the only woman who had loved him at once fondly and unselfishly.

Alma looked at him long and wistfully, some of his darker shadows flung on her own bright and sunny nature—as the yew-tree throws the dark beauty of its boughs over the golden cowslips that nestle at its roots.

At last she bent forward, lifting her soft frank eyes to his.

"Sir Folko, where are your thoughts? Tell me; you may trust me."

Her voice won its way to his heart; he knew that interest, not curiosity, spoke in it, and he answered gently,

"With my mother."

It was the first time he had spoken of her to Alma—he never breathed her name to any one. Alma looked up at him, her face full of tenderness and pity.

"You loved her dearly?"

"Very dearly."

Alma's eyes filled with tears, a passion very rare with her.

"Tell me of her," she said, softly.

"No. I cannot talk of her."

"Because you loved her so much?"

"No! Because I killed her."

That was the great sorrow of his life; that his folly had cost him his name and, as he considered, his honour, was less bitter to him than that it had cost his mother's life.

Alma, at his reply—uttered almost involuntarily under his breath—gazed at him, horror-stricken, with wild terror in her large eyes; yet De Vigne might have noticed that she did not shrink from him, but rather drew the closer to him. Her expression recalled his thoughts.

"Not that, not that," he said, hastily. "My hand never harmed her, but my passions did. My own headlong and wilful folly sent her to her grave. Child! you may well thank God if Temptation never enter your life. No man has strength against it."

Alma's face still spoke all the full yet silent sympathy that best chimed in with his haughty and fiery spirit, which craved and demanded the warmest, yet at the same time most delicate, comprehension. It was the sort of sympathy which lures on men to confessions which they would never make to another man—a sympathy which assures them that whatever sins they recount there will be pity and excuse made fondly for them.

For the first time De Vigne felt an inclination to disclose his marriage to Alma Tressillian; to tell her what he would have told to no other living being: of all his own madness had cost him, of the fatal revenge the Trefusis had taken, of the headlong impetuosity which had led him to raise the daughter of a beggar-woman to one of the proudest names in England, of the fatal curse which he had drawn on his own head, and the iron fetters which his own hand had forged. The words were already on his lips. I cannot tell what there was in the Little Tressillian to win upon him so, but certain it is that in another minute he would have bent his

pride and laid bare his secret to her, if at that moment the door had not opened—to admit Alma's quasi-governess, Miss Russell.

Alma was very right—our life hinges upon Opportunity!

De Vigne never again felt a wish to tell her of his marriage.

He rose, Alma rose too, sorry, for the first time in her life, to see her friend; and Miss Russell, a little, quietly-dressed, timid woman, the perfection of a *vieille fille* (whose life, Alma has confessed to me, she made somewhat of a burden to her, with her heterodox opinions and wild spirits, and who must have been often horrified, poor lady! by her pupil's daring independence and imaginative flights), looked with mild astonishment at Alma kneeling down before De Vigne, and at De Vigne's stately figure and statuesque head, which were not without a certain effect upon her—as on what daughter of Eve, however far gone in years or prudery, would they have been?

De Vigne went up to her, with his "grand air" and his courtly manner, always most courtly where the recipients of it were in an inferior position to himself, and claimed his recollection. He had seen her once, before Boughton Tressillian's departure for Lorave—a fact entirely forgotten by him, but of which Alma had assured him. Miss Russell remembered him by dint of having had his name dinned into her ears all the years she had been with Alma, but looked upon him with some little disquietude nevertheless; for it is noticeable that *vieilles filles* who have escaped from our griffes rather more completely than they could have wished, invariably regard us as most dangerous beasts of prey.

De Vigne stayed with her some twenty minutes, chatting chiefly of old Tressillian; then he left, for he did not much care for his visit to Alma if it was not a *tête-à-tête*, and the roll of the tilbury grew fainter and fainter as he drove down the road, remembering, for the first time, what he had come to tell the girl, that her picture was accepted by the Society.

As soon as he was gone, Miss Russell took it upon herself to expostulate with her quondam pupil as to the non-advisability of such *tête-à-tête* calls. She had known nothing of them before, living in a family at Windsor, which she was seldom able to leave for a visit to her old pet and favourite.

"Now do be quiet, you dear old thing!" cried Alma, at the first of Miss Russell's prudent periods. "You know your dreadfully stiff ideas were the only rock on which you and I ever quarrelled. I never subscribed to them, and never shall. I have told you how I met Major de Vigne. He is the best friend on earth I have. He is never weary of doing me kindnesses. There is no generosity which he would stop at if I would accept it. He finds purchasers for my pictures, and praises them, and gets them put in exhibitions—he who has Guidos, and Poussins, and Landseers on his walls! He is noble-hearted, honourable, generous as the sunlight; and the royalty of his intellect is only equalled by the royalty of his heart! And then you tell me it is 'improper' to receive him, 'unwise' to like him. You might as well tell the flowers not to like the clouds, whose morning shade and evening dews make all their life and beauty!"

Miss Russell sighed. Well she might, poor luckless lady! for Alma's vehement rush of words, and her impassioned Italian gesticulation, to say nothing of her opinions, were calculated to overwhelm and crush a whole legion of such timid and gentle mortals as her poor governess.

"But, my dear child," she ventured mildly, "it is not the custom for young ladies, situated as you are, to receive the visits of young unmarried men—you must allow that?"

"I allow it," laughed Alma; "but, to begin with, there are few young ladies situated as I am, all alone in a horrible farm-house, with nothing in the world to talk to but a goldfinch and a dog (till he came and gave me my darling Pauline, look at her beautiful green and yellow and scarlet feathers!); Heaven forefend there should be, poor things! for it is by no means a delightful existence, without society, fun, or pleasant sauce of any kind! In the second, as I have often assured you, only you never would believe me, the ways of the world are not always right ways, and very seldom agreeable ones; and a little nature, and gratitude, and warm feeling are worth all their conventionalities and prudence. In the third, *his* visits might honour a queen, and they are the single joy of my life. Even the brute Caliban knew how to feel grateful, and shall I be lower and less quick in feeling than Major de Vigne's dogs and horses, who love him for his care, his kindness, and his gentleness?"

Miss Russell was puzzled, as your worldly-wise people sometimes are by those who are only nature-wise.

"Be as grateful as you please, my love; Heaven forbid I should seem to teach you ingratitude or mistrust, but don't you know, my dear child, that women, especially young and inexperienced ones, Alma, cannot be too circumspect in their conduct. They are so easily misconstrued, and, unhappily, my dear child, men are so apt to take advantage of——"

Alma's face glowed crimson in an instant, and her eyes flashed fiercely with that Southern passion which lay underneath her laughing, careless gaiety of nature.

"I understand you," she said, haughtily, "but I am not afraid of being 'misconstrued,' or 'taken advantage of,' as you suggest. Men of the world are truer judges of character than our censorious and purblind sex, and a gentleman of honour is as safe a friend as the world holds."

"I hope so," sighed Miss Russell, quite bewildered; "but I have certainly heard something against Major de Vigne. I cannot remember what, but I think—I fancy—he has been very wild——"

"Possibly," said Alma, her little soft lips curling contemptuously. "Whatever you may have heard I shall request you to keep it to yourself. I will hear nothing, even from you, detrimental to Major de Vigne."

Miss Russell was shut up! the stronger character of the young one cowed the weaker disposition of the elder and more timid woman. Alma changed the subject, and busied herself, in her rapid and graceful way, in making her governess welcome, in showing her her pictures, in introducing Sylvo and Pauline to her notice, in a hundred pretty little *petits soins*, which sat very charmingly on her, though she was about the least "domestic" young lady I ever came across; but there was a lack of that entire confidence in Miss Russell, and joyous pleasure in her society, which her pet pupil had always before demonstrated. Pour cause: Miss Russell had spoken against the god of her idolatry—De Vigne.

There are gods still, as in the days of Ancient Priestcraft, on whose altars are offered up with tears of blood no holocaust less costly than a human heart—quivering with mortal life, throbbing with vital pain!

GABRIELLE D'ESTRÉES.*

THE name of Gabrielle d'Estrées embraces the whole life and policy of Henry IV. Her graceful person presents itself in the midst of the troubles of a prolonged struggle of civil and religious warfare, and of consequent misery and suffering on the part of the people, which characterised more particularly the early career of Henry, like that monument of Florentine art, in which the king is sculptured as Hercules entwined in roses. Henry of Béarn received with his attachment for Gabrielle the support of the royalist nobility. They cut down their woods, and even mortgaged their domains, in order to support the little army that was fighting so gloriously for Henry of Navarre. Gabrielle d'Estrées followed the king's fortune; and when Henry IV. made his entry into Paris, his beautiful companion was an attendant in infinite splendour. It was Henry's intention to have wedded Gabrielle, and to have crowned her queen, but the pride of Margaret of Valois opposed itself as an invincible obstacle to this arrangement. She would consent to any arrangement but that of seeing herself supplanted by the daughter of a mere nobleman.

Gabrielle d'Estrées was, unfortunately for herself, all her life unpopular. Her luxury amidst public misery was incessantly reproached her; she loved dress, sumptuous feasts, and gaieties of a palatial life; the children she had had of the king (the Vendômes) were recognised as children of France; she would, despite all obstacles, have ultimately been queen, had it not been for the twofold opposition of the Huguenots and Catholics alike: the Huguenots would only sever the marriage of Henry IV. with Margaret of Valois on condition that he should take a German princess of their persuasion; whilst the Catholics were doing all in their power to bring about a marriage with Mary of Medicis, niece of the sovereign pontiff, and which union they felt would assure their supremacy. This last faction triumphed, because it was a solution.

Among the great portraits of Primatice, one, in the style of Jules Romain, makes itself remarked above all others. It is the portrait of Jean d'Estrée,† born in 1486, of a noble Picardy family, and grand-master of artillery, who, Brantôme tells us, was one of the most distinguished men in his epoch, and who went to besiege a city just as if it was to a hunting party. His son, Antoine d'Estrée, succeeded to the charge of this distinguished officer, and Gabrielle, his daughter, was brought up at the Château de Cœuvres, after the mediæval fashion, in riding thoroughbreds, firing arquebuses, and lighting the matches of culverins. Born in 1571, at fifteen years of age Gabrielle is said to have been remarkable for her beauty and for great firmness of character.

Gabrielle's first love had been the Duke of Bellegarde, a gallant and handsome captain of light horse, afterwards Marshal of France, and then exiled in Poland and Piedmont. It is difficult to understand how this

* Les Reines de la Main Gauche: Gabrielle d'Estrées. Par M. Capefigue.

† It is curious that Capefigue spells the family name, D'Estrée; and Gabrielle's, D'Estrées.

first love was supplanted by that of Henry IV. The king was at that epoch thirty-three years of age, but the ardent pursuit of war and pleasure alike had already combined to furrow his face, his dark complexion had become almost black, his nose was hooked, and so long that it came down to his chin, leaving little space for his mouth, which was shaded by a grey moustache. But Henry, with so little prepossessing an exterior, and which has been so much embellished by art, was the most courageous and enterprising gallant of his day. His first interview with Gabrielle was at Cœuvres; it was the evening of a battle, and he was so struck with the beauty of Gabrielle, that from that moment he became a constant visitor. Gabrielle, although engaged to the Duke of Bellegarde, could not prevent herself being influenced by the prince whose white plume and military renown were in everybody's mouth.

The D'Estrée family enjoyed considerable influence with the middle party, which placed itself between the Huguenots and the Catholics, and had thus great weight with any pretender to the crown. Henry made love to Gabrielle by making her his confidant. He related to her all the incidents of his campaigns, and inspired her with all his hopes and ambitions. This tender intercourse, carried on at times by Henry disguised as a peasant, was marred for a moment by Gabrielle's marriage with Nicolas de Lamerval, Sire de Liancourt. This marriage is said to have been concluded by the Count d'Estrée, in order to avoid the scandal which the too frequent visits of Henry of Béarn might attach to his daughter's reputation. Sully and the *Chronicles* aver that the marriage was a vile complacency on the part of a gentleman; but M. Capéfigue says Sully was the most inveterate enemy of Gabrielle's, and, what is perhaps more to the point, that Henry had neither power nor wealth at that epoch to obtain such complacencies.

France was at this time divided into three factions. The Catholics were organising the "League," the more zealous Huguenots were constituting themselves into a kind of federal republic under the Prince of Condé, while Henry of Béarn was at the head of the moderate party. Bent, even at that early period, upon a separation from Margaret of Valois, he swore, by his customary oath of *ventre-saint-gris*! that he would wed Gabrielle, and yet he allowed her to become another man's wife. When Henry III. abandoned the party of the League, the Kings of France and of Navarre became bosom friends. Henry of Béarn, avoiding the towns devoted to the League, marched directly upon Paris, and there he tendered at once his friendship and his allegiance to Henry of Valois. The followers of each did not, however, fraternise so readily. They had neither the same religion, nor the same habits and manners. Hence, the army of Henry IV. was grouped around the *villa Saint Cloud*, which originally belonged to the Gondi, followers of Catherine of Medicis, and which Henry II. had embellished in the Florentine fashion for Catherine herself. Henry of Béarn, on the contrary, was encamped with his Calvinistic soldiery at Montmartre. The house which he occupied was a mere hut attached to a mill a little beyond the abbey.

The Duke of Mayenne was at the head of the Leaguists within the city, and the energetic Duchess of Montpensier directed the municipal movement at the *Hôtel de Ville*. Such was the violence of factions that all Paris rejoiced when the sad news went forth that Henry III. had

been struck with a long knife at Saint-Cloud. The event was celebrated in engravings, and in a distich too characteristic of those days of evil passions :

Un jeune Jacobin, nommé Jacques Clément,
 Dans le bois de Saint-Cloud, une lettre présente
 A Henri de Valois, et vertueusement
 Un couteau fort pointu dans la panse lui plante.

Henry was obliged, in consequence of this terrible catastrophe, to raise the siege of Paris, and whilst the late king's troops withdrew into Touraine, he and his followers took the road to Rouen, in order to effect a junction with an auxiliary force of six thousand English and three thousand Scotch, who were disembarking at Havre, under the Earl of Essex. "Brave troops," says M. Capefigue, "who restored life and confidence to the cause of Henry IV." The bigoted Philip II. of Spain, whose forces were in the Low Countries, always took part, however, with the Leaguers, and before reopening the siege of Paris it was necessary to repel the Spaniards, who had also thrown reinforcements into the capital. This accomplished, Paris was once more laid siege to, and the inhabitants suffered all the horrors of war and famine. They were reduced to such distress as to devour *les bêtes immondes*, as is recorded in the registers of the Hôtel de Ville.

All the time that this second siege lasted, Gabrielle d'Estrées was with Henry. She inhabited a house on the summit of Montmartre, whence the view extended far and wide. Gabrielle loved a fair prospect, and she changed this residence for another on the opposite side of the hill, whence she could see the plain of Saint-Denis, and the whole bend of the Seine, and which was called Clignancourt. M. Capefigue believes that it is now the Château-Ronge. She bore a son at this epoch to Henry IV., whom she called César Monsieur, in honour of his father's courage. The king, in his delight, renewed his promise of marriage, always dependent, however, upon the eventuality of his dissolution of his royal union with Margaret of Valois. It was upon this occasion also that he conferred upon her the title of Marchioness of Montceaux, from a château in Brie, near Meaux, which was surrounded by fine orchards and extensive forests, but is now a ruin.

Gabrielle d'Estrées, at this epoch, enjoyed the king's sole affections; she was endowed both with courage and ambition, and she was, as it were, the complement of the defective parts of Henry's character. Never was the king so energetic, so zealous, and, at the same time, so frank and jovial, as he was when on this campaign. His white plume was to be seen wherever there was fighting going on, and in the evening, when the fighting was over, he was the most boon companion at table. It was upon this occasion that the well-known song—

Vive Henri Quatre,
 Vive ce roi vaillant !
 Ce diable à quatre
 A le triple talent
 De boire et de battre
 Et d'être vert-galant—

was composed. Tradition says that the second stanza was composed by Henry himself. It is certainly had enough :

J'aimons les filles
 Et j'aimons le bon vin;
 De nos vieux drilles
 Répétons le refrain:
 J'aimons les filles
 Et j'aimons le bon vin.

Gabrielle d'Estrées is also said to have contributed, by her counsel and advice, to the conversion of Henry to Catholicism. That prince felt that without some such step he could not keep the army of Biron—the followers of Henry III.—in his ranks. The Duke of Mayenne had relieved Paris by a diversion on his flanks, and he had been obliged himself to go to the relief of Rouen, which was besieged by the Catholics. He knew that France would be lost to him unless he adopted the faith of the majority, and ambition and his fair mistress prevailed. He abjured his faith on the 14th of July, 1590.

The king's conversion to Catholicism did not, however, by any means abate the anger that he experienced against those more active ecclesiastics who had so vigorously denounced him from their pulpits when he was a Huguenot. He had not been many days in Paris before he put in force the system of billets, by which any obnoxious person was exiled the city, or even the country, a system which Louis XIV. afterwards changed into that of *lettres de cachet*, by which a person was hurried away to the dungeons of the Bastille without inquiry or examination. The first to receive a billet was the worthy curé of Saint-Jacques; next day it was the curé of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, and many others. These multiplied billets threw the whole city into consternation, for many of the best citizens were among the proscribed. Henry knew that, notwithstanding his conversion, his obtaining possession of Paris was a transaction—a matter of money, and not of choice. He was always bitter upon the subject of *la carte à payer*. He had not been two days in the capital when he remarked, over his cups, to his aged secretary, Nicolas, who was as fond of good living as himself,

"What do you say at thus finding me in Paris?"

"I say, sire, that they have given to Cæsar what was Cæsar's, as we must give to God that which belongs to God."

"*Ventre-saint-gris!*" replied the king, "they have not done with me as they did to Cæsar, for they did not give it to me—they sold it."

This was said in the presence of the traitor M. de Brissac, of the provost, of the merchants, and others of the contracting parties. Du Bourg, who refused to sell the Bastille, not only publicly called Brissac a traitor, but challenged him to mortal combat, and declared that he would eat out his heart from his stomach!

While Henry attempted to conciliate some, and extended his clemency to the Duchesses of Montpensier and Nemours, the parliament prosecuted others to sad extremities. A Jesuit, Guignard, was hung and burnt merely because some satires upon Henry III. were found in his house. Never had Paris been so gloomy or so wretched; add to this, famine and sickness were still decimating the inhabitants. The visitation was attributed to having received as king one who had been excommunicated by the Pope—Henry the Huguenot—under the disguise of a Catholic. Some women even died out of mere horror at seeing the king in the city, and others

lost their senses; upon which it was cruelly remarked that they did not lose much. But the fair sex sometimes go to extremes in matters of religion.

The general misery of the inhabitants was not relieved by the additional taxes which Henry was obliged to lay on for the support of his army. It was in vain that the king was assiduous in his attendance at mass, at vespers, and at all other Catholic ceremonies, that he even joined in monkish processions at the tail of relics. No one believed in these demonstrations, and even if it rained for an inordinate time, it was attributed to the same thing—receiving an excommunicated king. It was in this state of irritation of the public mind that the first attempt was made against the monarch's life.

"On Tuesday, December 27 (1594), as the king, returning from his journey into Picardy, entered, booted and spurred, into the room of Madame de Liancourt (Gabrielle d'Estrées), having with him the Count of Soissons, the Count of Saint-Pol, and other lords, M.M. de Ragni and de Montegni presented themselves to kiss his hand, and as he was receiving them, a youth, named Jean Chastel, about nineteen years of age, son of a draper of Paris, who dwelt opposite the palace, and who had slid into the room in company with others unperceived, advanced close up to the king's person without being remarked, and strove with a knife that he held in his hand to strike the king in his throat; but his majesty being in the act of stooping to raise up those who had paid homage to him, and were embracing his knees, the blow (directed by a secret and admirable providence of God) struck him on the face instead of the throat, cutting the upper lip on the right side, and being stopped by a tooth. The king, feeling himself thus injured, looked at those who were around him, and seeing Mathurine, *sa folle*, exclaimed, 'Au diable soit la folle! she has wounded me.' But as she denied it, and ran at once and shut the door, she was the cause that this little assassin did not escape; and having been seized, he was examined, and the knife, still stained with blood, having fallen on the ground, he was obliged to confess the deed without further proceedings; whereupon the king ordered that he should be pardoned and allowed to go, and then, hearing it said that he was a disciple of the Jesuits, he said these words: 'Did the Jesuits require then to be convicted by my mouth?' "

In consequence of this heinous attempt, however, the expulsion of the whole body of the company of Jesus was recommended by the king's counsellors. The king did not yield to these counsels, although he was less tolerant with regard to the excesses of the Dominicans and of the Capucins, who were proscribed the metropolis; but he, the gay, the gallant, the boisterous Henry, himself grew gloomy and discouraged. When spoken to on the subject, he said, "Ventre-saint-gris! how can I be otherwise than displeased to see a people so unjust towards its king? Whilst I am every day exerting myself to the utmost to please all parties, they are incessantly preparing new attempts at my life, for since I am here I see nothing else."

Gabrielle d'Estrées was at this epoch at the apogee of power and favour. She had renounced the name and arms of De Liancourt to assume those of the Marquisate of Montceaux; she had had another son since César Monsieur was born, and whom she also named Alexander, in honour of

his father's merits as a warrior. Henry IV. is constantly seen in contemporaneous engravings represented as Cæsar and Alexander. He is to be seen thus also at Fontainebleau. Gabrielle made her public entry into Paris with the state of a sovereign, and these favours shown to a mistress did not exalt the morality of Henry either with Catholics or with the more austere Calvinists. Gabrielle delighted in luxury and magnificence, without regard to the expenses which they entailed. Her love of display made the people of Paris murmur loudly. She appeared at the baptism of a son of her relative, Madame de Sourdis, clad in a garment of black satin so loaded with pearls and precious stones that she could scarcely bear the weight, and she was attended upon by Madame de Montpensier and De Nemours—a circumstance which was the cause of infinite scandal. But the hook-nosed monarch was so infatuated that he denied his mistress nothing; diamonds, pearls, Belgian and English lace, were at her command, and no one was too noble or too good to wait upon her. A single embroidered kerchief for the favourite, it is upon record, cost nineteen hundred crowns ready money. As to Gabrielle herself, she did not blush for the favours heaped upon her; on the contrary, like many who preceded and others who followed her, she actually took pride in them, and she relied, like them, upon her grace and beauty to overthrow and to confound her enemies.

There exist several portraits of Gabrielle d'Estrées, painted at this epoch in her career, and they are preserved in engravings. In figure she is represented as rounded, and almost childish; her eyes are dark and beautiful, her full forehead is crowned by a splendid head of hair, worn as it was in the time of the Valois, rolled over the forehead and temples, and bound with twists of pearls; her waist was of exceeding length, and rose up to a capacious frill that encircled the neck. Under these portraits are generally stanzas in honour of the favourite, of which here is one example:

Fleur des beautés du monde, astre clair de la France,
Qui vous voit vous admire et soupire en son cœur;
Mais tout en même temps votre regard vainqueur,
Donnant vie au désir, fait mourir l'espérance.

But whilst the poets wrote thus of the fair Gabrielle, the people thought differently. A citizen of Geneva, it is related, having gone to the Louvre on business, he met at the gateway of the said Louvre a lady magnificently dressed and well attended, to whom everybody paid the greatest respect. Not knowing who it was, and seeing the honours paid to her, he addressed himself to an archer of the guard to inquire. What was his surprise when he was answered aloud, "Friend, it is nothing of importance; it is only the king's mistress."*

But Gabrielle was more than the king's mistress, says Capefigue, for the project was at that very time maturing which would have raised her to the throne of France. One of the serious ambitions of Henry IV. was to continue his dynasty by a masculine and courageous posterity. Margaret of Valois, amidst all her frailties, had preserved her dignity and the pride of her race intact; if she complained in pathetic verses of being a wife without a husband, still she would not at any price return to that

* Journal de Henri IV. (*Lastolæ*.)

boorish monarch, half Huguenot, ill-favoured, and living without shame with his mistresses. Henry IV. could not, therefore, expect descendants from that quarter, while, on the contrary, if he wedded Gabrielle, there was a posterity all ready, in the shape of two fat strong boys, with grandiose names. But a difficulty arose here. Natural children could be legitimised by subsequent marriage, but were they qualified to succeed to the crown? There were hopes that any objections which might arise on that score would be got over. The council of Huguenots of La Rochelle had taken the initiative, by voting a purse of two thousand crowns to the king's charming little son. This was quite enough to set the party represented up to the present day by M. Capefigue against Cæsar Monsieur, just as they delight to dress up the Huguenot Henry IV. as an ill-favoured boor, a rude and unmannerly prince, and a recreant monarch. It was thought that the posterity of Henry would be favourable to the Huguenots, and they were ready on their part to defend their rights. Whilst some of the more far-seeing chiefs of the Calvinists wished to bring about a dissolution of the king's marriage with Margaret of Valois, in order that he might wed a Princess of Orange, the mass of the Huguenots did not look so far, they were satisfied with the succession of Gabrielle's posterity, the more so as she herself had entered into engagements with the Calvinist party, as opposed to that of the Valois. Gabrielle was also aided and abetted by Sebastian Zameti, an Italian banker and financier, who was higher in favour with Henry than Sully or the Count d'O, both of whom, however, like the Italian, were aggrandising themselves at the expense of the king and people. Zameti declared that, for a consideration, he would obtain the desired divorce from the Pope; he was one of those men who believe in the power of money over states-general, monarchs, and even popes. He judged of others by himself, and felt no delicacy in purposing transactions of such a delicate description. It was Zameti who, by force of financial influence, had paved the way for Henry's entrance into Paris. He extended his power of corruption in every direction, he bribed heads of parties, provincial magnates, and had nearly entangled the Duke of Mayenne in his nets. This adventurer—Florentine in his tastes—had had an elegant hotel built for himself in the Marais, near the Tournelle. The king was often there, with the Marchioness of Montceaux. Sully lived in a kind of fortified house in the Rue St. Antoine.

Never did Paris present such extreme contrasts as at this epoch. Whilst the streets and squares were filled with poverty-stricken people, plans were being drawn up for embellishing the streets and quays the whole length of the Seine, in imitation of the borders of the Arno, at Pisa and at Florence. Whilst the crowd, struck down by famine and disease, huddled together in by-lanes, dancing, banqueting, and gambling never ceased at the Louvre and at the hotel of the marchioness. The king won one night from M. de Lesdiguière five thousand crowns, and from Saucy a string of pearls worth eight thousand crowns. Another night, Gabrielle making her appearance in a royal dress of green damask, the king, contemplating her, said she had not sufficient brilliants in her hair; there were only twelve, she must have at least fifteen. There was as much extravagance practised at the banquets of the day, as there was in dress. It is upon record, that at a repast given by Henry, first Duke

of Montmorency, and Constable of France, there were sturgeons at one hundred and seventy crowns each, and pears (*bons chrétiens*) at a crown each. "Après la panse vint la danse, au fond de laquelle il semblait que nous voulussions ensevelir tous nos malheurs," says quaintly a contemporaneous journal—*L'Etoile* for 1595.

The responsibility for this state of things—all the luxuries, revelries, and excesses of the day—were naturally laid to the account of the favourite. She was considered to be the real cause of the great public misery. Gabrielle d'Estrées was treated, indeed, as Queen of France; she even negotiated for the king, she received and feasted the Duke of Mayenne in his name at Fontainebleau, and her children were considered as "*vrais fils de France*." But little progress was in reality making with the Pope towards removing the magic excommunication under which the king was still living, or obtaining the desired dissolution of marriage. Thanks, however, to Cardinal d'Ossat and Du Perron, a pervert of Geneva, who did penance in their own persons, and by proxy, at the holy seat, Henry obtained his absolution on the 17th of September, 1595.

With respect to the proposed divorce there were greater difficulties in the way. There were the claims of the Spanish dynasty, of the Lorraines, and of the Condés, to the throne of France, all opposed to the legitimising of the Bourbons, as represented by Gabrielle's sons. Above all, there was la Reine Margot, as she was vulgarly called—the haughty, clever Margaret of Valois—who was not herself opposed to a divorce so much as she was opposed to being supplanted by a person whom, in the language of the day, she spoke of, and wrote of in her letters and memoirs, in terms that cannot be used in the present time. Margaret's mainstay, as the representative of the race of Valois, was at this epoch her gallant nephew, the Count d'Angoulême, the son of Charles IX., by the fair daughter of a surgeon-apothecary of the city of Orleans, Mary Touchet by name. Charles IX. had dearly loved this beautiful Orleanist; she was, indeed, so fair, and she relied so confidently on her charms, that when the policy of the Calvinists had imposed upon Charles a marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of the Emperor of Germany, Mary Touchet contemptuously remarked, "I have no fear of that red-headed German." She preserved, indeed, the affections of Charles to the last, and it was in her honour that, in 1570, the anagram became current, "*Je charme tout*."

Charles of Valois, Count of Angoulême, son of Charles IX. and of Mary Touchet, was destined for the Order of Malta, and he had obtained, when he took orders, the abbey of la Chaise en Dieu. Catherine of Medicis, however, made him quit the cloth to wed Charlotte, daughter of the Constable Henry of Montmorency. His mother, Mary Touchet, after the decease of Charles IX., married the Sieur François de Balzac d'Entrague, governor of Orleans. She had two daughters; the first, it is said, a child of Charles IX., became celebrated in the history of Henry IV.'s amours as the Marchioness of Verneuil, whilst the Count of Angoulême distinguished himself in battle for all the adventurous bravery that was so characteristic of the Valois.

Paris was afflicted during the whole winter of 1596 by a kind of cholera, which did not even cease with spring and the return of the leaf. Nothing but funerals were to be seen by tens and twenties, at Saint-

Eustache and Saint-Gervais, and at Notre-Dame. The poorer classes were suffering at the same time from extreme penury. Orders were issued, at the sound of the trumpet and by the public crier, to all poor strangers and beggars to quit the city, for fear of contagion; but such orders were much easier to issue than to put into force, and nobody attended to them. The unpopularity of Henry was, if possible, increased at such a moment by the fall of Calais, which the Spaniards had succeeded in obtaining possession of. Add to all this, the Black Huntsman, with his fantastic pack of hounds, had been seen in the Forest of Fontainebleau. Notwithstanding all this sadness and misery, notwithstanding all these sinister warnings, to which were added the advice of some, and the placards of others, posted even on the walls of the Louvre, and in which were such lines as,

La femme d'autrui tu readras
Que tu retiens paillardement,

and,

Ea le faisant te garderas
Du couteau de frère Clément,

Henry and Gabrielle were never apart; one affected grey colours, and the other green, and they rode side by side accoutred, Gabrielle as a man, all in green, and Henry with a doublet of pearl-grey. Thus they went together to Rouen, where Henry had to address the States, in order to obtain subsidies for the war. When he had concluded, the first whose opinion he asked as to his speech, was Gabrielle. The favourite declared that she had never heard anything better, only she was somewhat surprised to hear him say that he would place himself at their mercy. "Ventre-saint gris!" exclaimed the king, "it will be with my sword by my side." The king's attachment to his son was no less sincere than that which bound him to his mother, and when he created the latter Duchess of Beaufort, with a revenue of forty thousand francs, he also granted the succession to the dukedom to César Monsieur, afterwards created Duke of Vendôme.

Amiens, in the mean time, had followed the fate of Calais, and the "regimentos" were showing themselves in the direction of Chantilly and of Creil. The old martial spirit of Henry IV. was once more aroused. "Ma maitresse," he said to Gabrielle, "il faut quitter nos délices et monter à cheval pour faire une autre guerre." Gabrielle burst into tears on hearing that her hero was about to expose himself to new dangers. She asked to accompany him, but this was refused her. She then withdrew to her château of Montceaux, where the tower is still shown from whence she used to look out for messengers sent to her by the king. It was upon this occasion that Henry, to whose poetical compositions we have before had occasion to refer, wrote, or got written, the popular verses:

Charmente Gabrielle,
Percé de mille dards,
Quand la gloire m'appelle
À la suite de Mars,
Cruelle déparlie!
Malheureux jour!
Que ae suis-je sans vie,
Ou sans amour?

L'amour, sans nulle peine,
M'a, par vos doux regards,
Comme un grand capitaine,
Mis sous ses étendards.

To which Gabrielle d'Estrées is said to have replied in more feminine and poetic accents, only that the authority of the verses has in neither case been well proven :

Héros dont la présence,
Fait mes plus doux plaisirs,
Que ta cruelle absence
Me coûte de soupirs !
Que ne puis-je te suivre
Dans tes hazards,
Ou bien cesser de vivre
Lorsque tu pars !
Quoi, toujours aux alarmes
Tu veux livrer mon cœur !
Le moindre bruit des armes
Le glace de frayeur.
Il n'est point de remède
A mon tourment,
Si le guerrier ne cède
Au tendre amant.

Henry was, however, successful at Amiens, the enemy was obliged to capitulate, and the treaty of Vervins put an end to the long struggle between France and Spain without extinguishing the rivalry of the two nations. The negotiation of this treaty led, however, to Fontainebleau two distinguished diplomatists and intriguers, the Cardinal of Medici and Brother Bonaventura, general of the order of Cordeliers. The Turks were at that moment advancing victoriously from the East, and at such a crisis the Pope deemed it prudent that the war between the two great Catholic powers, which he had before secretly connived at, should be brought to an end. The papal emissaries were commissioned at the same time to broach the subject of divorce and marriage with Henry. The king explained to them his views and his wish to ensure a successor by wedding Gabrielle d'Estrées. This the legates declared to be out of the pale of the law. Henry must marry again, and they proposed Mary of Medici, niece of the Pope. They had, in fact, come prepared with this charming alternative, which would place the throne of France at the feet of the Holy See.

Henry had the weakness to yield to the arguments of these priestly intriguers; he knew that his Catholicism was universally doubted and disbelieved. If he was only to wed the Pope's niece, he would be received into the bosom of the Church, and become forthwith "his most Catholic majesty," and that with the countenance of Christ's vicar. All he insisted upon was secrecy, and he continued his attentions to Gabrielle, who was at that time *enceinte*, and melancholy as if by a presentiment of evil, and he caressed his children just as if he sought their welfare as much as ever. The Duke of Vendôme, at that epoch four years of age, was affianced to Françoise de Lorraine at Angers in presence of Henry and Gabrielle, and Alexander, the second son, had the succession to the duchy of Beaufort assigned to him, while another child, a girl, called by

the king after himself, Henriette, was affianced in her cradle to Henry II. of Lorraine.

Gabrielle, however, like all loving hearts that are alarmed, became superstitious. She consulted a famous magician, who showed her a mirror, in which she saw herself seized by the throat by a demon. Cayet, who had devoted his life to drawing boroscopes, had also foretold that her last child-bearing would be disastrous. Amid these omens of evil, Gabrielle left Fontainebleau to reside in the hotel of Zameti, before alluded to, during the Holy Week. The king accompanied her as far as Melun, parting from her in the boat which was to convey her to Paris with regret, as if he also had a presentiment that misfortune was about to attend her. Zameti, it would appear, had the imprudence (probably he was employed to do it) to inform Gabrielle on her arrival at his house of the negotiations which had been entered upon for the marriage of Henry with Mary of Medicis. The old intriguer, who had laboured in the cause of Gabrielle, might have done this in vexation of spirit at being baffled by the worthy cardinal and his coadjutor, the able general of the Cordeliers. Be this as it may, the effect upon Gabrielle in her then condition was, it is said, disastrous. She was taken with violent convulsions, and when she had somewhat recovered, she had herself removed to the house of Madame de Sourdis, her relative, who resided in the cloisters of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, and where she fits returned upon her more grievously than ever. On Saturday, the 10th of April, she died, about seven o'clock in the morning, in so violent a paroxysm of convulsions that her mouth was turned towards the back of her neck, and her aspect was so hideous that it was painful to contemplate. Her body was opened, but the child was found dead.

There were not wanting those who attributed this catastrophe to Italian poison, nor others who attributed it to demoniacal intervention. The physician Rivière, on witnessing this extraordinary scene, said, "*Hic est manus Domini.*" Sully says that Gabrielle and the wife of Henry of Montmorency were addicted to the practices of magic, and that it was not surprising that the master of the science should visit them at their death! M. de Vanne hinted at a repast which Gabrielle had partaken of at Zameti's. What might not indeed be expected from such a character? The death of Gabrielle d'Estrées, albeit admitting of explanation, scarcely seems to come within the pale of natural causes. Henry IV. was, or pretended to be, sorely afflicted by the intelligence; he mounted his horse, but having received news of her sudden decease, he returned, and is said to have given manifestations of the utmost grief. He went into mourning for three months. The funeral of the Duchess of Beaufort was carried out with the utmost splendour; her body and that of her dead infant lay in state at Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois, whence they were conveyed to the abbey of Maubuisson, and her obsequies were attended by her six sisters, upon which the heartless populace sang:

J'ai vu passer sous ma fenêtre
Les six péchés mortels vivants,
Conduits par le bâtard d'un prêtre,
Qui tons allaient chantants
Un "Requiescat in pace"
Pour le septième trépassé!

QUEEN HORTENSE.

RECENTLY great sensation was excited among English readers by the publication of the life of that great and good woman, the Duchess of Orleans. In our present paper we propose to run through the life-history of another very remarkable woman, the mother of the present Emperor of the French, whose memory has been strangely disregarded in this country. We are therefore glad to see a memoir of her announced in the papers, and, *en attendant*, offer our readers the following details:

Hortense was the daughter of Viscount de Beauharnois, who had married, against the wish of his relatives, Mademoiselle Tascher de la Pagerie, of Martinique. The marriage was an unhappy one, and it was only the fact of two children being born to them that prevented their separation. At last the disputes became so violent that the wife determined to return to her island home, taking her little daughter with her. Ere long, however, the revolution reached Martinique, and Josephine had to fly with Hortense, and with great difficulty escaped on board a merchantman while the maternal house was burning. On her return to Paris, the viscount for a long time refused to see her, but, by the intercession of friends, they were brought together again, only to be parted and for ever by the revolution.

The viscount received a high command in the republican army, but, being denounced as an aristocrat, was sent to prison and condemned to death. Josephine interceded on his behalf, and the result was that she in her turn was shut up in the prison of Sainte-Pélagie. The children would have starved, had it not been for the kindness of a Madame Holstein, who, at her own peril, gave them shelter. Josephine was herself condemned to the guillotine, and would doubtless have shared her husband's fate, had it not been for the downfall of Robespierre. She quitted the prison, but it was as a beggar.

Josephine found a kind friend, however, in Madame Tallien, who interceded with her husband to remove the sequestration from the Beauharnois estates, and in the mean while invited the family frequently to dinner, on the stipulation that they brought their own bread, which was an article of luxury in Paris, as it threatens to become again ere long. On many occasions, however, Josephine was too poor to buy bread, and had to depend for her supply on the charity of friends. When her estates were restored her, all this changed: Eugène doffed his blouse and gave up the carpentry trade to begin his military education, while Hortense remained with her mother, and enjoyed the advantage of the best masters Paris could produce.

It was at Madame Tallien's house that Josephine met Napoleon, and formed a strong attachment for the young general, in spite of the warnings of her friends, who saw in him a soldier and nothing more. Napoleon was anything but a lady's man, and paid them the quaintest compliments. Thus he said once to the Duchess of Chevreuil, "What splendid red hair you have!" To which the lady replied, "Very possibly, sire; but it is the first time a man has told me so." But, for all that, he had eyes for Josephine's beauty, and was ready to give up his ambitious dreams to live happy with her.

A few weeks after the honeymoon was over the ambitious dreams returned, however, with full force, and Bonaparte started for Italy, taking Eugène with him, while Hortense was sent to Madame Campan's school, where she spent several happy years with her aunt, Caroline Bonaparte, and her cousin, Stephanie de Beauharnois. When the republican general left France again for Egypt, Hortense's education was completed, and she returned home to be a consolation to her mourning mother. Napoleon's absence lasted six years, during which Hortense grew in grace and beauty, knowing no cares, and these were probably the happiest days of her eventful life.

With Napoleon's return the fate of the revolution was sealed: he moved to the Tuileries as first consul, and Josephine and Hortense became the leaders of society. Ere long she fell a victim to love's young dream: she became attached to Duroc, the consul's aide-de-camp, and her father did not object to the match. But Josephine had other views for her daughter: she knew the enmity Napoleon's brothers bore her, and resolved to seek an ally among them. This could be most easily effected by giving Hortense as wife to Louis.

After repeated solicitations, Napoleon reluctantly assented to the marriage, but only on condition that Duroc's sincerity should be first tested. A message was sent the aide-de-camp through Bourrienne that Napoleon consented to his marriage with Hortense, but he would be at once expected to leave Paris, as the first consul did not care to have a son-in-law in the house. Duroc refused the alliance, and Josephine triumphed. She worked on Hortense's pride until she consented to give her hand to Louis. The young couple hardly knew each other, but Napoleon's will was law, and they went to the altar with loathing in their hearts. In his own case Napoleon had been satisfied with a civil marriage, but the marriage of Hortense had to be blessed by the Church—perhaps to render it indissoluble, for Napoleon regarded Hortense's children as his future heirs. As Providence had not blessed him with children, he was resolved to act as a father to the family his beloved step-daughter might have.

From the outset they were an unhappy couple. Hortense wept the live-long day, while her husband was gloomy and ill tempered. She detested him for accepting her hand while knowing that she loved another; while he hated her, in his turn, for marrying him, although he had never spoken of love to her. They had both obeyed the iron will that dictated laws not only to France, but to his own family, and the conscience of compulsion rose as an insurmountable barrier between them. They made no attempt to love each other, or to find that happiness together which they were forbidden seeking elsewhere.

In their strange confidence the young people even went so far as to tell one another that they could never be lovers, but they pitied each other so sincerely, that this pity might have been converted with time into love. Louis would sit for hours by his wife's side trying to dispel the cloud on her brow, while Hortense was beginning to regard it as her most sacred duty to greet her husband kindly.

"If I give you a son," Hortense would say, with a smile, "and when he addresses you by the sweet name of father, you will forgive me for being his mother."

"And when you press your son to your heart, and feel how madly you love him," Louis said, "then you will pardon me for being your husband,

or, at any rate, no longer hate me, for I shall be the father of your beloved child."

Had they been left to themselves they might have learned to respect, even love each other, but calumny interfered. A rumour spread through Paris that Napoleon himself was the father of Hortense's child. It was expected that Napoleon would be so horrified at this foul tale that he would at once send Louis and Hortense away, and thus Josephine would once again be left defenceless. When Hortense heard this rumour, she fell insensible at her mother's feet, and not long after gave birth to a still-born child.

When Hortense again rose from her couch she sought relief in society, and in her salons the most distinguished men of France were wont to assemble. At length some degree of comfort was restored her, for at the period of the imperial coronation a son was born to her—the future heir of France. Ere long, too, and Louis became a king, but this only increased the sorrow of the ill-assorted pair. In Paris they were enabled to forget, but in Holland they would be compelled to live together. Still Louis was compelled to obey, and resolved that, as destiny compelled him to be a king, he would perform his regal duties so that they should prove a blessing to his subjects.

While in Holland, Hortense gave birth to two more boys, Napoleon Louis and Louis Napoleon, but her first-born, her darling, Napoleon Charles, died of the small-pox. This loss was too much for her: combined with her husband's irritable temper it crushed her to the earth, and she sought shelter and consolation in her mother's arms. But Josephine herself needed words of comfort to be addressed to her, for her husband had resolved on carrying his long-meditated design of a divorce, and, as Lord Castlereagh wittily remarked, "A virgin was about to be sacrificed to the Minotaur." When the dissolution of the marriage was effected, Josephine retired to Malmaison, and Hortense implored the Emperor that she might be allowed to follow her example, in which wish Louis joined. But Napoleon was inexorable, and Louis returned to Holland more gloomy than ever, while Hortense, by the Emperor's express orders, remained in Paris for a season with her two sons. At the new marriage festivities she held the train of Marie Louise, and was the only one of the family who did so without a murmur.

Fresh troubles were in store for Hortense: her husband, faithful to his duties as monarch, aroused the wrath of his brother, who eventually drove him from the throne because he studied the prosperity of his new country more than the interests of France. King Louis descended from his throne and retired to Gratz, in Styria, where he lived as the Count of St. Leu. But when misfortunes fell upon his brother he forgot all private feelings, and returned to Paris to cast in his lot with that of the other members of the family.

And Napoleon required assistance if he was to maintain his throne. On his return from Moscow he ordered Hortense to drown the memory of the past by brilliant balls, but the crippled, mutilated soldiers were not fitted for the joys of the revel. All Paris suffered from a foreboding of what was about to happen, and Hortense, perhaps, was the most wretched of all in that great city, for she felt that all was lost, even before the cry ran through the streets, "The Cossacks are coming!" But she

could not be induced to leave Paris even when the Emperor fled, and it was not till her husband threatened to tear her children from her if she remained, that she consented to join Josephine at her chateau of Navarre.

In her adversity, Queen Hortense had one sincere friend, the Emperor Alexander. At an early period he proceeded to Malmaison to see the two ladies, and promised to do all in his power to alleviate their fate. He it was who induced Hortense to give up her idea of emigrating to Martinique with her two boys, and remain in France. But fresh troubles were in store for her: ever since Napoleon's exile to Elba, Josephine had slowly pined away, and she received her death-blow when the Duke of Blacas proposed to remove the body of Hortense's first-born son from Notre-Dame, and place it in an ordinary cemetery.

The news of her death ran through Paris, and created a profound sensation, for Josephine had made herself generally beloved. Carriages crowded the road to Malmaison, the owners of which testified their respect to the ex-Empress. Even the royalists had a word in her favour: the king's favourite, Madame du Cayla, said, for instance, "What an interesting woman was that incomparable Josephine! What kindness, tact, and moderation there was in all she did! It is exactly in accordance with good taste that she should die at this moment."

The queen had been removed almost by force to St. Leu, where Alexander spent his last evening prior to his departure for England. He gave her much good advice how to conduct herself, and, as he knew how adverse Pozzo di Borgo was to all the Napoleons, he appointed a special secretary to the embassy, through whom her letters should pass. But Hortense felt that her period of adversity had arrived, and that she would have to struggle against calumny to maintain the name of her family unstained. Her previsions did not deceive her.

Strange events occurred in Paris during the abode of Napoleon at Elba. The Bourbons seemed to have awaked from a long lethargy, and were quite astounded at finding the children they had left in arms grown up men. The king was the best of a bad lot, and did not at all stomach the homage paid to his "dear friends the enemy," as he sarcastically termed them. Still, he was dreadfully embarrassed how to treat Eugène and Hortense; the latter he tried to elevate to the rank of Duchess of St. Leu, as a plain Mademoiselle de Beauharnois, while at his interview with Eugène, he addressed him as Marshal of France. But both defeated him by their straightforwardness, and Louis XVIII. was forced to recognise the fact that somebody had ruled in France during his absence, which he would have so gladly ignored.

In other respects nothing was altered, and the old court ceremonial flourished magnificently again. Nor was impudence wanting. At one of the first dinners Louis XVIII. gave to the allies, the Duchess of Angoulême, who was sitting next to the King of Bavaria, pointed to the Grand-Duke of Baden, and said, "Is not that the prince who married a princess of Napoleon's manufacture? What weakness to ally oneself with that general!" Considering that the Emperor of Austria, who sat on her other side, and the King of Bavaria were both allied to "that general," this remark displayed profound ignorance, or consummate assurance.

The worst of the whole party were the wicked old émigrés, who returned with all their vices unannealed. On one occasion the Marquis of Chimene and the Duke of Lauraquais met in the king's ante-chamber—two old heroes of that frivolous age, when the boudoir and the *petites maisons* were the battle-field, and the victor's crown was composed of myrtles instead of laurels. Alluding to some event of the ancient régime, the duke said to the marquis, in his desire to indicate the period more precisely, "It was about the year when I had my *liaison* with your wife." "Ah!" the marquis replied, with perfect equanimity, "you allude to 1776."

The king, as we said before, was the cleverest of all, and did not conceal his surprise at finding that Napoleon's generals, who had been described to him as peasants and ruffians, were as polite as his own followers. Tired of the constant squabbles, Louis withdrew into the recesses of his palace, and left the cares of government to Blacas. In his retirement he conversed with his "lady friend," a fashion which the royalists had restored. Madame du Cayla held this honourable post, and obtained the title of the "King's Snuff-box," because his majesty was fond of strewing some snuff on her round plump shoulder, and inhaling it thence. The king rewarded her nobly. Finding that she was not well versed in the Scriptures, he gave her a copy of an illustrated edition with one hundred and fifty engravings, after Raphael. Instead of tissue paper, each cut was protected by a thousand-franc bank-note. On another occasion he gave her a copy of the "Charte," and each page was interlined with a bank-note of the same quality. But those who feel interested on this subject we may refer to the lady's "*Mémoires d'une Femme de Qualité*."

During this period Queen Hortense resided in Paris, enjoying the society of the few friends who had remained faithful to her. But her presence caused great alarm to the Legitimists, who believed that she was conspiring the return of Napoleon. Fouché, the double-faced, was at the bottom of all the intrigues against the duchess, and sowed the seeds of dissension on either side. At length Hortense felt it her duty to put a stop to all this scandal, and requested an audience of the king. She went, saw, and conquered, for, from that time, the Desired one never ceased talking of the grace and beauty of his visitor, to such an extent that his family spitefully suggested that he had better marry her.

But Hortense had something else to think about at this moment besides conspiring on behalf of her father. A messenger had arrived from her husband, then residing at Florence, insisting on the immediate surrender to him of her two sons. She refused, and appealed to the laws for protection. One trait, referring to this period, is note-worthy: although Hortense never paid attention to the slightest calumny affecting herself in the public press, she at once ordered an answer to be given to an insulting article directed against her husband. To do so at a moment when she was contending with him for the dearest of her possessions, is an act of magnanimity that needs no comment at our hands.

Hortense was not to be comforted even when she heard of her stepfather's return from Elba, and the triumphant reception he had met with. She felt that his victory could not be permanent, and foresaw fresh troubles for herself. Still she did not swerve from her duty. As she had remained in France under the Bourbon rule for the sake of her sons,

she resolved not to alter now. The Emperor received her unkindly, and blamed her for having remained in France among his enemies: she merely bowed her head, and left it to time to justify her conduct. The Emperor was speedily appeased, and regarded her with more affection than before.

During the Hundred Days, Hortense was really the empress, and her first act was to obtain from her father a pension for the Duchess of Orleans, mother of Louis Philippe, who had been unable to leave Paris owing to a fracture of her leg. She shortly after extended the same favour to the Duchess of Bourbon, who implored her intercession. Hortense was the queen at the Champ de Mars, and her salons were once again the resort of all the first men in France. Benjamin Constant read there his "*Adolphe*," while Talleyrand seemed to have no other occupation than inventing fresh social games to amuse the queen and the ladies assembled around her.

We need not dwell on Waterloo: suffice it to say, that Napoleon, when he made up his mind to proceed to Rochefort and embark for America, resided for a while at Malmaison, where he took a last farewell of Hortense and her sons. The queen handed him a belt, which she requested him to wear round his waist: he demanded what it contained, and, after long hesitation, Hortense confessed that she had sewn up her diamonds in it, which she hoped would be of use to him hereafter. At first the Emperor declined to accept the costly gift, but, fearful of wounding his daughter's feelings, he made her the happiest of women—for she had been able to requite a portion of the generosity Napoleon had ever displayed towards her.

The last person the Emperor saw at Malmaison was his mother, and the interview took place in the presence of Talma, who had glided in, under the disguise of a National Guard, to bid farewell to his beloved master. He has recorded for us the parting scene of mother and son, worthy of the most noble days of Sparta; how Madame Letitia stretched forth her hand, with the words, "*Adieu, mon fils!*" and Napoleon, after looking his mother fixedly in the face for a few seconds, said, with the stoicism of a Red Indian, "*Adieu, ma mère!*" and slowly quitted the room for ever.

For the second time the Bourbons returned to France, but their resolve was, on this occasion, vengeance. Louis XVIII. re-entered the palace of his ancestors to punish and reward, but the idea of mercy was banished from his thoughts. His whole fury was concentrated on Hortense, whom he had been taught to regard as the head of the conspiracy that brought Napoleon back, and he requested it as a personal favour of Alexander that he should not intercede in her behalf. She was compelled to quit Paris by order of the Prussian general Von Muffling, and proceeded to Geneva, not without danger of her life. But there was no resting-place for her: the French envoy in Switzerland would not tolerate a defenceless woman so near the French frontier, and when asked whither she would proceed, she replied, in her despair, "*Throw me into the lake, and there will be an end of all my troubles.*"

But Hortense soon regained her equanimity, and proceeded to Aix, in Savoy, where the most terrible blow that fate reserved for her fell upon

her. She had lost her cause against her husband, and had been condemned to give up to him her elder son, Napoleon Louis. He sent for the boy, and Hortense surrendered him. All her hopes were thenceforward concentrated in her second son, who has attained a position which she could hardly have entreated for him in her prayers. But Louis Napoleon cannot forget how much he owes to the teaching of that devoted mother, who was his guardian angel, and sacrificed herself so repeatedly for him.

Fate at length appeared weary of persecuting the poor Duchess of St. Len. She was allowed a few peaceful years in the canton of Thurgau, at her pleasant château of Arenenberg, but they were troubled by painful interludes. In 1821, the Emperor died on the rock of St. Helena; in 1824, Hortense lost her only brother, Eugène. Nothing was then left her to love but her two sons, who prospered in health and strength, although banished from their fatherland, and compelled to lead an inactive life.

At length came the year 1830, and there seemed a chance of revenge for the Napoleons. France hurled down the throne of the Bourbons, but the nation feared the revolution too much to desire a republic. They turned their eyes to the nearest relative of the throne, and Louis Philippe gratified their pride by restoring the tricolor, which reminded them of such mighty deeds. He brought back to Paris the ashes of Napoleon, and replaced his statue on the Place Vendôme, but his nephews must still remain in banishment. For such was the sole condition on which the European powers would recognise the new king, for, as Metternich said, "it was a question of legitimacy, not to suffer a Napoleon again on the throne of France." So Louis Philippe very calmly purchased his recognition by a renewed decree of banishment against the Napoleonides.

This was a terrible blow for their ambition, and the two young men resolved to try their hand elsewhere. Although separated, they kept up an eager correspondence, and when Hortense, in 1830, on her periodical visit to Rome, remained for a while in Florence, the brothers agreed as to their future course. Louis Napoleon accompanied his mother to Rome, and his presence was the signal for effervescence. So far did this proceed, that the Papal government ordered him from the city, and the only friend who stood up for him was the envoy of Russia: we all know how Louis Napoleon repaid this act of kindness in the Crimea.

When the Italian revolution broke out in Modena, the two brothers joined the insurrectionists. Their relations were in a horrible state of suspense about them, and succeeded in getting them removed from the staff of General Menotti; but they joined the insurgents as volunteers. So soon as Hortense heard that the Austrians were on the march, she started in search of her sons, determined to save them or to die. She arrived at Pesaro, after undergoing countless difficulties, and found her sons there; but one of them lay a corpse in a village inn.

But Hortense had no time to bewail him: she must save the last joy left her. With Louis Napoleon she proceeded to Ancona, resolved to embark for Corfu, and throw herself on the mercy of the English. But that chance had to be given up, for Louis Napoleon had scarce reached Ancona ere he was attacked by small-pox, and brought to death's door.

Here was a position: the Austrians were within two days' march, and Hortense could not remove her darling son under a week, said the physicians. But she did not lose her presence of mind: she sent his baggage aboard, and resolved to spread the report that he had followed. In the mean while she kept her son in the innermost apartments, and watched over him herself.

But she had a fearful week to pass through: the Austrian commander-in-chief took up his head-quarters in her palazzo, and malicious fate decreed that his sleeping apartment was next to that in which Louis Napoleon lay in the fever phantasms of small-pox. Whenever he coughed his head was concealed under blankets, and if he spoke it must be in a whisper, through fear of arousing the suspicions of the Austrian, who had solely been prevented paying his respects to the duchess because he was led to believe that she was the patient. At length the physician declared Louis Napoleon in a fit condition to move, and Hortense made a mighty resolve. In the determination to save her son, she decided that she would reach England through France, risking all the consequences of the rupture of her ban. She had already secured a passport through the kindness of an English nobleman, and the only chance of getting her son off was under the disguise of a footman.

They reached France, where a sentence of death awaited them, and passed their first night at Cannes. What reminiscences were connected with that place for Hortense! At Cannes it was that Napoleon landed on his return from Elba: from Cannes he started with a handful of troops on his march to Paris, which city he reached at the head of an army. Labédoyère and Ney had joined him there, and paid bitterly for yielding to their enthusiasm. What guarantee had Hortense that the same fate did not await her and her son? And yet she passed boldly on. She had been a friend to Louis Philippe's mother, and thought that gratitude might still exist in the world.

It was a melancholy pilgrimage that Hortense undertook. She showed her son Fontainebleau, which had been the scene of her father's greatest triumph and greatest humiliation. Leaning on her son's arm, and wearing a thick veil lest any one should recognise her, the queen surveyed the appointments of the rooms, which were just the same as the imperial family had left them. What a reminiscence must it have been for Hortense when she entered the little chapel in which the mighty Napoleon had held the son, on whose arm she now leaned, over the baptismal font! Could the poor deserted widow believe that this son was once again to perpetuate the glories of Napoleonic France? Perhaps so; for what will not mothers believe of their sons, though the latter rarely carry out the Alnaschar visions which every parent forms of her child?

Well, the pair arrived in Paris, and Hortense's first care was to apprise Louis Philippe of her arrival. What a fearful fright the poor old gentleman was in at the news! He could not crush the evil in the bud: he had not the heart to cut heads off: he was altogether too jolly a monarch to deal with a pair of conspirators such as he assumed Hortense and her son to be. And such, perhaps, they were, but it is impossible to say. Manima behaved with the utmost propriety, and her son was most unfortunately taken ill just at the moment. It was impossible to turn them

out of France, but whenever they could make it convenient, and so on. The king of course saw the Duchess of St. Leu, and, with his tongue in his cheek, debited the most pleasant compliments. It is easy to imagine the agreeable way in which he accosted the fugitive. "Lord bless you!" (or the French equivalent), "I know what exile is, and it won't depend on me if yours is not alleviated." Of course he assured the queen that the sentence of exile against the Napoleons lay like a stone on his heart, and he magnanimously added, that the time was not far distant when the mere idea of banishment would be unknown in his kingdom.

Hortense listened to all this somewhat in the fashion of a spendthrift who has taken a bill for discount to a Jew who holds his mortgage deeds, and yet she believed his promises. And the only result she obtained was that Louis Napoleon would be permitted to remain in France if he would change his name, but not a word about the owing money. But this Louis Napoleon thought a little too much: he at once agreed with his mother that the sooner they left France, for their honour and safety, the better.

In England the mother and son were comparatively happy, for all the first society of the land welcomed them. Had Hortense wished it, she might have been again a queen—that of fashion—but she had a stern resolve, which she was determined to follow. She would not compromise her son in any way; and she was in the right, for the Duchess of Berry was at that period in Bath, and could not believe but that a Napoleon must be intriguing in behalf of her son. So great, however, was the excitement her public appearance aroused among the crowned heads, that Hortense resolved to return to her pleasant Arenenberg. For this purpose she asked leave to pass through France, which was granted, and the couple visited most of the spots memorable in Napoleon's history.

At Arenenberg, Hortense rested from her sufferings, and spent a few comparatively happy years. Here she wrote the affecting account of her travels through Italy, France, and England, from which we have derived most of the previous details. In 1837, Hortense, the flower of the Napoleonides, died, wearied of her life, her misfortunes, and the exile in which she pined away. She bowed her head and went home to the great dead—to Napoleon and Josephine.

THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

I.—FROM FRANCIS I. TO LOUIS XIV.

AT the present moment, when the eyes of Europe are fixed with feverish expectation upon the magnificent army at the head of which Napoleon stands, and people are awaiting with bated breath the fall of the next crushing blow, it may be interesting to our readers to learn the gradual formation of that army, and through what phases it has passed ere it attained its present unexampled position. We purpose, therefore, in a series of papers, to tell the history of the French army, basing our narrative principally on a recently published work,* though carefully collating our authorities, and will commence our inquiry with the sixteenth century, as any account of the feudal system subsisting prior to the formation of the regular army would lead us too far.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, then, which was a new era for the military institutions of France as well as for human learning, Louis XII. strove to introduce some order among the unsettled but necessary free-lances, and raise the character of the army generally. Before all, he induced gentlemen to dismount and join the infantry, and loaded with favours those who consented to serve in the train-bands, which he divided into companies of from 100 to 2000 men, so that he might have the means of recompensing, according to their merit or birth, the chiefs he placed at their head.

In 1499, he issued a decree ensuring the troops regular pay, so that they should no longer have an excuse for indulging in pillage—a lucrative mode of payment, which they regarded as one of their most precious privileges. Precautions were taken that the townsmen and villagers among whom they were quartered could promptly obtain justice. It was at first feared lest the rigour of this discipline might disgust the nobility, but it was not so: when they saw their pay assured, they readily ranged themselves under the new banners. To these wise measures Louis XII. partly owed his success in Italy. The victories of Agnadel and Ravenna, gained in spite of, or without the Swiss, over the best troops of Italy and Spain, showed that the value of the French infantry was increased tenfold when they saw themselves no longer despised. With a regular infantry, therefore, the French army was thoroughly organised. The cavalry were numerous and brilliant, the artillery formidable, and from the moment when the nobility dismounted and mixed with the villeins, the infantry was constituted. Bayard, the knight without reproach, was one of the first to offer this salutary example. It was in 1507, before Genoa, that this successful revolution was effected. It is not unimportant to describe the motives that led to this mighty change, especially in Bayard, who had on a previous occasion refused “to place himself in peril and hazard with footmen, one of whom is a cobbler, another a smith, a third a baker—in a word, base mechanics.”

* *Etudes sur l'Armée Française.* Par A. Charpentier, Officier d'Infanterie. Paris: J. Corréard.

For some time past a great coolness had existed between Louis XII. and the Swiss; still, impelled by necessity, the prince, before crossing the Alps to reduce the rebel city of Genoa, had asked the confederated cantons for 10,000 infantry. But these troops were so slow in making their preparations, and so greedy after their pay, that the King of France, who was naturally passionate, was on the point of having them attacked by his gendarmes. At last, when an assault was to be made, the Swiss bluntly refused to advance, saying that they had come to fight in the open plain, and not to climb up rocks. The king had to do without them, and this led to the formation of a vigorous infantry, which, during the remainder of the Italian war, was daily augmented, by receiving into its ranks dismounted or ruined gendarmes, the broken lances, and lanze spezzate (hence *Lanspesades*), as the Italians called them.

With the renaissance, war ceased to be a mere brutal employment of strength; it became a science, rendered difficult of acquirement owing to the various nature of the knowledge demanded, and the proper employment of all those elements which may aid in gaining battles. This new mode of regarding matters greatly augmented the soldier's value; the gentlemen gradually displayed in the foot service a grandeur and self-denial hitherto unknown, and perceived that while, on a multitude of occasions, the cavalry were nearly impotent, the infantry had always and everywhere a brilliant part to play. The chivalrous prejudices so long rooted in the nobility grew weaker, and a number of cadets could be seen enlisting in the bands to carry the pike, and gain their promotion by discipline and promptitude. The contact with these young noblemen reacted on the citizen soldiers, who, feeling justly proud at seeing the children of that caste, which stood so high in public opinion, mingled with them, acquired self-esteem, and distinguished themselves by their bravery. Events soon gave them opportunity for displaying their qualities, and at Marignano the French infantry received a remarkable honour. At the most critical moment of the fight Francis I. dismounted, seized a pike, and placed himself at the head of a battalion, shouting, "Who loves me, will follow me!" On that day the infantry took an immense step, for they conquered the Swiss. It was not without difficulty, though, that these redoubtable mountaineers were driven back; and Marshal Trivulzio, who had been present at seventeen pitched battles, called them child's play by the side of Marignano, which he declared to be a combat of giants.

The necessity in which Francis I. found himself in 1521 of opposing the enemy upon all the frontiers at once, produced remarkable changes in the military organisation of France. Surrounded by the vast possessions of Charles V., this prince resorted to the idea of Louis XI., and divided his state into four governments. He had thus four armies to make head simultaneously towards the Low Countries, Germany, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. From these four divisions gradually issued the four oldest regiments of France—Picardy, Champagne, Piedmont, and Navarre.

The infantry were divided into bands of 500 to 2000 men, led by a captain, who had under him one or two lieutenants and an ensign; and in the field they were collected into brigades, of from 4000 to 10,000 men. The system was also adopted of forming these brigades of bands

belonging to the same government. The only difficulty was in equalising the bands without offending the private captains, who were always too well disposed to refuse obedience to the captain-general. On his return from Madrid, in 1526, the king certainly issued a decree reducing all the bands to a strength of 300 men; but it remained a dead letter. How, in fact, in the moment of danger, was it possible to refuse the services of a captain who brought in one, two, or even ten thousand men? The gravity of succeeding events threw everything into confusion, and it was found necessary to employ every means, whether good or bad. Fortune, in fact, seemed to abandon the French: the Imperialists, the Flemings, and the English invaded Champagne and Picardy; the king had been obliged to evacuate Italy, and Provence was menaced by the troops of Charles V., led by the traitor Constable of France. In this urgent necessity, instead of improving the train-bands, a retrograde step was taken; recourse was had to adventurers, and with them the free archers were re-established. The king only employed them, it is true, in extreme circumstances, and at any other moment readily allowed any one who pleased to attack these ruffians with impunity; but the re-establishment of the free archers entailed consequences too sad for us to pass them over.

Louis XI. allowed this militia to decay after the battle of Guinegate; but he was not the king to abolish at the same time the tax which the services of the free archers entailed on the parishes. Charles VII. had already rendered the tax permanent, which all the citizens were expected to pay during war; and Louis XI., on dismissing the free archers, tripled this impost, and the parishes had to pay a "tax of fifty thousand meu," as it was termed, in lieu of sixteen thousand. Its product was supposed to be applied to the maintenance of the permanent troops, and as it had become a regular impost, the king, under difficult circumstances, could make a new appeal to his faithful subjects, and demand a war contribution in militia or money, or in both. This is what Francis I. did. In 1523, he called out the parish soldiers, and they were called, as before, free archers. In the following sad years it was found impossible to disband them, and they fared the same as did, at a later date, the militia called out by Louis XIV. during the war of the Spanish succession, and the National Guards mobilised during the wars of the Revolution.

Similar circumstances always lead to the same expedients. The militia of the great king became regiments, the National Guards of the republic formed semi-brigades, while those of the Empire were converted into cohorts; but, long prior to all this, Francis I. had changed the free archers into legions. This institution, which had but an ephemeral existence, contained, however, a few happy regulations, which introduced some homogeneity among these confused elements. Thus the whole first legion was recruited exclusively in Normandy, and the other six raised in the same way in the various provinces. The soldiers were armed, some with arquebuses, others with pikes and halberds. Each of the legions had six captains, one of whom bore the title of colonel: he had the supreme command of the legion, and was appointed by the king, as were the captains. Each of the latter had under him two lieutenants, commanding five hundred men. Below these, again, were two ensigns, and there was a centurion to every hundred men. All these commissions were in the gift of the chief of the legion. One of the articles of the

decree deserving quotation, is that in which it is stated that those soldiers invalidated by wounds were free from taxation for life, and served in the garrison with "dead pay," if able to do so. This was the idea that created the corps of veterans.

Francis I., who had studied the spirit and organisation of the Roman legion, which he wished to revive, instituted honorary rewards. The soldier who distinguished himself by a brilliant action received a golden finger-ring, and if again distinguished, he could attain a lieutenancy and be ennobled. Unfortunately, the French militia were too recently instituted, and had been too long in a state of moral inferiority, to understand the spirit of this decree, and ensuing events prevented any permanence. The legions, as Francis I. wished to recal them, only existed for two years, and the king was obliged to cashier them, owing to the insubordination of the men, and return to the system of companies of three hundred or four hundred men obeying a single captain. General Susane, who has written the history of the old French infantry, tells us on this head :

If this institution has to be reproached for anything, it is, before all, that it was too learned for the period when it was formed, and the king did not take into account the insubordination of the nation, while he, moreover, framed the lists of a size disproportionate to the real resources of France. In 1534 it was impossible to find and support 42,000 foot soldiers, in addition to the old bands. Indeed, we are led to believe, judging from the names of certain chiefs, or captains, of the legionaries, that some of these old bands served as a nucleus for the legions; but this measure, were it taken, must have contributed to accelerate the disorganisation, for the haughty train-band soldiers, such as contemporary writers describe them to us, could not long endure any connexion with men who possessed no military spirit, no honour, and but little courage, and who, as *Maréchal de Vieilleville* says, "were the worst disciplined in the world, and their captains all the same."

Hence it was natural that, in 1536, the Dauphiné legion should be cashiered owing to the disorders and violence the men committed. In the same year fractions of the Champagne and Guienne legions were also disbanded and ignominiously expelled from Arles, the defence of which town had been confided to them. The king was not compelled to employ the same rigour with the other legions, but the wretched service they did caused their calling out to be gradually dropped, and on the death of Francis I., in 1547, the institution, though not abolished, fell into desuetude. The same had been the fate of the free archers sixty-eight years previously. By a very natural reaction the French train-bands profited by the discredit into which the legions more and more fell. All the young men who, at the outset, had solicited commissions in the legions, returned to the train-bands, while, on the other hand, the latter were enlarged by all the legionaries in whom a military temper had been developed.

At the period when Henry II. mounted the throne, these bands had attained the acme of their splendour, and France had never before appeared so formidable. She astounded Europe by the immensity of her armaments; she held Scotland at her sovereign disposal; she counted Corsica among her provinces; and, finally, she was projecting an establishment in Brazil, which would enable her to share in the treasures of

the New World. Her armies, excellently commanded, powerful, and disciplined, defended her frontiers on all sides. The Maréchal de Brissac had strengthened, by his victories, the authority of France in Piedmont. On the side of Germany the French army was ready to assume the offensive at a moment's notice, and the capture of the three bishoprics of Metz, Toul, and Verdun, seemed to presage further victory in the struggle which Charles V. was again commencing with France. The peace of Cateau-Cambrésis (Aug. 3, 1559) allowed the king to occupy himself seriously with the organisation of his military forces, and to profit by the experience derived from long wars.

We see in succession the ranks of the army strengthened by the Reîtres, the Pistoliers, and the Carabins, the first taken into the service of France on the strength of their reputation, the other two created by a decree in 1558. They were mounted corps necessary to complete the cavalry arm, which was still only formed of the old orderly companies, and these new troops, carefully selected though not numerous, did excellent service on various occasions. The dragoons were also one of the creations of Henry II., and were originally, as they now are, intended to fight on horseback or afoot, according to need: the Maréchal de Brissac formed the first corps of them during the war in Piedmont.

The legionaries still continued to figure in the wars of the first years of Henry II., and one of the most unhappy days recorded in the *fasti* of France even restored them a momentary importance. On August 10, 1557, the greater part of the old Picardy train-bands perished at St. Quentin, and the relics of this brave army were compelled to throw themselves into strong places, in order to arrest a victorious enemy who had already reached the heart of France. In such a desperate situation, Henry II. had only one course to take: abandon Italy, recal by forced marches the old hands from Piedmont, and seek to impose on the enemy by re-establishing the legions, and thus obtain a peace the least disadvantageous to himself. While the king spread far and wide the rumour of the 42,000 men he was about to stamp out of the ground, the Duke of Guise hurried from the foot of the Alps, in mid winter, with a part of the old Piedmont bands, picked up the rest of the Picardy band, and in the early part of January, 1558, at the moment when Europe believed France crushed, he recaptured from the English the town of Calais, which they had held for two hundred and twelve years. He proceeded thence into Champagne, and carried Thionville by assault. These prodigious exploits, performed by a handful of old soldiers, led to the treaty of Cambrésis, and, as we said before, enabled Henry II. to turn his attention to the regular army, while the legions fell more and more into the shade.

When the troubles broke out in the reign of Charles IX. through religious interests and other personal motives, the legions, which through their constitution bore an eminently local stamp, followed the fortunes of the provincial governors, who had nearly all revolted against the royal authority, and gradually disappeared. A great number of the legionaries entered into the regiments raised by the various parties, but the majority were transformed into garrison companies, kept up for their own security by the cities and villages. The last mention of the legions we find is at the siege of Montclimart in 1585.

From the midst of the chaos into which France fell, it is a curious fact that the institution of regiments silently emerged, which the regular and military reign of Francis I. had been unable to effect. It is certain that there were no permanent regiments before 1560, and that ten years later, four, at least, of those old corps which survived to the Revolution began their lengthened career. Their existence, produced amid a frightful disorder, was hardly noticed: in the general mourning, people looked back to that year of peace which marked the end of Henry II.'s reign, and that well-organised army, whose absence was now more than ever regretted. In truth, when the King of France fell, mortally wounded, by Montgomery's lance, the country was at peace with the whole world; the future appeared radiant, and, in spite of the disbandment of the newly-raised bands, the army had an effective strength of 40,000 men thus distributed:

GUARDS OF THE KING.—Four companies of guards: two companies of 100 gentlemen; the company of the guards of the gate; the 100 Swiss; the 200 cross-bowmen.

INFANTRY.—The old train-bands, and those organised in 1530 under the name of the Legions of Picardy, Champagne, Provence, Dauphiné, Guienne, Normandy, Languedoc, and Vermandois; the free companies of infantry.

CAVALRY.—The orderly companies, or *gendarmerie* (heavy cavalry); the *maréchaussée*; the archers and cross-bowmen (light cavalry); the horse arquebusiers, or dragoons; the free companies of cavalry.

THE ARTILLERY.—Master gunners, engineers, sappers, and *frances taupiers*. The guard of the artillery was always confided to the Swiss.

The infantry had about ninety ensigns, giving, at 200 men each, an effective strength of 18,000 foot soldiers. The foreign corps, whose importance we shall presently show, formed a total of 12,000 men. They are not comprised in the strength of the royal army, nor are the garrison companies stationed on the northern frontier, and a few fragments of the Piedmont bands left by the Duke of Guise, who did not evacuate the places they occupied until the end of 1562. Not a morsel of this organisation remained intact when the civil war broke out on March 15, 1560, with the conspiracy of Amboise. The premature death of Francis II., nine months afterwards, only increased the complication, and everything was broken up, not excluding the army. The Colonel-General d'Andelot and the Prince de Condé, both Protestants, had carried over so great a number of men, that we can hardly estimate the royal army collected at Orleans upon the accession of Charles IX. at more than 8000 old troops.

In 1561 the Duke of Guise introduced the regimental system, borrowed from the Spaniards, but it only lasted for two years. The reformed chiefs, whose interests were compromised by its institution, demanded its abolition as the price of their services in recapturing Havre, which themselves had surrendered to the English in the previous year. After the capitulation of the English, the Guise regiments were disbanded and reduced to garrison companies, but Queen Catherine was far too cunning to let these fine troops slip from her grasp, and it was her policy to diminish the regular army, which gave confidence to the chiefs of the Protestant party; while, on the other hand, she reinforced

the garrison companies and trebled the king's guard. It was at this period she formed the corps originally called *Enseignes de la Garde du Roy*, which, after several changes in its constitution, became, under Henri III., the regiment of French Guards.

During the tour which Charles IX. took during 1564-1566, he was followed by his guard, then commanded by Strozzi, and the sight of these troops, evidently organised against themselves, daily aroused the wrath and alarm of the reformers. Hence, the king, hoping to get a little relief from the constant complaints made to him, promised to break up his guard immediately after his return to Paris. He kept his word, but the companies were sent to garrison various strong places in Picardy. At length, the reformers thought they had gained the day: the court had no longer any defenders, and would require time to collect troops to repel a sudden attack. But the astute Catherine foiled them again. In 1567, the queen-mother perceived that the Protestant party were meditating some treachery against the king's safety. Being far too clever to recal the companies sent to Picardy, which would have served as a pretext to the Protestant party, she secretly asked the Swiss Cantons to raise her a corps of 6000 men, ready to march at a moment's notice. On receiving news of this the Protestants resolved to seize the king while proceeding to Paris from Meaux.

The firmness of the Swiss, commanded by Pfeffer, their admirable constancy in passively repulsing the repeated attacks of the Protestant cavalry, the fierce retreat on Meaux, all evidently the result of inflexible discipline and self-confidence, made a deep impression on the mind of the youthful king, who attached Pfeffer's regiment to his person, giving it the name of the *Gardes Suisses du Roy*. He formed the resolution to constitute his army on this model, and for the second time the Swiss produced a great progress in the military organisation of France. Their triumph over Charles the Bold led Louis XI. to create the old bands: the retreat of Meaux decided Charles IX. on establishing permanent infantry regiments. On October 27, 1567, a few days prior to the battle of St. Denis, the king carried out his project. The army was divided into two commands, entrusted to Colonels Strozzi and Brissac, each of whom had three regiments commanded by camp-masters. In modern military parlance the army formed two divisions, composed of three brigades, each of about 2400 men. This organisation was not the last, but from this moment there have always been regiments in France.

In the present situation of political affairs it became, moreover, indispensable to modify the relations between the commanders of the corps and the colonel-general, and give the former more precise and better determined functions. During the civil wars there were, so to speak, as many armies as provinces, and the colonel-general could not be everywhere at once. The institution of separate regiments, and camp-masters as their commanders, greatly relieved this difficulty. These chiefs, as regarded the administration of the corps, their discipline, obedience, and promotion, were only ostensibly dependent on the colonel-general. In reality, when decisive actions were about to be fought, they had extensive powers and a complete initiative, and this was naturally most advantageous to the king, if he made a proper selection of officers.

It must not be supposed, however, that the organisation of 1569 em-

braced the whole royal army. The cavalry and artillery, still formed in companies and bands, had undergone but insignificant modifications, and remained what they had been in the time of Francis I. and Henry II. Many of the old infantry bands left to guard the frontier forts were also not comprised in the new organisation. These bands were not formed into regiments until a later date, but the corps composed of them claimed the privileges enjoyed by the old regiments, and, under the title of *moyens vieux* and *petits vieux* regiments, took rank at the beginning of the seventeenth century, after the regiments of Picardy, Champagne, Piedmont, and Navarre.

As for the newly levied regiments, that is to say, those which the pressure of events daily called under arms, the disorders of the civil wars produced an incalculable number. Catholics and reformers, politicians and leaguers, all the men, in short, who had birth or merit to recommend them, obtained commissions as camp-masters, and formed regiments, which only endured so long as their chiefs were in credit or their party obtained any successes. Not one of them survived the peace of Vervins in 1797.

The new regiments, for a lengthened period, fared much like the new train-bands prior to the regimental period. France had already acquired a political importance in Europe, but her financial resources were still very limited, and her revenues shamefully administered. In this state of affairs it was necessary to raise during war great armies, and during peace reduce them to what was strictly necessary for garrisoning the fortresses. In war quantity had to make up for quality, and when a truce, generally of slight duration, was signed, a mass of soldiers beginning to be formed had to be disbanded, to the great prejudice of the treasury and the public safety. This deplorable necessity, which lasted until Colbert's ministry, cost the state prodigious sums, and dried up for a long period all the sources of the national prosperity. It was not until the reign of Louis XIV. that government began perceiving that there is an economy in keeping up permanent armies, always ready to defend the country, and thus guaranteeing it against attack.

The military institutions of France had not undergone other important changes when Henry IV. ascended the throne. His predecessor had only instituted the office of secretary of state for war, and set on foot seven new regiments formed of the old elements for garrison service. He was meditating other augmentations, when he fell under the dagger of Jacques Clement. It was therefore with the scattered elements composing the armies of the sons of Henry II. that the first of the Bourbons conquered one by one all the provinces of his kingdom, and arrived at that peace of the last twelve years of his life which was only momentarily troubled by the expedition to Savoy. The repose France then enjoyed was employed to heal the wounds forty years of civil war had dealt her, and to introduce improvements into the organisation of the army. The first care of the king and his devoted minister, Sully, was to regulate the finances, and, while diminishing the burdens of the people, prepare resources for the future. Their first measure was to institute a strict reform among the garrisons and the *mortes-payes*, whose large number and bad composition were a permanent cause of disorder in the towns, and the subject of constant complaints from the municipal officers.

Before the creation of the permanent train-bands, garrisons merely occupied menaced places during war. In peace, and in those provinces remote from the scene of hostilities, when war broke out, the towns guarded themselves. But with the reign of Charles VII. a different system was introduced. Whenever this prince recaptured a town from the English, he placed a garrison in it, as he was not secure of the affections of the inhabitants. Under his successors, the border provinces newly acquired by the crown were held by the train-bands of Picardy and Piedmont. When Charles IX. recalled the garrisons to the army, and formed them into regiments, new bands and legionaries took their place. The distrust entertained during the civil war as to the temper of the townspeople, caused the number of crown garrisons to be greatly increased; the reformers, and at a later date the leaguers, were urged by the same motive to do the same, so that there was not a village in France without its garrison.

The soldiers composing these garrisons were of two sorts. On one hand, there were all the vagabonds of the country, who had taken up the pike or musquetoon because there was no better trade to choose during the troubles that agitated the kingdom, and who preferred, to the perilous service of the active army, the surer and more lucrative post of garrison men. They formed free bands, or companies, paid and kept up at the expense of the towns, but only obeying the governors. Next, there were the *mortes-payes*, or invalids, who passed from the ranks of the army into the private pay of the governors of cities or castles, and became their janissaries. When we reflect that the governors, through the confusion and breaking up of parties, had rendered themselves absolute and independent masters of the cities they were ordered to defend, and that in most cases they could only ensure their authority by violence, we can conceive the enormity of the abuses engendered by such a state of things.

Henry IV. did not touch the garrisons at the outset, for there were too many interests to be humoured there. But, so soon as the League was dead, he commenced a pitiless war against the oppressors of the towns, and did not cease till he had reduced the bands to the number of fifty, which he spread over the most important fortresses. As for the *mortes-payes*, after weeding them, he entrusted the guard of some castles to them, and, in 1602, order was everywhere restored. One of the things, too, that immediately fixed the attention of the king and his minister, was to find a remedy capable of preventing the return of that demoralisation which affected the army during the civil war. As Sully tells us:

The military forces and discipline was one of the articles of government which most required the application of reform. There is a difficulty in understanding how a nation which from its foundation has never ceased hardly to bear arms, and which regards them, to a certain extent, as the only profession worth following, should have delayed so long in introducing the proper order. The French system was repulsive: men were enrolled by force in the infantry, and compelled to march with the stick. Their pay was unjustly withheld, and they were threatened with imprisonment. The gibbets were incessantly before their eyes: they were reduced to make every effort to desert, and to prevent that the provosts kept them constantly confined to camp. The officers themselves, badly paid, were, in a certain sense, authorised to commit violence and brigandage.

Henry frequently said, and he spoke of it from the experience himself had had, that it was impossible for the state to be properly served until a different system was introduced among the troops.

The causes of the evil did not escape the illustrious reformers; they were flagrant, for the evil was hardly visible among the old regiments. The vices that signalled the ephemeral existence of corps of new formation emanated from the bad composition of their *cadres*, the manner in which they were recruited, and, before all, from the fact that a new regiment was always an object of speculation. Hence, for the war in Savoy in 1600, Henry preferred to complete the old regiments with militia than raise new regiments; and ten years later, when this prince was assassinated by Ravallac, he was on the point of beginning a mortal struggle with the powerful House of Austria with only thirteen infantry regiments, though they were all composed of old soldiers and picked officers. He had understood how beneficial it is, both from a military and a financial point of view, to have good large regiments and a small staff, and it is to be regretted that his successors, so lavish with their commissions, did not follow his example.

Among the ameliorations due to the reign of Henry IV., we must mention great progress made in the artillery, the institution of engineer officers, and the first idea of sappers. At the siege of Amiens in 1597, the king, feeling annoyed by the cowardice of the peasants ordered to dig the trenches, took advantage of a moment of impatience among his old bands, and persuaded the infantry to undertake this job. After peace was made, he induced a certain number of men by company to supply themselves with the proper tools for digging and wood-cutting. From this time there were always sappers in the regiments, until the formation of a special corps. In order to lighten the taxes, the king discharged, in 1598, the Swiss regiments, only retaining two companies of 100 men each. The king's household was largely increased, and 400 *cheval-légers* substituted for the 200 gentlemen-pensioners.

With the minority of Louis XIII. civil wars broke out afresh, and caused the creation of a great number of French and Swiss regiments. Richelieu, among his great administrative reforms, did not neglect the army. The regular force, fixed at 2000 cavalry and 18,000 infantry, had its pay ensured, two-thirds by the treasury and one-third by the provinces, while discipline was rigidly enforced to prevent the townspeople being ill treated by the soldiers. Such were the minister's arrangements for peace; but war hardly broke out, ere everything assumed gigantic proportions under his energetic impulse. Unable to raise a national army so rapidly as he wished, he enrolled foreigners, and during the first portion of the Austrian war the forces of France, through the excellence of their organisation and their discipline, became the first in the world, and became a model to other nations. At the beginning of the Thirty Years' War, the French army had been raised to 228,000 men, of whom 72,000 were cavalry, and was divided into six armies. Cardinal Richelieu accomplished the military and political idea of Henry IV. and Sully. But the glorious results had not been obtained without successive creations of regiments, which raised the French army to an effective strength hitherto unknown. At the moment when the skilful minister

died, the number of infantry regiments alone amounted to 139, among them being three regiments of Guards, one Scotch regiment, six German, two Irish, five Swiss, two Lorraine, and one Italian.

But Richelieu did not content himself with augmenting the royal armies to so enormous an extent. As a man of detail, he at times devoted much attention to apparently secondary things. The troops were repeatedly exercised in large bodies, in manœuvring the arquebuse, the musket, and the pike; fire-arms were improved and lightened; the cardinal encouraged camp-master Arnaud in his researches into the tactics of the ancients, and the illustrious Fobert, also a soldier of fortune, in his first theoretical applications. Lastly, during the long siege of Rochelle, where all sorts of experiments were made, the cardinal attempted to introduce regularity, and up to a certain point uniformity of costume and equipment.

This question agitated many minds, and not without reason; troops of the same party ought to have means of recognition in the heat of combat, and instances of corps serving under the same flags and killing each other were very frequent. The absence of a uniform costume, moreover, singularly aided in surprises, and all the stratagems of war. During the siege of Rochelle the captains of the French Guards adopted a special uniform for their companies. This example, being encouraged by Louis XIII., who was very curious about minor military details, was afterwards imitated by the captains of several other corps. At a period when the state did not undertake to clothe the troops, this was as much as could be well expected.

Richelieu was the first to form the cavalry and dragoons into regiments. From the formation of the orderly companies by Charles VII., up to 1635, the horsemen formed companies, or small hands. The advantage of regiments, or homogeneous corps, placed under a single command, was too evident to escape the sight of the minister, who got rid of the anomaly; but of all the army the infantry must feel the impulse given to all the military institutions by the cardinal minister. In 1635 he also filled up a gap in the organisation of the army, by creating a large body of marines, who took rank among the old regiments. Lastly, in the midst of all the formations that owed their life to him, he carried on his hostility against the great nobility, and established a new class of privileged regiments, which were to have precedence over those of the gentlemen. These regiments were raised by the state in all parts of France indiscriminately; and, instead of the names of the camp-masters, they bore those of the countries that supplied the majority of the men composing them.

In 1638, three-fifths of the French officers belonged to the citizen class and the people. The nobility gnashed their teeth, but what did the omnipotent minister, who renewed the sentence of death against duellists, and had it carried out with extreme rigour, care for their rage? It was not only the quarrelsome temper of the great that he sought to abolish, he ordered at the same time the demolition of all castles that did not serve to defend towns; he ordered the lords to dismiss all the men-at-arms they kept in their private pay; he forced the governors to give account of the levy of troops, and restricted their civil and military power in order to augment that of the king's lieutenants, to whom he gave a new position. By his severity he proved to the nobles that they

were as little before the law as the least subjects of the kingdom, and the result of his measures was most beneficial to the interests of the army.

It was also in 1635, that year so fertile from a military point of view, that the division of the regiments into battalions was introduced. At first it was only temporary, the internal administration of the corps not being sufficiently advanced for it to be otherwise; but the principle was established, and it was soon perceived that by this division it would be possible to obviate all the inconveniences produced in strategic operations by corps numerically too strong and so unequal as were the regiments at that day. It was therefore with the object of having some regularity that the regiments were divided, though only in times of war, into two or three battalions, commanded by the senior captains, and from this period the infantry were only reckoned in the army by the number of battalions.

This was the last important measure adopted during the reign of Louis XIII., who died a short time after Richelieu, the one hated and admired, as Voltaire says, the other already forgotten. Louis XIV., aged five, succeeded his father, as Cardinal de Mazarin did Richelieu. The new minister followed the external policy of the man who had been his master, and, in order to continue the wars undertaken, further increased the effective strength of the army. Unfortunately, renewed internal troubles plunged France once more into the state of anarchy from which the violent energy of the minister of Louis XIII. had drawn it; but these troubles had no influence on the military operations, or on the institution of the army, before which a splendid horizon gleamed; for, after the death of the man who had directed the great struggle in which France was again engaged, when the royalty once more reposed on a child in a cradle and a woman, Spain, bleeding and shattered, roused herself, and by a supreme effort tried to profit by the civil disorders of France to regain that European supremacy which Richelieu had wrested from her.

The army, amid all the disorders of the civil war, though very badly treated, displayed a devotion forming a singular contrast with the cowardly defection of the most illustrious of its chiefs. The Regent and Mazarin were thus requited for all the concessions they had made to the nobility. The seigneurs only employed their authority to raise soldiers arbitrarily; no resistance could be offered them, and more than 50,000 Frenchmen were compelled by them to take up arms against the royal army, which daily diminished. While it had a strength of 290,000 men under Richelieu, it did not count 35,000 twenty years later.

We have here reached an important epoch of the history of the French army, and will stop for the present. On another occasion we propose to follow its development from the reign of Louis XIV. up to the outbreak of the French revolution.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE FRENCH IN AUSTRALASIA AND POLYNESIA.*

NEW CALEDONIA—THE SOCIETY ISLANDS—THE MARQUESAS.

SOME geographers have given the name of Oceania to the whole collection of those islands which are situated in the Pacific Ocean, but it having been found, upon closer inspection, that this vast assemblage of islands is naturally divided into three groups, we are in the habit in this country of writing of them as belonging to Malasia, or the East Indian Archipelago, to Australasia, as contradistinguished from Australia, by which name what was once absurdly called New Holland is now designated, and to a third or eastern division, grouped under the head of Polynesia. These designations are not admitted by our good friends and allies the French, for obvious reasons; they have recently founded a colony in the Hindhu Chinese peninsula—in Annam, or Cochin China—and they naturally feel that the so-called East Indian Archipelago is just as much Hindhu Chinese as it is East Indian; they have established a "point d'appui" in the Australian seas, at New Caledonia, and the archipelago might therefore just as well be Franco-Caledonian as Australasian; and they have declared their supremacy in the Society Islands, discovered, like New Caledonia, by our own circumnavigator Cook, at the very heart and centre of the Eastern Pacific group, as also in the Marquesas, and they have therefore divided the whole collection into Malasian and Oceanic.

These regions, said one of their most gifted writers, present, in every quarter, scenes fitted to move the most frigid imagination. Many nations are here found in their earliest infancy. The amplest openings have been afforded for commercial activity. Numberless valuable productions have been already laid under contribution to our insatiable luxury. Here many natural treasures still remain concealed from scientific observation. How numerous are the gulfs, the ports, the straits, the lofty mountains, and the smiling plains! What magnificence, what solitude, what originality, and what variety! Here the zoophyte, the motionless inhabitant of the Pacific Ocean, creates by its accumulated exuvie a rampart of calcareous rock round the bank of sand on which it has grown. Grains of seed are brought to this spot by the birds, or wafted by the winds. The nascent verdure makes daily acquisitions of strength, till the young palm waves its verdant foliage over the surface of the waters. Each shallow is converted

* *L'Océanie Nouvelle: Colonies, Migrations, Mélanges.* Par Alfred Jacobs. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères.

into an island, and each island improved into a garden. We behold at a distance a dark volcano ruling over a fertile country, generated by its own lava. A rapid and charming vegetation is displayed by the side of heaps of ashes and of scorice. Where the land is more extended, scenes more vast present themselves; sometimes the ambiguous basalt rises majestically in prismatic columns, or lines, to a distance too great for the eye to reach, the solitary shore with its picturesque ruins. Sometimes enormous primitive peaks boldly shoot up among the clouds; while, hung on their sides, the dark pine forest varies the immense void of the desert with its gloomy shade. In another place, a low coast, covered with mangroves, sloping insensibly beneath the surface of the sea, stretches afar into dangerous shallows, where the noisy waves break into spray. To these sublime horrors a scene of enchantment suddenly succeeds. A new Cythera emerges from the bosom of the enchanted wave. An amphitheatre of verdure rises to our view. Tufted groves mingle their foliage with brilliant enamel of the meadows. An eternal spring, combining with an eternal autumn, displays the opening blossom along with the ripened fruits. A perfume of exquisite sweetness embalms the atmosphere, which is continually refreshed by the wholesome breezes from the sea. A thousand rivulets trickle down the hills, and mingle their plaintive murmurs with the joyful melody of the birds animating the thickets. Under the shade of the cocoa, the smiling but modest hamlets present themselves, roofed with banana leaves, and decorated with garlands of jessamine. Here might mankind, if they could only throw off their vices, lead lives exempt from trouble and from want. Their bread grows on the trees which shade their lawns, the scene of their festive amusement. Their light barks glide in peace on the lagoons, protected from the swelling surge by the coral reefs surrounding their whole island, at a short distance from the shore, and confining their domestic water in the stillness of a prison.

For what Great Britain has done for these lands of promise, it is sufficient to refer to Australia, Tasmania, and to New Zealand, the first with its five separate colonies, or distinct governments, and a population, since 1788, of upwards of a million of souls. Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Geelong, Hobart Town, Launceston, Auckland, Wellington, Singapore, and other places of minor import, attest to the colonial capabilities and enterprise of the mother country. The Dutch have their settlements also, of no small import, and the Americans have obtained a footing in the same sea of islands. No wonder, then, that France should desire to be worthily represented in "Oceania."

"But when we turn," says M. Alfred Jacobs, "from the spectacle presented by the English colonies, and pass on to that presented by our establishments in Oceania, the change is as complete as it is abrupt. We no longer see the activity, the force, the exuberant and turbulent life, the vast spaces delivered up to the process of clearing: at the bottom of some haven, where occasional whalers or a wandering merchantman now and then seek refuge, may be seen a brick and mud building, over which our standard floats, whilst a few marines lounge about the doorway. A few scattered huts sometimes help to constitute a group of habitations that spreads and assumes even the aspect of a little town or of a goodly village; but everything is dull and lifeless except when the commodore or

admiral, who carries his flag from one establishment to another, comes to impart a kind of factitious animation by his presence, and to create a movement that is more military than industrious or commercial."

The picture is not flattering, but it has the much greater advantage of being pointedly and graphically correct. There is something positively extraordinary in the manner in which France selects her colonies. Great Britain looks to the extent of available lands in which her surplus and enterprising population can thrive; Holland contents herself with a golden monopoly of spices, groceries, and tobacco; but France seems, at Adule, New Caledonia, Tahiti, and the Marquesas, to have no one single object in view but to plant sentry-boxes, or corps de garde, in the way of the world's commerce.

Sir R. I. Murchison, remarking, in his anniversary address to the Royal Geographical Society, in 1859, upon the necessity of keeping up the establishment at that time recently abandoned at Port Essington, whether as a port of refuge for our merchantmen in time of peace, or as a roadstead during war, in which a fleet could assemble, to protect the northern and eastern coasts of the vast continent of Australia, further observed, that, in the absence of such, it was clear that an enemy might sweep the eastern archipelago on one side, or attack the slightly protected colonies of New South Wales, New Zealand, or Tasmania on the other. "In the mean time, although we have long ago abandoned the solitary station of Port Essington on the north coast of Australia—contrary to the entreaty of that excellent naval officer the late Sir Gordon Bremer and his associates now living, Captain Stokes and Drury, as well as in the face of a protest on the part of this society—not only has no substitute for it been obtained by occupying Cape York or any other station, but we seem to have been heedless of the efforts made in the interim by the French to establish other ports in these seas, and to fill them with a naval force. Thus, whilst the picture of New Caledonia, as discovered by Captain Cook, still hangs in the rooms of the first lord of our Admiralty, that great island has been taken possession of by the French, and is now their 'Nouvelle Calédonie.' Now, if our allies (and may they long continue such) were merely occupying these islands for purposes of trade and commerce, little notice might be taken of the event; but when it is known that they possess in those seas and bays a much larger force of ships of war than Britain, the prospect is, I am bound to say, most unsatisfactory as regards the long undefended coast-line of Eastern and Southern Australia. In vain has your old president insisted on this point for many years, in virtue of the advice of naval officers of experience in those seas, on whose opinion he could rely; but he trusts that a sufficient naval protection of Australia—no less than of the British isles—will now seriously occupy the attention of the government, the parliament, and the country."

Captain Byron Drury, R.N., said at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, held on the 22nd of November, 1858, that had we not been at Port Essington in 1838, two French frigates would probably have taken possession of it. They arrived two months after us! This was a close touch, and yet it depended upon a matter of two months' priority whether the future Anglo-Australian colonies should not have had a hostile people planted for centuries like a thorn in their side on the great

continent, where they fancied themselves so snugly established! If France can intimate that it will be necessary to strengthen herself by the occupation of Egypt—already a quasi-French province—if we open the shortest route to our Indian possessions *viâ* Western Asia, it is obvious that she can in the same way any day announce her intention of extending her power in the Eastern seas, if we act in any manner that is not consonant to what she may deem to be her political interests. These are unpleasant topics to dwell upon. We would personally have wished to have avoided such altogether; we take a real pleasure in the progress of France, or of any other civilised nation, in their subjection of new lands or semi-barbarous races, and their bringing people and lands, as in Algeria and Cochin China, within the pale of humanity. Such are the legitimate fields of colonisation. But he must be blind who cannot see that establishments at Adule, New Caledonia, Tahiti, and the Marquesas, have no such legitimate meaning whatsoever, and it is sometimes in the power of the geographer to warn the politician.

But to return to our French author's pictures of a French colony in the South Seas. He goes on to inquire with admirable *naïveté*: "Whence this inactivity? Are we, then, unequal to the industry and labour of our neighbours, and have the descendants of that old Celtic race, that loved so much to wander over the face of the earth, become inimical to all change of place? Most assuredly not; Egypt, Persia, and India, which witness so many Frenchmen taking there their science and their swords, can testify to the contrary. Nor has the aptitude to colonise been always wanting to France: witness Canada and Louisiana, not to mention India, which might have had a very different destiny if Dupleix and La Bourdonnais, the heroes of the eighteenth century, had not been basely abandoned. There is still a region in the present day where French activity seems to take foot and to develop itself, and that is in the magnificent region watered by the Rio de la Plata.

"We are not, then, utterly foreign to the labours and proceedings of external life, and yet we must admit that divers circumstances have contributed to leave us in inferiority to our neighbours, the English, and even the Germans. Out of his own country, the Frenchman is engineer, soldier, adventurer; he is seldom a cultivator or a merchant. Further, the complete separation from his native soil is more repugnant to him than to any other exile. What a touching and persevering affection have Louisiana and Canada preserved for the metropolis! Add to all this, France has always sufficed for herself, and has never obliged her children to cast looks of covetousness across the ocean, or to ask from foreign regions for the resources of existence. Hence a radical difference has sprung up between the education and the primary ideas of the English and French people. Here people are born cultivators and soldiers; there, sailors and merchants. In England, the great cities are on the coasts, and a nation of men, cradled in the sea, are familiarised with ideas of expatriation, and have for the most part friends or relations in the most distant countries. Every day they read in the papers news of their countrymen in China or Australia, and they thus become accustomed to consider the world as a province of England.

"The fertility and natural abundance of our soil, the attachment that we experience for it, the political circumstances of the end of the last century

and the commencement of this, our continental military glory,—such are, in fact, the honourable and avowable causes of our colonial inferiority. We do not complain of it: every nation has had its destinies, and ours yield in Europe to that of none other. To England belongs the great movement of colonisation, to create empires, to clear the forest, to cover the land with flocks and herds, and to build cities that shall rival London and Liverpool. It is a part full of grandeur, but which has its deceptions and its dangers: colonies are ungrateful, often very forgetful and very repudiating. More than one has cast off the metropolis, and, to continue prosperous and powerful, England has perpetually to begin over again.

“A few men and a few books that have emanated from France is, on the contrary, all that has sufficed to establish the preponderance and spread the influence of French genius over the world. We have many times heard regrets expressed that France was not before England in occupying New Zealand—regrets that have no foundation; that colony which has become so prosperous in the hands of the English would have remained sterile in ours. Besides, if we want a field for whatever aptitude we have in this line, have we not Algeria at our very doors? Commerce can do very well without colonies; the United States have none such, which does not prevent them being the first commercial people in the world. What we can reasonably demand, is a commercial development that shall have some relation to the number of our harbours and to the extent of our coast; transoceanic companies organised at Havre, at Bordeaux, and at Saint Nazaire; a share in the profits of distant fisheries; and maritime stations well and duly supplied to repair and to protect our mercantile navy. This is the title under which our establishments in Oceania present themselves to our suffrages, as points in a good commercial road, and hence it is that we have acted recently in favour of our true interests in taking possession of New Caledonia.”

This is a long and amusing preamble, with much in it that is true, and not a little that is fallacious. The portrait of the French colonist is worthy of a photographer. He is an engineer, soldier, or adventurer. Wherefore always soldier? How much of the intelligence and enterprise of France is absorbed in playing at soldiers? We are not aware of the touching affection of Louisiana and Canada for the metropolis, but it may be so. If military glory tore France from colonial aggrandisement, on the one hand, and colonies repudiate their aged islanded parent on the other, the balance is equal in one sense. But the military glory may depart, while the new nations founded may remain. A few men and a few books may suffice to spread the influence of French genius over the world, but we do not see how such can establish “French preponderance.” One language, one literature, and one religion in North America, Australia, and New Zealand would, we should fancy, bear down the scale. If the once United States could do without colonies, the reason was very simple, the territory at the disposal of the States was not half populated at the epoch of their rupture. To demand governmental commercial organisation is the inherent weakness of all nations, who have neither the spirit nor enterprise to organise such themselves. If Great Britain had waited for government to take the initiative, neither the East Indies, nor North America, nor the Cape, nor

Australia, nor New Zealand, would be what they now are. The apology for "taking possession" of New Caledonia, of the Society Islands, and the Marquesas, the two first Captain Cook's discoveries, is, at all events, specious, and may be taken at what it is worth. If the French have a large mercantile marine (we know they have a large naval force) in the South Seas, it is but fair that they should have harbours of refuge; but is New Caledonia, or are the Marquesas, on a line of traffic? Have not the interests of the navy been more considered in the selection than those of merchants, and "points d'appui" whence to thwart or control Australia, New Zealand, and Western America, been paramount over considerations of advantages to an imaginary mercantile marine? Any schoolboy of fourteen years of age, be he French or English, could only answer the question in one way.

The corvette *La Constantine*, commanded by Captain Tardy de Montrevel, was off the coast of China in the year 1853, when its commander received sealed despatches that were not to be broken till he was out at sea. The corvette sailed off at once, and proceeded, as a result, to occupy New Caledonia in the name of France. This island, connected with which are the Isle of Pines and the Loyalty group, is situated between the twentieth and twenty-third degree of south latitude. It is about ninety leagues in length, twelve in width, and is formed by a mountainous crest, fertile and well watered, that runs from north-west to south-east. It was discovered by Cook in 1774, and has been since visited by the French circumnavigators D'Entrecasteaux and D'Urville. It is, like the north-west coast of Australia (Queensland), and most of the islands in the Pacific, surrounded by coral reefs, and many vessels have perished on its dangerous and inhospitable shores.

When the *Constantine* arrived at the Island of Pines in January, 1854, the French flag already waved on that as well as on the greater island. Rear-admiral Febvrier des Pointes, "under apprehensions of being anticipated by the English," had gone thither from Tahiti in the previous September, to come to an understanding with some French missionaries settled in the Isle of Pines, and to open negotiations with the principal native chiefs, and he had then taken his departure, after having built a kind of small provisional fort.

A period of about ten years had elapsed at that epoch since the missionaries, who so efficaciously helped the French officers in their task, had been settled in New Caledonia. The corvette *Bucéphale* disembarked a few missionaries in the Balade Haven, on the west coast, in 1843, and, before leaving, the sailors constructed a commodious habitation for the pious exiles, and which, two years later, served as a place of refuge for the crew of the *Seine*, which vessel was lost upon the reefs of the island. In 1850, the missionaries were subjected to ill treatment by the natives. Surrounded, they were indeed about being made prisoners, when, luckily, a French ship, the *Brillante*, arrived in time to rescue them, an operation which was not effected without a struggle, and they were removed to the Isle of Pines.

There, with a perseverance that does them honour, they formed the nucleus of a new mission, and they succeeded in reopening new relations with the natives of New Caledonia, and in thus favouring French occupation. After their expulsion from Balade, a fearful crime was enacted by these ferocious insulars. In 1851, the ship *Alcmène* was engaged in

surveying the island, when two young officers, MM. de Varennes and Saint-Phal, were despatched in a boat with fifteen men to effect a reconnaissance along the coast and in the interior of the bays. They unfortunately allowed themselves to be taken by surprise by the natives on a small island which they thought was uninhabited. Officers and sailors alike were all massacred and devoured. The commander of the *Alcmène* fired upon the natives and burnt their huts wherever he could get at them, but he was destined to be almost as unlucky as his officers and men, for he lost his ship upon the coral reef that envelops the island.

At the very moment, indeed, that Commodore Tardy de Montravel made his appearance in these fatal waters, another French vessel had just been lost there. This was a three-masted ship, the *Croix du Sud*, which had only issued from the slips of Bordeaux two years previously. It had visited America, China, and Australia, and was coming from Melbourne with the intention of visiting the Moluccas and touching at the French establishment on the way. Deceived by imperfect charts, the captain believed himself, on doubling the western point of the island, to have entered an open channel, whereas he went right upon the reefs, and the ship went to pieces. The crew, consisting of the captain, a young wife, and twelve men, had no resource left them but to take to the boats, and they luckily succeeded, after seven days' suffering, in reaching Port Balade, with their water and provisions exhausted, yet unable to land from the hostility of the same natives who had devoured so large a portion of the crew of the *Alcmène*. The *Constantine* received the shipwrecked, and its commander despatched the screw-brig *Prony* to see if it could in any way relieve the *Croix du Sud*; but all hopes of this had to be given up after prolonged efforts, and the crew of the French merchantman had to remain in Caledonia till the opportunity presented itself of being transferred to Sydney.

The mission of the French commodore was more particularly directed to re-establishing the missionaries in safety on the chief island, to erect forts and habitations for soldiers and employés, to negotiate with the natives, and to "make them" (the word is not ours) accept the French protectorate. The task did not present any great difficulties at Balade, where the two powerful tribes of Puma and Pompo were under the influence of the missionaries. One of the chiefs, who, on being baptised, had exchanged his barbarous name of Buhone for that of Philip, willingly acceded, on receiving a few presents, to all that was demanded of him: he granted territorial concessions, and even submitted to the promulgation of a species of code, which, nevertheless, deprived him of one of his especial privileges, which was to distribute justice by breaking the heads of the accused. He was for the future bound over to graduate the scale of punishment according to the amount of criminality, and even, in certain cases, to have recourse to French jurisdiction. The French commander had further the ingenious idea of interesting the savages themselves in suppressing crime and in arresting the guilty. He organised a body of police among themselves, paying them with tobacco, and decorating, or rather distinguishing, them by a badge with the French colours. They thus became quite proud of their responsibilities, and were on the constant look-out for malefactors. The plan turned out, indeed, to be most successful. As to the chief, Philip, he was a brutal savage, of very limited intelligence, and it was impossible to trust in him. He was, in 1850, one of the most

vindictive enemies of the missionaries, and he still preserved as a relic of his plunder a magnificent cassock, which he took great pleasure in putting on upon grand occasions.

After having constructed and armed the new fort at Balade, the *Constantine* proceeded to a place called Pouébo, or, as we should write it, Puabo, farther to the south, and in the territory of the tribe of Mone-libé. At that point the landscape is more agreeable and animated. We have no longer naked rocks and rugged crests: the highlands assume a fertile and smiling aspect. A prolific vegetation reaches from their very summits down to the sea-shore, whilst a pretty river, navigable in boats for some miles, precipitates itself down the mountain-sides in picturesque waterfalls, and then winds peacefully across the plain. One of the principal chiefs, when becoming a Christian, had assumed the name of Hippolyte; he had been a staunch friend of the missionaries, and he counterbalanced by his authority the opposition of another chief, of the name of Tarébate, who refused to become a Christian, because if he did he would have to renounce three out of his four wives. The non-necessity for such an alternative in accepting the doctrines of the Mormons has rendered the latter as successful in obtaining proselytes among the Polynesian islanders, who merely wish on that point to sustain the *status quo*, as they have been in some parts of the old world among those who are desirous of inaugurating a new state of things.

No sooner had the *Constantine* come to anchor off Puabo, than the chief, Hippolyte, came, instigated by the missionaries, to solicit in the name of his tribe that the same "measures of order" should be adopted there as had been put in force at Balade. His request was complied with, and the French commandant resolved, in order to overawe these tribes, to carry out his objects with a certain amount of solemnity. He accordingly landed with his staff and two companies of marines, and also two field-pieces with which to salute the French flag that was about to be hoisted. The little expedition ascended the river windings, and disembarked at a distance of only a few hundred yards from a large village, where the whole tribe awaited to receive it in arms. The natives received the French force with loud shouts, and the latter took up a position *en bataille* before the mission-house. After a brief address from the commandant, which was translated by the chief Hippolyte, the French flag was hoisted and saluted by the artillery, amidst the applause of the aborigines. Hippolyte and Tarébate next affixed a kind of signature to the bottom of a document, in virtue of which they accepted the sovereignty of France, which was followed by the reading and explanation of the new penal code; lastly, what gave a great deal more pleasure to the natives, there came a general distribution of cakes and tobacco, and presents of arms, tools, and tinsel were made to the chiefs. In order the better to express their joy at this liberality, the natives gathered round the mission-house whilst the officers were there taking a frugal repast, and began to execute their dances. They (the Caledonians, we suppose) jumped and gesticulated to their own whistling and the sound of a bamboo, which beat time upon the ground. This substitution of whistling to singing when dancing is said to be peculiar to the natives of New Caledonia, and the French agreed that nothing could be more fatiguing or disagreeable.

The natives are, generally speaking, tall and robust, and the sailors all agree in extolling their vigour. The photographs that have been brought to this country give the idea of muscular, well-made men, but their physiognomy is coarse and brutal. The females especially, with their woolly hair, their great stupid features, their hanging breasts, and slender extremities, resemble beasts more than human beings. The men are entirely naked, with the exception of a simple waistband; and the women have for all clothing a wrapper of about a foot in width, with a long lappet behind. We find in New Caledonia the finest Polynesian races mixed up with the Austral negro, so low in the scale of humanity, and the bastard race that has sprung up from this admixture, like the mixed Austral-Malay races of the north-west of Australia, superior to the one and inferior to the other, have adopted the customs of both. One of the most remarkable superiorities of these savages consists in the strength and skill with which they use their clubs and the javelins. D'Entrecasteaux, who visited New Caledonia after Captain Cook's discovery of the island, relates that threatening groups of natives having gathered round him, he resolved to give them a notion of the terrible effects of their fire-arms. He had a pigeon tied to a tree, placed three of his best shots at a distance, and gave the word of command. Not one of the men hit it. A native, who was carelessly reclining close by, rose up, brandished his javelin (*zagai*, or *assegai*), cast it, and transfixed the bird.

The occupation of New Caledonia was not everywhere so easy as at Balade and at Puabo. The *Constantine* pursued its explorations along the eastern coast, visiting the principal tribes, and seeking for a spot favourable for a chief settlement. In proportion as she proceeded from the north to the south, the population was found to be more and more ill disposed. The action of the missionaries was no longer felt, and they were further, it is said, encouraged in their hostility by some English and American seamen, deserters from vessels, who had established themselves among them, who lived as they lived, without competition or control, and who dreaded the introduction of a foreign influence and domination.

There was particularly, at a place called Hienguène, a powerful tribe, whose chief, named Buaraté, a man of energy, and endowed with a certain amount of intelligence, and who had once been to Sydney, where he was received with great respect, and treated as if he had been king of all New Caledonia. Buaraté professed a great attachment for his friends the English—Sydney men, as he called them—and he had announced that he would resist the occupation of the country by any other white men. The neighbouring tribes looked up to Buaraté, whose followers were numerous, and well provided with guns, so it was determined to strike the decisive blow at this point.

The *Constantine* and the *Prony* arrived off Hienguène in the month of May, 1854, and a considerable number of canoes put off, and their crews went on board the French ships with a show of amicable familiarity; but their chief did not make his appearance. Buaraté having refused, on being summoned, to make his submission, an officer was sent with an armed party to communicate to him that if he did not obey the "invitation" made to him by ten o'clock the next day, the commodore would himself land with an armed force to raise the French

flag, and establish the sovereignty of France over the territory of the tribe, and that at the least appearance of resistance he should be dethroned, and his territory declared to be the property of government.

The officer charged with this mission succeeded, by ascending a goodly river that waters Hienguène, in reaching the residence of Buaraté. He found the chief seated in front of his house, a gun in hand, and he prevailed upon him, not without difficulty, to follow him. Buaraté was treated with more courtesy on board the corvette than he appears to have anticipated, and he promised, after some opposition, to appear next morning with his warriors in front of the principal village, and celebrate the act of giving up his territory to the foreigner.

Accordingly, the next day, eight boats took their departure from the corvette and the brig, conveying two hundred and fifty men, with two guns, who effected their landing in the midst of a considerable assemblage of warriors, armed with muskets, assegais, and steel axes, which have taken the place of clubs among the tribes that are in relation with Europeans. The act of possession was read by the commodore, and translated by a pupil of the missions; the flag was unfurled, and saluted by three discharges of musketry and one-and-twenty guns from the *Constantine*; after which, the two hundred and fifty marines defiled in front of the flag, whilst Buaraté and other chiefs of the tribe were engaged in signing the act of sovereignty and occupation. The sight of so many men armed with muskets, and the sound of the great guns, made, we are told, a great, if not a lasting, impression upon the natives. The parties separated good friends, and the commodore promised Buaraté to visit him in his own house the next day.

In execution of this promise, the eight boats proceeded up the river the ensuing morning in file. The river of Hienguène is barred at its entrance by a reef of coral, which only leaves a narrow passage at the southern extremity of the bay; it itself only reaches the sea after a devious course among abrupt mountains, which pour down the waters of the uplands by deep ravines, the ruddy face of the rocks being everywhere clothed with a rich and vigorous vegetation. Cocoa-nut trees shelter well-constructed huts at the bottom of the ravines.

The natives rushed to the shores in crowds to contemplate a spectacle so new to them, and they followed the procession of boats by narrow pathways that ran along each side of the river. The armed men led the way; the women and children followed at a short distance, and loud shouts arose from each side of the stream. After two hours of navigation after this fashion, plantations of cocoa-trees and a greater number of huts announced the village, the chief of which stood on a promontory on the bank, surrounded by three hundred warriors. The French effected their landing in a column, the flying artillery in the centre, and then took up a position in order of battle in front of Buaraté's residence.

The latter was what M. Jacobs calls "*une grande case Calédonienne*," a kind of cone hoisted upon a cylinder four feet in height, with a low, narrow door in front, and at the top of the cone was a rude sculpture representing the human form, whilst to the right and left were other huts for women and strangers. This Caledonian hut stood upon a little table-land, clad at one of its extremities by a dense tropical vegetation; and in front of the said table-land seven gibbets stood within a small oval,

ordinarily decorated with human crania, but the commodore had exacted that these hideous trophies should be removed during his visit. The chiefs of the tribes, one hundred and fifty to two hundred in number, were grouped before the principal hut; they were diversely armed, and all naked with the exception of Buaraté, who was draped in a blue woollen shirt. Other groups of warriors remained at a more respectful distance, and the women and children looked on with curiosity from behind the houses and trees.

The artillery and marines then went through a variety of evolutions, after which another French flag was unfurled, saluted with twenty-one guns, and then handed over to Buaraté, in commemoration of his new nationality. The commodore took advantage of the impression produced by "this imposing ceremonial" to engage the tribe to give up the practice of cannibalism, representing to them that such a practice was looked upon by all civilised people as the most disgraceful of any to which human beings could be addicted; after which he interdicted Buaraté from administering justice any longer with the blows of an axe; and finally, to allay the bitterness of these new obligations, he distributed a few arms, some tools and utensils, and invited the chief to sit down with him and his officers and partake of a sheep, roasted whole, after the Caledonian fashion. The soldiers also partook of a repast on their side, and the crowd, overcoming their fears, also crowded round, precipitating themselves upon the bones or biscuits, or the least fragments that were thrown to them.

This military demonstration of the French commandant had, it is said, a lasting effect; from that time forth Buaraté ceased his hostilities, and the other chiefs followed his example. The two vessels, passing the two strange rocks that were called the Towers of Notre-Dame, because at a distance they resembled them both in form and elevation, left Hienguène behind them, and prosecuted their search for a suitable spot wherein to found the chief town of the colony *in futuro*. Among others, they visited the magnificent bay of Kanala, where a chief, named Kai, came on board of his own free will, proud of a shift, tronsers, and cap, as also of an old sword, which, in his eyes, constituted a magnificent costume. Thence they doubled the southern point, touched at the Island of Pines, and proceeded to explore the lower portions of the western coast.

Although the harbour of Kanala is one of the most beautiful that can be conceived, very spacious, presenting admirable anchorage, and receives a little river that is navigable for a space of seven or eight miles, on the banks of which grows that sandal-wood which has for now many years been an object of commerce with Anstralia, nevertheless the western coast was selected for the foundation of the first colonial establishments, because, we are told, it was in direct communication with Sydney and the other ports of Anstralia. It presents different features from the other coast; it is less fertile, is more abrupt, and is not so well watered. There are some exceptions to this, but, as a compensation, it is there that we find those rich coal deposits which impart so great a value to this new French acquisition in Australasia.

Such were the inappreciable advantages of the bay of Moraré, one of the first that presents itself on doubling the southern point. Numerous streams of water find their way at that point to the sea,

and vessels meet with an excellent watering-place formed at the foot of a copious fall, which descends from the Mont d'Or, an isolated peak that dominates the coast at this point, and which is indebted to its name for the hopes entertained at first of finding it to be auriferous, but which were not afterwards realised. The fall precipitates itself from a height of above sixty feet, at some distance from the shore, into a kind of basin which it has hewn for itself in the midst of red-coloured rock. It brings with it blocks of granite, of greenish-coloured quartz, and of ferruginous rocks. The richness of the valley, the facilities for irrigation, the gentle acclivity of the mountains, all invited cultivation; the forests were rich in timber, and the borders of the sea were unencumbered by that monotonous growth of mangroves that is met with on so many other points. Extensive plains, diversified by groves of trees, seemed to be waiting for cattle. Lastly, deposits of coal surround the bay; five veins show themselves at the surface of the soil close to the sea. The steamer *Prony* took advantage of the circumstance to renew its provision, and twenty men are said to have succeeded, in five hours' work, in obtaining 2200 kilogrammes of coal, which was found to be of excellent quality. With a better anchorage, Moraré would have been made the seat of the chief colonial establishment. But failing in this essential, the neighbouring bay of Noumea, or Numia, now Port-de-France, was selected as "le chef-lieu Européen de la Nouvelle-Calédonie." (!)

It is now little more than four years since the first stone of this establishment was laid, and people will not fail to be interested in knowing what, in the present day, is this town, still in embryo, that France has undertaken to build in Australasia, opposite to Queensland and New South Wales. A harbour easy of access, safe, well disposed, and easy of defence, lies at the entrance of a spacious and well-sheltered bay, hemmed in by hills, and behind a narrow peninsula. The hills that surround it form a kind of hemicycle, enveloped by mountains that rise in stages like an amphitheatre. This is the spot on which rises Port-de-France; it has the inconvenience of not being well watered; the nearest rivulet is at a distance of six miles: it may some day be brought nearer, but, for the time being, water is obtained from deep wells. A kind of barrack occupies the beach of the peninsula, which can accommodate about a hundred soldiers; the French flag floats on the top of it. At a little distance are five or six houses, one of which is the seat of government, and is surrounded by a large garden, in which have been inaugurated the usual "essais d'acclimatation et de culture."

There is a wide difference, M. Alfred Jacobs is fain to observe, between this humble establishment and the Anglo-Saxon cities that are almost at the same epoch of their existence. The movement, life, and hopes for the future that are seen at Auckland are not met with here; but, on the other hand, that which cannot exist in the English colonies is beginning to manifest itself on this unfrequented shore, and that is an indigenous city.

Since 1855 the missionaries, persecuted by Buaraté, Philip the Convert, and other chiefs, whose apprehensions had been removed by the disappearance of the French ships, gathered together to found an establishment under the protection of Port-de-France, called "La Conception," and of which they have made—as also of Puabo, on the other

side—the centre of their labours. There, at three leagues from Port-de-France, near the sea, and upon a hill that dominates the shore, they have grouped around them a few hundred natives. The Caledonian city, as it is designated, is divided into three quarters, according to the number of individuals who have contributed to its erection; and it must not be supposed that it consists solely of huts; some of the savages, instructed by their European directors, have built themselves houses covered with slates, in which the island abounds, and they are whitewashed and surrounded by gardens and cultivations. It is a novel and curious spectacle that of these men digging the soil, superintending their plantations, looking to their domestic duties, treating their wives almost as their equals, grouping themselves in regular and industrious families, and no longer requiring human flesh from the want of other food to assuage their hunger. They are clad in a sort of woollen Guernsey, with a medal or chaplet round their necks. Their coarse features relax when they exchange a cordial shake of the hand, with the words father or brother in their mouths. A tolerably spacious church of brick and whitewashed earth occupies the centre of the "village." When the bell summons them to their religious duties, they quit their labours and join in the services with a guttural nasal tone. "That they understand what they are about," adds our French authority, "is more than I dare affirm."

The same process of praiseworthy improvement is said to be going on at Puabo. The mission is situated there at about half a league from the sea, at the end of a fine plain, where the hill-side is shaded by cocoa-nut trees. The buildings, which consist of two spacious houses, a goodly church, and a few huts, are surrounded by carpenters' workshops and a blacksmith's forge. The cultivation of rice and maize has particularly succeeded at this place, whilst herds of cattle, pigs, and goats are a better guarantee than all the sermons against the anthropophagous habits of the natives.

The measure of success has been, it is said, even still greater at the Isle of Pines; there, a thousand natives obey one chief. The huts are grouped round the religious establishment. Plantations of cocoa-nut trees, of sugar-cane, and of bananas, the grape-vine, the fig-tree, and different European cereals, prosper, and occupy the foot of the hills crowned with verdure. Many of the natives have also been taught to hive bees.

Here, says M. Alfred Jacobs, are very good results, only it must be acknowledged that they are very circumscribed. The catechumenists do not number two thousand, which, according to M. Tardy de Mont-ravel's estimate of a population of sixty thousand, is but a twentieth of the population; further, if a number of docile and disciplined natives are to be seen round the missions, it must also be admitted that a far greater number witness these innovations with extreme repugnance. Some even among the converts are very indifferent, and have been known to say, "Well, if your baptism is so salutary and procures felicity, you shall confer it on me when I am about to die." Others are argumentative. A good missionary was arguing with a native one day against anthropophagism. "But," insisted the savage, "if it is an enemy killed in fight?" "He is thy equal, a man like thyself, who might be thy relative or become thy friend." "His flesh fills my stomach and nourishes

me as well as that of another; and besides, do not you yourself eat of the sheep and the fowls which you have brought up with your own hands?"

A great peculiarity with the Austral negroes generally, is that they do not establish a definite distinction between themselves and animals. This has been considered as one of the marks of their inferiority, and no doubt correctly so. It is curious that there are no Simiæ in Australia, and yet there man approaches, under some circumstances, most to a quadrumanous animal. There are some even among those who are labouring in the good cause in New Caledonia who entertain their doubts if these savages will ever be capable of directing and elevating themselves to a truly personal existence. The aboriginal society would, we suppose, admit of no such impossibility, and they have the best of the argument, for, however fallen man may be, he must surely have the germs of educability within him, or he is no longer a man but a monkey, or, at the best, of an inferior race of men, which is begging the whole question. But in as far as facts are concerned, and they must go before theory, M. Alfred Jacobs avers that "to tell the truth, there is little real hope that their missionaries, whatever may be their courage or zeal, will be able to organise an indigenous society living under their constant direction."

"The Jesuits tried the same experiment in the eighteenth century, on the coast of California. Then came the white men, adventurers and cultivators, who flocked to the coast. What became, then, of the disciples of the missionaries? All perished or were dispersed, because those poor people, organised to work and live like a flock of sheep, were deprived of that personal energy and individual activity which could alone protect them from the invasion from without."

In the mean time the French may, with justice, congratulate themselves upon the experiment that is being made: it redounds infinitely to their credit. We cannot, however, go as far as they do when they also congratulate themselves upon not being endowed with the same colonising aptitude as ourselves. "An experiment which a boundless activity places out of the power of the great colonising powers of Oceania," they argue, "is thus reserved to the French in their recent acquisition." This is so far true; but even if the New Zealander were apt to education, the Tasmanians and Australians are admitted a degree inferior to the New Caledonians; the Australian especially, without a ruminating animal or almost an edible bird, and only one fruit in his land, with a race of marsupials, few in number, unproductive in breed, and difficult to catch, could never have risen in the scale of humanity without the introduction of sheep and cattle, and of the cereals. What right, then, have we to question the result, if Providence, which permitted the introduction of such means of existence by a more advanced race, should have also ensured the increase and spread of that race to the proximate disappearance of the one that was inferior to it, so long as that extermination was not brought about by persecution or force?

In the mean time, says M. Alfred Jacobs, until the importance of New Caledonia shall develop itself with its natural riches, Tahiti, the chief of the islands of the archipelago of Society Isles, is the principal place of our

Oceanic possessions.* The beauty of this island is familiar by repute to almost all. In the exterior or border landscapes of Tahiti and the other islands, says Mr. Ellis, there is a variety in the objects of natural history; a happy combination of land and water, of precipices and level plains, of trees often hanging their branches, clothed with thick dark foliage, over the sea, and distant mountains shown in sublime outline and richest hues; and the whole, often blended in the harmony of nature, produces sensations of admiration and delight. The inland scenery is of a different character, but not less impressive. The landscapes are occasionally extensive, but more frequently circumscribed. There is, however, a startling boldness in the towering piles of basalt, often heaped in romantic confusion near the source or margin of some cool or crystal stream that flows in silence at their base, or dashes over the rocky fragments that arrest its progress; and there is the wildness of romance about the deep and lonely glens, around which the mountains rise like the steep sides of a natural amphitheatre, till the clouds seem supported by them—this arrests the attention of the beholder, and for a time suspends his faculties in mute astonishment. There is also much that is new in the character and growth of trees and flowers, irregular, spontaneous, and luxuriant in the vegetation, which is sustained by a prolific soil, and matured by the genial heat of a tropical clime, that it is adapted to produce an indescribable effect. Often when either alone or attended by one or two companions, I have journeyed through some of the inland parts of the islands, such has been the effect of the scenery through which I have passed, and the unbroken stillness which has pervaded the whole, that imagination unrestrained might easily have induced the delusion that we were walking on enchanted ground, or passing over fairy lands. It has at such seasons appeared as if we had been carried back to the primitive ages of the world, and beheld the face of the earth, as it was perhaps often exhibited, when the Creator's works were spread over it in all their endless variety, and all the vigour of exhaustless energy, and before population had extended, or the genius or enterprise of man had altered the aspect of its surface.

The French likewise describe Tahiti, their new possession, as a charming island, covered with wood, of various configuration, dominated by a peak of two thousand four hundred and fifty French yards, which is called the Diadem. Above this majestic peak, upon a table-land at an elevation of five hundred French yards, is a lake, half a league in length, and very deep, the water of which is always at the temperature of

* The Society Islands are generally spoken of by British geographers as being about seventy miles to the westward of Tahiti, or Otaheiti, which is the chief island of the Georgian group, so named in honour of George III. Mariners, however, sometimes designate them as the Windward and the Leeward Islands. As the two clusters are politically as well as geographically distinct, the French should speak of Tahiti in the Georgian Islands, and not in the Society Islands. The names of the islands, according to the orthography introduced by our missionaries and used by the press now established among the people, are:

Georgian Islands—Meatia, Tahiti (Otaheite), Eimeo, Maiaoite, or Charles Sander's Island, and Tetuaroa.

Society Islands—Huahine, Raiatea, Tahaa, Borabora, Mauarua, Tubai, Lord Howe's Island, and Scilly Island. The Society Islands were so named by their discoverer, Captain Cook, in honour of the Royal Society of London.

twenty-three to twenty-four degrees centigrade. Little rivers tumble down in the form of cataracts from the various heights, and water the picturesque valleys and fine plains, where the native habitations are grouped under the shade of the cocoa-nut-trees. The greatest length of the island is thirteen leagues, by seven in width, and a reef of coral surrounds it, leaving only narrow passages at certain points. The first navigators who visited the island, struck by the mildness of the climate and all its beauties, spoke of it in the most enthusiastic terms. An officer of the French navy, who has recently returned from the island, describes the most graceful panorama as being unfolded as the ship, approaching the island, doubles the point of Venus; and as it coasts the reef, ten miles in length, which separates it from the pass, the abrupt peaks of the island appear in succession, surmounted by the sharp points of the Diadem. The secondary summits appear to be covered with a luxuriant vegetation, in the midst of which sparkle innumerable cascades, whilst the shore is clothed with cocoa, pandanus, orange, and bread-fruit trees, whose shade shelter here and there the huts of the natives, and whose roots are bathed by the internal sea, perfectly calm between the reef and the coast. Such is the landscape, vigorously lit up by a tropical sun, that presents itself to the traveller still under the influence of the rude climate and inhospitable shores of Cape Horn. A moment more and the white houses of Papeete, the French metropolis in Oceania, make their appearance at the bottom of the harbour.

The roadstead, of easy access and well sheltered, presents a good anchorage to merchantmen; the beach surrounds it like a circle; a reef closes it up towards the sea, and the city stretches from one point to the other, having in its centre a jetty for disembarkation. Around the house of government, or protectorate, and the arsenal, magazines, barracks, and docks, are scattered the habitations of two or three thousand persons, strangers as well as natives; and these houses are arranged in a tolerably fair line, called Broom-road, along the shore. They are chiefly of wood. There are, indeed, only the public buildings and consuls' houses that are of stone, and two stories high. A good road starts from the chief town, and is carried round the island; and in front of the bay, in the amphitheatre formed by the heights that rise as it were in stages, the houses of some of the residents are scattered, amidst splendid gardens, in which the orange, the banana, the cocoa-nut, the aloe, the vanilla, and twenty other varieties of intertropical plants mingle their foliage. The market-place stands at the meeting of the two main roads: it consists of two thatched sheds, thirty feet long by ten wide, in which a few old men, women, and children are seated, surrounded by their provisions, bread, fruit, bananas, oranges, cocoa-nuts, sometimes fish, and raw or roasted pork. Near the arsenal is a commodious and almost pretty house, the residence of Queen Pomare, who, according to her fancy, dwells there or in her native hut at Papaoa. Papeete also contains a few public-houses and restaurants, for the use of sailors and those engaged in the harbour, but no comfortable inn—a circumstance which, with the necessity for a permission to reside there which is exacted from all passing visitors, are the source of much legitimate grumbling on the part of the English and Americans.

The indigenous shift or *pareu*, a kind of toga of brilliant colours, which

the Tahitans cast over their shoulders, and allow to fall in graceful folds to the left, mingles with the European costume in the city. This garment is marvellously well adapted to the high stature and handsome forms of most of the natives; whilst those who have been foolish enough to adopt the European costume look awkward and ill at ease. Tahiti has, indeed, not changed much in appearance from when it attracted the admiration of the early circumnavigators. There are still to be seen the vigorous forms of the natives, the handsomest of the Polynesian races; those graceful females of soft and easy speech, idle, without a care, decorating themselves with flowers, and only seeking for pleasure, are also still there. But, alas! Europeans have entailed many vices and many miseries upon the inhabitants of this fortunate island. Of the nine thousand natives of Tahiti, there is scarcely one who does not bear marks of diseases of European origin, and all seek with avidity for spirits, especially "absinthe." Every morning at daybreak the European is woke up by the noise made in the streets by a group of women of all ages, from the grey-haired matron to the young girl with a laughing face, and who have been condemned to sweep the streets, some of them for a week, and others even longer, for having been picked up dead drunk.

It is now nigh seventeen years since France has established its protectorate, or rather its domination, over Tahiti. "It is," says M. Jacobs, "a precious acquisition, for the island is in a straight line with the road which leads from Panama, Nicaragua, and Tehuantepec, on the American isthmus, to Australia." Vessels favoured by good winds, both in going and returning, put in there on their way from Melbourne and Sydney to San Francisco and back again. Steamers renew their provisions of coal there; and it is thus that Tahiti and New Caledonia are called upon to give one another the hand. The one contains rich coal deposits, the other presents them with a market or outlet. A few native productions, as taro, sorgho, and arrowroot, contribute to the consumption within; but the agricultural and commercial resources of the place might be made to assume a considerable extension if the colonists were more active and numerous. Few Europeans have undertaken attempts at colonisation upon a large scale in the island; and it is possible that here, as elsewhere in China, this duty will be delegated to the Chinese.

The yellow faces had been rarely seen at Tahiti till the year 1856, when an American ship brought over a whole batch of them. They were miners and craftsmen, on their way from Australia to California, but arrived at Papeete, they asked permission of the governor to establish themselves there as servants, porters, and workmen. The captain, who on his side had been in great apprehension of a revolt, was delighted with the idea of getting rid of his living load. Thus it was that about a hundred individuals became the nucleus of a Chinese colony. They have their separate quarter, whence they issue forth every morning by daylight throughout town and island in the pursuit of all kinds of branches of industry. The approximation of two such different class of men as the Chinese and the native Oceanians presents a very singular contrast, which can only be seen at Tahiti and in the Sandwich Islands, because it is only in these that the natives mingle with Europeans in their towns. The Chinaman makes but a mean appearance, with his bald head and long tail, his prominent jaw and oblique look, by the side of the Polynesian of

Tahiti or Sandwich, tall and strong, with regular features, somewhat savage, with an expression at times ferocious, at others simple, and a step at once proud and indifferent. Sitting at the door of his tent, or bending beneath his burden, there is something in a Chinaman's physiognomy that is at once expressive of timidity, and yet of cunning, cheating, and deception. By the look which he casts at the native, so gallant in his person, but so improvident, idle, and careless, one can see at once that he looks upon him as his prey. No sooner had they been established in the island than one of the Chinese observed the favour in which the Bible stands with the natives. The religious education of the Tahitians was effected by Anglican missionaries, and the introduction of Roman Catholicism with French domination has not changed the primitive affections of the natives. The Bible translated into the native language continues to be their book of predilection. Our Chinaman accordingly went through the island provided with trinkets, glass beads, and other ornaments, and he thus induced many Tahitians, balancing between religious faith and love of luxury, to part with their books. The sectator of Fo was thus enabled to make a complete harvest of Bibles, to monopolise, in fact, the traffic, and to sell them back again at a most exorbitant price. Another took it into his head to utilise the inclination of the Tahitian women for pleasure by organising a system of regular prostitution, but the administration interfered with his proceedings, and it was no doubt with much vexation of spirit that he witnessed the length of Broom-road, left in the evenings to the usual swarms of playful, foolish Tahitian girls. "Alas!" says M. Jacobs, "yet these are the men to whom in all probability a great part in the future of Oceania is left." This, at least, is a favourite theory with the French. "They (the Chinese) take with them activity and industry, but there is little or no progress; these qualities are the instruments of base and vulgar passions." The stamp of such is, indeed, in every feature. "If, one day," says M. Jacobs, "the circumnavigator finds some thousands of these Jews of the East scattered over Polynesia, increasing in numbers and wealth, will he not regret the time when the canoes wafted the indolent, benevolent, and peaceful (with some exceptions!) natives of these fortunate islands of the Pacific alongside the ships of Cook?" We do not believe in anything of the kind; such an idea of the inevitable progress of China appears to have sprung up among the French solely from their own inaptitude at colonisation.

The native of the Marquesas, better preserved from external contact by isolation, from those islands not being as yet upon any commercial highway, and visited almost solely by whalers, has also more perfectly preserved his personal and primitive physiognomy. He appears to belong to a more energetic and fierce race than the Tahitian: tattooing of a complicated character, warrior-dances, and human sacrifices are still in full vigour in those portions of the country where French influence has not yet made itself felt. There is the same difference between the natives of the two archipelagoes as there is between the islands themselves. Nukahiva has not the same smiling aspect as Tahiti; its shores present at first aspect nothing but gloomy cliffs, which terminate in dark precipices over the sea, or rise up in slopes towards the sharp and pointed peaks of the mountains of the interior. These black volcanic rocks are clad with coarse grass, and only here and there a few trees of stunted growth show themselves upon the heights; it is only in the deep valleys

that open towards the sea, and that are watered by rivulets, that a rich vegetation presents itself. So dense, however, is the vegetation in these narrow glens, and so intricate is their disposition, that they leave the natives in a curious kind of isolation from one another—a circumstance which has also materially affected their character. They are almost uniformly of a grave and almost mournful disposition. To see them asking of their kava its formidable enjoyments, it would be fancied that these men were seeking to bury a sorrow in oblivion, or to ward off some fatal curse.

Five or six natives get together, one of them chews the white and tender root of the native plant, and with his saliva mixed with water he forms a yellow liquor, having a penetrating odour, but not spirituous, and which produces a somnolence and inebriety which resembles that of the hashish. He who partakes of it does not reel, nor does he utter exclamations; he preserves his consciousness and his reason, but he is seized with a general nervous shaking, he projects his head forwards, and feels great weakness in his limbs. He walks slowly and with an uncertain step, and soon seeks repose on a mat. He requires, indeed, absolute silence and repose, the circulation is subdued, a profuse perspiration comes on, sight becomes confused, and a sort of torpid yet calm feeling supervenes, accompanied sometimes by erotic visions. This state of intoxication comes on at the end of twenty minutes, and lasts from two to six hours, sometimes more, according to the dose and the habits of the drinker. The use of the kava has disappeared from Tahiti, whose inhabitants prefer brandy and absinthe, but it is in full vigour at the Marquesas, where the habitual drunkards are easily recognised by their bloodshot eyes, their exceeding thinness, and by white scales or ulcers that appear upon the skin.

The French have increased the natural resources of these islands by importing there cattle, sheep, and asses. Pigs and dogs and poultry have been long known. Unfortunately, rats have emigrated at the same time, and they entail sad destruction among the fowls. It was, no doubt, with the view of reserving what remained to themselves, that the priests and chiefs declared them to be tabooed. Nothing would induce a native to eat a fowl, or even to lay his head on a pillow stuffed with their feathers. It is the same with regard to the sea turtle, which is not often caught, and which is reserved for certain religious ceremonies. At Nukahiva, where human sacrifices have disappeared since the French occupation, the turtle replaces human victims. Among the favourite dishes with these people figures the devil-fish, a kind of skate or ray, the chase of which with harpoons in canoes is replete with danger and excitement. Sharks, notwithstanding the coarseness of their flesh, are also much sought after, and are eaten like venison with us, almost in a state of putridity. The American whalers, aware of this peculiarity, exchange sharks for pigs and sheep.

The islanders, the number of whom are reckoned at about twelve thousand, present in general a handsome type. The men are tall and well made; their physiognomies would be often pleasing, if it were not for the tattooing to which they subject them; the brown colour of their skin fades beneath this frightful operation, and they appear black or deep blue. They raise up their hair into a kind of fan with a stiff band. Their eyes are dark and expressive, their teeth good, and they have more

beard than other Polynesians. The women are well made, and have pleasing figures. They are marriageable when very young, and as lascivious as all the women of the Pacific. Men and women are equally apt in all bodily exercises, and they swim and dive with marvellous dexterity. The dialects spoken at the Marquesas and at Tahiti have been made the object of especial study by the hydrographical engineer Gaussin. They may, he says, originate from a common source, but they have been modified in divers senses, and have taken very distinct characters, according to the instincts and tastes of the two populations. "When," says a French naval officer, M. Jouan, who resided for several years at Nukahiva, "one arrives from Tahiti, where the inhabitants are so talkative and noisy, and where a soft and flowing idiom is heard on all sides, one is surprised at the taciturnity of the Nukahivians. They speak little, and what they do utter is in a formidable bass tone, in which they eliminate distinctly all the syllables of their harsh language. In this language the people call themselves Kanata, and the natives of the Sandwich Islands Kanaka; hence the name of Kanaks (or Canaques of the French) given to the Polynesians generally, as also to the language in which the Bible is translated.

France took possession of Tahiti and Nukahiva in the year 1842; but these two establishments have had different destinies, which have been attributed to their respective positions in the Pacific. The first, without attaining to great prosperity, has yet, we are told, arrived at "a useful and serious existence." Papeete saw one hundred and forty-three merchantmen enter its harbour in 1856; the value of imports has risen to three millions, and of exports to a little less than two millions of francs. Nukahiva has only been visited by the American whalers when descending from the north-west seas to the southward. A harrack and a few houses constitute the city, and a lieutenant, twenty marines, and a few missionaries, constitute the European population! It has been a question of abandoning this possession, which is so unproductive. Nevertheless, it is argued, that it is not because the occupation of the Marquesas has hitherto been useless to France, that it must be always so. "A great project," we are gravely assured, "in part already realised, and called for by the unanimous expression of contemporaneous civilisation, the opening of the isthmuses of Suez and of Nicaragua, at one and the other extremities of the globe, between Africa and Asia, and between the two American continents, are in the act of being carried out. (!)

"Our era, a little sooner or a little later, is destined to see those old barriers, which lengthen the voyage to the Pacific and to the Indian Ocean, removed. When that is accomplished, the group of the Marquesas, the archipelago of the Society Islands and New Caledonia, like steps from the east to the west of the Pacific Ocean, between the American isthmus and Australia, Malasia and New Zealand, the regions of gold, of colonisation, and of commerce, may become so many stations between the old world and the new. These rocks, so long useless, will then spring into new life, and at the same hour the doom of the native races will have been pronounced. Either they will have learnt to adapt themselves to the active and laborious existence of which Enrope makes law, even to the islands of Oceania, or they will have given way to the Americans, the English, or the Chinese, to those men who move and toil 'throughout the whole earth.'"

THE SHADOW OF ASHLIDYAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

PART THE THIRD.

I.

BROOMHEAD.

THE contrast between them was great. You could see it most remarkably as they sat together: both were beautiful, but of a different type of beauty. There are some people—and they bear a very large proportion of the whole—to whom the human countenance is as a sealed book: there are others for whom that book stands open to its every page. The capacity of reading character—what is it? where does it lie? Phrenologists call it, not inaptly, comparison. There stands a man before you, a stranger; seen now for the first time; and as you glance upon him you involuntarily shrink within yourself, and trench imaginary walls round about you, and say, That man is a bad man. Your eyes fall upon another—equally a stranger, until that moment—and your honest heart flows out to him; you could extend to him the hand of confidence there and then, for that man's countenance is an index of his nature, and you *know* that you may trust him to the death. In what part of the face does this tell-tale index seat itself? In the eyes? in the mouth? in the features separately? or in the whole? Certainly in the whole. To judge of temper alone, the eye and mouth—provided you take them in repose—are sure indications, but, to judge of what a man is, you must look to the whole. You don't know precisely where to look for it—any more than do those know who cannot see it at all: you cannot say it lies in the forehead, or the eyebrows, or the eyes, or the chin; you do see it, and that is all you can tell. Beauty and ugliness, in themselves, have nothing to do with it—an ugly countenance may, and often does, bear its own innate goodness, as certain as that one of beauty sometimes does its own repulsion. Were there certain unerring signs to judge by, all the human race might become readers of character: but, that will never be, so long as the world shall last. In like manner, as we cannot tell precisely where nature's marks lie, so are we unable to tell where lies the capacity to read them. Is it a faculty? or is it instinct? This I do know: that it is one of the great gifts of God. Where the power exists in an eminent degree, rely upon it its possessor is never deceived in his estimation of character. It is born with him into the world. As a little child he has his likes and dislikes of persons: and sometimes may get whipped for expressing them too strongly: as he grows, the faculty—instinct—call it what you will—is ever in exercise; at rest when he sleeps; never else. Those who do not possess the gift (no disparagement to them: they may possess others, equally, or more, valuable) cavil at it—laugh at it—do not believe in it. Read what people are by the face? Moonshine! *they* know better. Others, who allow the fact, have talked of "reducing it to a science," whatever that may mean, and of

teaching it to the world, as we teach the classics to our boys. It may be done, say they. Possibly. I am not going to dispute it. We all acknowledge the wonders of this most wonderful age. Fishes are made to talk; fleas to comport themselves as gentlemen; monkeys are discovered to be men—or men monkeys—which is it? a shirt is advertised to be made complete in four minutes (buttons, warranted fast, included) by the new sewing-machine; we send ourselves in photograph to make morning calls; the opposite ends of the world are brought together by electric telegraph; chloroform has rendered the surgeon's knife something rather agreeable than otherwise; we are made quite at home with "spirits," and ghosts are reduced to a theory. Not to speak of those other discoveries connected with the air, earth, and water, which it would require an F.R.S. to descant upon. Wonderful discoveries of a wonderful age! Compare the last fifty years with the previous fifty; when people made their wills before going to London, and flocked to the show at the fair and saw the learned pig point out the identical young woman who had had the quarrel with her sweetheart the previous Sunday afternoon! It is not my province to dispute these wonders: they may, or may not, be facts: but when you come to talk of reducing this great gift to a "science," the result will be a failure. Try and do so. Make a school for it; give lectures; write books; beat it into heads: and then say to your pupils, "Now ynu are finished, go out into the world and use your eyes and read your fellow-men." And the pupil will, perhaps, think he does read them: but, as the first deduction he draws, so will be the last—wrong. Neither art nor science can teach it; neither man nor woman can make it theirs by any amnunt of labour: where the faculty is not theirs by divine gift, it cannot be made to exist by human skill.

A reader of character would have noted the cnntrast between those two young ladies as they stood there: he would have trusted the one; he would not have trusted the other. And yet, Charlotte Pain had her good qualities: kind hearted in the main, liberal natured, pleasant tempered, of a spirit firm and resolute, fit to battle with the world, and to make good her own way in it: but not truthful; not high principled; not one, whom I—had I been George Godolphin—would have chosen for my wife, or for my bosom friend.

Maria Hastings was eminent in what Charlotte Pain lacked. Of rare integrity; of high principle; gentle, and refined; incapable of deceit; and with a loving nature that could be true unto death! But she was a very child in the ways of the world; timid, irresolute, unfit to battle with its cares; swayed easily by those she loved; and all too passionately fond of George Godolphin. Look at them both now—Charlutte, with her marked, brilliaut features; her pointed chin, telling of self-will; her somewhat full, red lips; the pose of her head upon her tall, firm form; her large eyes, made to dazzle, more than to attract; her perfectly self-possessed, not to say free manners!—all told of power; but not of innate refinement. Maria had too much of this refinement—if such a thing may be said of a young and gentle lady. She was finely and sensitively organised; considerate and gentle. It would be impossible for Maria Hastings to hurt wilfully the feelings of a fellow-creature: to the poorest beggar in the street she would have been courteous, considerate,

almost humble; not so much as a word of scorn could she cast to another, even in her inmost heart. The very formation of her hands would betray how sensitive and refined was her nature—and, that is another thing which bears its own character, the band; if you know how to read it. Her hands were of exceeding beauty: long, slender, taper fingers, of delicate aspect in a physical point of view. Every motion of those hands—and they were ever restless—was as a word; every unconscious, nervous movement of the frail, weak-looking fingers had its peculiar characteristic. Maria Hastings had been accused of being vain of her hands; of displaying them more than was needful: but the accusation, entirely untrue, was made by those who understood her but little, and her hands less. Such hands are rare: and it is as well they are so: for they indicate a nature far removed from the common, timid, intellectual, and painfully sensitive, which the rude world can neither understand, nor—perhaps—love. The gold too much refined is not fitted for ordinary uses. Charlotte Pain's hands were widely different: firm, plump, white; not small, and never moving unconsciously of themselves.

These pretty hands resting upon her knee, sat Maria Hastings, doing nothing. Maria—I grieve to have it to say of her in this very utilitarian age—was rather addicted to doing nothing. In her home, the rectory, Maria got reproved on that score more than on any other. It is ever so with those who live much in the inward life. Maria would fall into a train of thought—and be idle. She was not very strong of frame, and to such, rest is a boon inconceivable. The country lad said, if he were king, he would sit upon a stile and eat fat bacon all day. It was his best notion of enjoyment. Charlotte Pain's might have been, the galloping over the country on a thorough-bred steed, George Godolphin by her side: or some other cavalier equally attractive in himself, and equally given to display admiration for her attractions. Maria's ideal would have been, to sit under the shade of trees, sheltered from the noonday sun, or by the trellised honeysuckle, in the waning twilight: at rest; doing nothing; except listening to the sweet words of George Godolphin. For her there was "but one beloved face on earth;" and that one she would have liked to be "always shining on her."

Master Reginald Hastings would have lost his bet—that George Godolphin would be in Scotland a week after they got there—had he found anybody to take it. Ten or eleven days had elapsed, and no George had come, and no news of his intention to come. It was not for *this*, to be moped to death in an old Scotch country-house, that Charlotte Pain had accepted the invitation of Lady Godolphin. Careless George—careless as to the import any of his words might bear—had said to her, when they were talking of Scotland, "I wish you were to be of the party; to help us while away the dull days." Mr. George had spoken in gallantry—he was too much inclined so to speak; not only to Charlotte—without ever dreaming that his wish would be fulfilled literally. But, when Lady Godolphin afterwards gave the invitation—Sir George had remarked aloud at the family dinner-table that Miss Pain fished for it—Charlotte accepted it with undisguised pleasure. In point of fact, Mr. George, had the choice been given him, would have preferred having Maria Hastings to himself there.

But he did not come. Eleven days, and no George Godolphin: they

were still alone. Charlotte began to lay mental plans for the arrival of some sudden telegraphic message, demanding her immediate return to Prior's Ash; and Maria could only hope, and look, and long in secret.

It was a gloomy day; not rainy, but enveloped in mist, almost as bad as rain. They had gone out together, after luncheon, the two young ladies, but the weather drove them in again. Charlotte was restless and cross. She stirred the fire as if she had a spite against it; she dashed off a few bars at the piano, on which instrument she was a skilful player; she cut half the leaves of a new periodical and then flung it from her; she admired herself before the pier-glass; she sat down opposite Maria Hastings and her calm stillness; and now she jumped up again and violently rang the bell, to order her desk to be brought. Maria roused herself from her reverie.

"Charlotte, what is the matter? One would think you had St. Vitis' dance."

"So I have—if to shake all over with the fidgets is to have it. How you can sit so calm, so unmoved, is a marvel to me. Maria, if I were to be another ten days in this house, I should go mad."

"Why did you come?"

"Come! I thought it might be a pleasant change. Ashlydyat gets gloomy sometimes. How was I to know my lady led so quiet a life here? She was always talking of 'Broomhead,' 'Broomhead!' I could not possibly suppose it to be a dull place like this?"

"It is not a dull place, in itself. The house and grounds are charming."

"It is dull for me. I count by people, not by fine houses and praised-up scenery. The few people who come to dine here, or to call, are a set of old muffs; neither more nor less. And my lady enjoys their society better than that of any of her friends round Ashlydyat!"

"It is easy to be accounted for," said Maria. "They are her old, old friends: she lived amidst them for years; all during the period of her first marriage. I think, to come again amongst old friends from whom we live separated, we must feel like a child going home from school."

"Oh dear!" uttered Charlotte. "I wonder what fogs were sent for? To plague us, I conclude."

"So do I," laughed Maria. "I should have finished that sketch, but for the fog."

"No saddle-horses!" went on Charlotte. "I shall forget how to ride. I never heard of such a thing as a country-house without saddle-horses. Where was the use of bringing my new cap and habit? Only to get them crushed!"

Maria seemed to have relapsed into thought. She made no reply. Presently Charlotte began again.

"I wish I had my dogs here! Lady Godolphin would not extend the invitation even to King Charlie. She said she did not like dogs. What a heathen she must be!"

"I do not like them," interposed Maria.

Charlotte's eyes flashed. "I saw, once, a virago of a woman follow a poor, half-starved white dog out of a house, and she beat him till she broke his back. I suppose she did not 'like' dogs!"

"Oh, Charlotte—how dreadful! Had I seen that, I think I should never have been able to get it out of my sight! I cannot understand how any one can be cruel to dogs."

"You have just boasted that you don't like them," said Charlotte, ironically. "Why don't you?"

"I suppose chiefly because I have not been made familiar with them," replied Maria. "Papa has never suffered a dog within the walls of our house. Mind, Charlotte; I do not say I dislike dogs; I only say I do not like them. I neither like them nor dislike them."

"Oh! dogs are one of Mr. Hastings's prejudices, are they?" mocked handsome Charlotte. "I know he has some curious ones."

"Circumstances have made papa afraid of dogs—and he naturally avoids contact with them," observed Maria, her voice insensibly becoming low. "One, whom he loved dearly in early life, his companion at school, his friend at college, died from the bite of a dog."

"Some stray, wretched, homeless animal, goaded to madness by cruelty," cried Charlotte: "with a back only half broken, perhaps."

"Not a stray animal; not wretched: it was his own pet dog, which he had reared from a puppy."

"I'd rather pet a dog than pet a child," exclaimed Charlotte. "I wish I could see my darling pet, King Charlie! Kate never mentioned him once in her letter this morning!"

The words aroused Maria to animation. "Did you receive a letter this morning from Prior's Ash? You did not tell me."

"Margery brought it to my bedroom. It came last night, as I fancy, and lay in the letter-box. I do not think Sir George ought to keep that letter-box entirely under his own control," continued Charlotte. "He grows forgetful. Some evenings I know it is never looked at."

"I have not observed that Sir George is forgetful," dissented Maria.

"You observe nothing. I say that Sir George declines daily: both bodily and mentally."

"Bodily and mentally!" echoed Maria, in a reproving tone. "Charlotte, what random things you say! A stranger, hearing you, might conclude Sir George was childish, or insane."

"The mental powers may grow weak and decay, but not always to insanity. I do see a great difference in Sir George; even in the short period that we have been here. He is not the man he was."

"He has his business letters regularly; and answers them."

"Quite a farce, the sending them," mocked Charlotte. "Thomas Godolphin is ultra filial. But—to come back to our starting-point—I think Mrs. Verrall's letter must have lain in the box a day; if not two. She is sure to have written it on Sunday. She'd never get through the day's weariness, she says, but for paying off arrears of correspondence."

Maria glanced quickly up; a reproachful glance in her eye, a reproachful word hovering on her lips. She did not speak it. "What news does Mrs. Verrall give you?" she inquired.

"Not much. Sarah Anne Grame is out of immediate danger, she says, and the fever has attacked two or three others."

"In Lady Sarah's house?"

"Nonsense! No. That sickly girl, Sarah Anne, took it, because I suppose she could not help it: but there's not much fear of its spreading

to the rest of the house. If they had been going to have it, it would have shown its effects on them ere this. It has crept on to those pests of cottages by the Pollards. The Bonds are down with it."

"The worst spot it could have got to!" exclaimed Maria. "Those cottages are unhealthy at the best of times."

"They had a dinner party on Saturday," continued Charlotte.

"At the cottages!"

Charlotte laughed. "At Ashlydyat. The Godolphins were there. At least, she mentioned Bessy, and your chosen cavalier, Mr. George."

Maria's cheek flushed crimson. Charlotte Pain was rather fond of this kind of satire. Had she believed there was anything serious between George Godolphin and Maria, she would have eaten her tongue off, rather than allude to it. It was not Charlotte's intention to spare him to Maria Hastings.

"I would give something," Charlotte suddenly resumed, in a dreamy tone, "to know what is keeping him at Prior's Ash. Kate says not a word about his leaving it: therefore I conclude he has changed his mind, as to coming here."

Maria listened eagerly. In her own letters from home, George Godolphin was not mentioned: not one of the inmates of it, Grace, perhaps, excepted, had ever glanced to the suspicion that he cared for Maria, or she for him. Not coming! her heart sank within her.

Charlotte Pain unlocked her desk, which had been brought; read over a letter—that Maria supposed might be the one in question—and sat down to answer it. Maria drew nearer to the fire, and sat looking into it, her cheek leaning on her hand: sat there until the dusk of the winter's afternoon fell upon the room. She turned to her companion.

"Can you see, Charlotte?"

"Scarcely. I have just finished."

A few minutes, and Charlotte folded her letters. Two. The one was directed to Mrs. Verrall, Ashlydyat; the other to Rodolf Pain, Esquire, London.

"I shall go up to dress," she said, locking her desk.

"There's plenty of time," returned Maria. "I wonder where Sir George and Lady Godolphin are! They did not intend to stay out so late."

"Oh, when those ancient codgers get together, talking of their ancient times and doings, they take no more heed how the time goes, than we do at a ball," carelessly spoke Charlotte.

Maria laughed. "Lucky for you, Charlotte, that Lady Godolphin is not within hearing. 'Ancient codgers!'"

Charlotte left the room, carrying her letters with her. Maria sat on, some considerable time—and then it occurred to her to look at her watch. A quarter to five.

A quarter to five! Had she been asleep? No, only dreaming. She started up, threw wide the door, and was passing swiftly into the dark ante-chamber. The house had not been lighted, and the only light came from the fire, behind Maria. Showing out herself clearly enough, but rendering that ante-chamber particularly dark to the eyes. Little wonder, then, that she gave a scream when she found herself caught in somebody's arms, against whom she had nearly run.

"Is it you, Sir George? I beg your pardon."

Not Sir George. Sir George would not have held her to him with that impassioned fervour. Sir George would not have taken those fond kisses from her lips. It was another George, just come in from his long day's journey. He pressed his face, cold from the fresh night air, upon her warm one. "My dearest! I knew you would be the first to welcome me!"

Dark enough around, it was still; but a light, as of some sunny Eden, illumined the heart of Maria Hastings. The shock of joy was indeed great. Every vein was throbbing, every pulse tingling, and George Godolphin, had he never before been sure that her deep and entire love was his, must have known it then.

A servant was heard approaching with lights. George Godolphin turned to the fire, and Maria turned with him.

"Did any of you expect me?" he inquired.

"Oh no!" impulsively answered Maria. "I can scarcely now believe that it is you, in reality."

He looked at her and laughed; his gay laugh: as much as to say that he had given her a tolerable proof of his reality. She stood, in her pretty timid manner, before the fire, her eyelids drooping, and the flame lighting up her fair face.

"Is my father at home?" he asked, taking off his over-coat. He had walked from the railway station, a mile or two distant.

"He went out with Lady Godolphin this morning to pay a visit to some old friends. I thought they would have returned long before this."

"Is he getting strong, Maria?"

Maria thought of what Charlotte Pain had said, and hesitated. "He appears to me to be better than when we left Prior's Ash. But he is far from strong."

The servant finished lighting the chandelier, and retired. George Godolphin watched the door close, and then drew Maria in front of him, gazing down at her.

"Let me look at you, my darling! Are you glad to see me?"

Glad to see him! The tears nearly welled up with the intensity of her emotion. "I had begun to think you were not coming at all," she said, in a low tone. "Charlotte Pain had a letter from Mrs. Verrall this morning, in which you were mentioned as——"

Charlotte herself interrupted the conclusion of the sentence. She came in, ready for dinner. George turned to greet her, his manner warm, his hands outstretched.

"Margery said Mr. George was here! I did not believe her," cried Charlotte, resigning her hands to him. "Did you come on the telegraph-wires?"

"They would not have brought me quickly enough to *your* presence," cried Mr. George.

Charlotte laughed gaily. "I was just prophesying you would not come at all. Mrs. Verrall did not give me the information that you were about to start, amidst her other items of intelligence. Besides, I know you are rather addicted to forgetting your promises."

"What items had Mrs. Verrall to urge against me?" demanded George.

"I forget them now. Nothing, I believe. Is Prior's Ash alive still?"

"It was, when I left it."

"And the fever, George?" inquired Maria.

"Fever? Oh, I don't know much about it."

"As if fevers were in his way!" ironically cried Charlotte Pain. "He troubles himself no more about fevers, than does Lady Godolphin."

"Than Lady Godolphin would like to do, I suppose you mean, Miss Pain," he rejoined.

Maria was looking at him wistfully—almost reproachfully. He saw it, and turned to her with a smile. "Has it in truth attacked the cottages down by the Pollards?" she asked.

George nodded. He was not so ignorant as he appeared. "Poor Bond had it first; and now two of his children are attacked. I understand Mr. Hastings declares it is a judgment upon the town, for not looking better after the hovels and the drainage."

"Has Bond recovered?" asked Maria.

"No."

"Not recovered?" she exclaimed, quickly.

"He is dead, Maria."

She clasped her hands, shocked at the news. "Dead! Leaving that large helpless family! And Sarah Anne Grame is out of danger?"

"From the violence of the fever. But she is in so dangerously weak a state from its effects, that it will be next to a miracle if she recovers. Lady Sarah is half out of her mind. She had prayers put up for Sarah Anne on Sunday. Pretty Ethel has escaped! to the delight of Prior's Ash in general, and of Thomas in particular. What carriage is that?" suddenly broke off George, as the sound of one was heard.

It proved to be Sir George's, bringing home himself and my lady. George hastened to meet them as they entered the hall, his handsome face glowing, his bright chestnut hair waving, his hands held out. "My dear father!"

The old knight, with a surprised cry of gladness, caught the hands, and pressed them to his heart. My lady advanced with her welcome. She bent her tinted cheek forwards, by way of greeting, and Mr. George touched it with his delicate lips—lightly, as became its softened bloom.

"So you have found your way to us, George! I expected you would have done so before."

"Did you, madam?"

"Did we!" cried the knight, taking up the word. "Listen to that vain George! He pretends to ignore the fact that there was an attraction here. Had a certain young lady remained at Prior's Ash, I expect you would not have given us much of your company at Broomhead. If Miss Charlotte——"

"Did you call me, Sir George?" interrupted Charlotte, tripping forward from the back of the hall, where she and Maria stood, out of sight, but within hearing.

"No, my dear, I did not call you," replied Sir George Godolphin.

II.

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

SEATED on a camp-stool, amidst a lovely bit of woodland scenery, was Maria Hastings. The day, beautifully bright, was warm as one in September; delightful for the pleasure-seekers at Broomhead, but bad for the fever at Prior's Ash. Maria was putting some finishing touches to a sketch—she had taken many since she came—and Mr. George Godolphin and Charlotte Pain watched her as they pleased, or took sauntering strolls to a distance.

Lady Godolphin was as fond of Broomhead as the Godolphins were of Ashlydyat. Certainly Broomhead was the more attractive home of the two: a fine house, of exquisite taste; with modern rooms and modern embellishments: and when she invited the two young ladies to accompany her on her visit to it, she was actuated as much by a sense of exultation at exhibiting the place to them, as by a desire for their companionship. Though, she did like and desire the companionship. Lady Godolphin, who never read, and never worked; in short, never did anything, was obliged to have friends with her to dissipate her ennui and cheat time. She liked young ladies best; for they did not interfere with her own will, and were rarely exacting visitors.

But she required less of this companionship at Broomhead. There, she knew everybody, and everybody knew her. She was sufficiently familiar with the smallest and poorest cottage to take an interest in its ill-doings and its short-comings; at least, as much interest as it was possible to the nature of Lady Godolphin to take. Old acquaintances dropped in without ceremony, and stayed the morning with her, gossiping of times past and present; or she dropped in to their houses, and stayed with them. Of gaiety there was none: Sir George's state of health forbade it: and in this quiet social intercourse—which Charlotte Pain held in especial contempt—the young visitors were not wanted. Altogether they were much at liberty, and went roaming where they would, under the protection of Mr. George Godolphin.

He had now been a week at Broomhead: flirting with Charlotte, giving stolen minutes to Maria. A looker-on might have decided that Miss Pain was the gentleman's chief magnet of attraction: for, in public, his attentions were principally given to her. *She* may be pardoned for estimating them at more than they were worth: but she could very well have welcomed any friendly wind that would have come to waft away Maria, and to keep her away. They knew, those two girls, that their mutual intercourse was of a hollow nature; that their paraded friendship, their politeness, was rotten at the core. Each was jealous of the other; and, the one subject which filled their minds, was never alluded to in their speech. Either might have affirmed to the other, "You are aware that I watch you and George: my jealous eyes are upon your every movement, my jealous ears are ever open." But these avowals are not made in social life, and Charlotte and Maria observed studied courtesy, making believe to be mutually unconscious: knowing all the while that the

consciousness existed in a remarkable degree. It was an artificial state of things.

"How dark you are making those trees!" exclaimed Charlotte Pain.

Maria paused, pencil in hand; glanced at the trees opposite, and at the trees on paper. "Not too dark," she said. "The grove is a heavy one."

"What's that queer-looking thing in the corner? It is like a half-moon, coming down to pay us a visit."

Maria held out her sketch at arm's distance, laughing merrily. "You do not understand perspective, Charlotte. Look at it now."

"Not I," said Charlotte. "I understand nothing of the work. They tried me at it when I was a child, but I never could be got to make a straight line without the ruler. After all, where's the use of it? The best-made sketch cannot rival its model, nature."

"But the sketches serve to remind us of familiar places, when we are beyond their reach," was Maria's answer. "I like drawing."

"Maria draws well," observed George Godolphin, from his swinging perch on the branch of a neighbouring tree.

She looked up at him, almost gratefully. "This will be one of the best sketches I have taken here," she said. "It is so thoroughly picturesque: and that farm-house, beneath the hill, serves to give life to the picture."

Charlotte Pain cast her eyes upon the house in the distance over the green field, to which she had not before vouchsafed a glance. A shade of contempt crossed her face.

"Call *that* a farm-house! I should say it was a tumble-down old cottage."

"It is large for a cottage: and it has a barn and sheds around it," returned Maria. "I conclude it was a farm some time."

"It is not inhabited," said Charlotte.

"Oh yes it is. There is a woman standing at the door. I have put her in my sketch."

"And her pipe also?" cried out George.

"Her pipe!"

George took his own cigar from his mouth, as he answered. "She is smoking, that woman. A short pipe."

Maria shaded her eyes with her hand and gazed attentively. "I—really—do—think—she—is!" she exclaimed, slowly. "What a strange thing!"

"A Welshwoman, married to a Scotch husband, possibly," suggested Charlotte. "The Welsh smoke."

"I'll make her a Welshwoman," said Maria, gaily, "with a man's coat, and a man's hat. But, there's—there's another now. George! it is Margery!"

"Yes," said Mr. George, composedly. "I saw her go in half an hour ago. How smart she is! She must be paying morning visits."

They laughed at this, and watched Margery. A staid woman of middle age, who had been maid to the late Mrs. Godolphin. Margery dressed plainly, but she certainly did look smart to-day, as the sun's dazzling rays fell upon her. The sun was unusually bright, and Charlotte Pain remarked it, saying it made her eyes ache.

"Suspiciously bright," observed George Godolphin.

"Suspiciously?"

He flung the ashes from his cigar with his finger. "Suspicious of a storm," he said. "We shall have it, ere long."

"Do you think so?"

He pointed his hand towards the edge of the horizon. "See those clouds. They look small, inoffensive; but they mean mischief."

Charlotte Pain strolled away over the meadow towards the cross path on which Margery was advancing. George Godolphin leaped from his seat, apparently with the intention of following her. But first of all he approached Maria, and bent to look at her progress.

"Make the farm—as you called it—very conspicuous, Maria, if you are going to reserve the sketch as a memento," said he.

"Is it not a farm?"

"It was, once; until idleness suffered it to drop through."

"Why should I make it particularly conspicuous?" she continued.

There was no reply, and she looked quickly up. A peculiar expression, one which she did not understand, sat upon his face.

"If we had a mind to cheat the world, Maria, we might do so, by paying a visit to that house?"

"In what way?"

"I might take you in Maria Hastings, and bring you out Mrs. George Godolphin."

"What do you mean?" she uttered, completely puzzled.

Mr. George laughed. "The man who lives there, Sandy Bray, has made more couples one than a rustic parson. Some people call him a public nuisance: others say he is a convenience, it being three miles to the nearest kirk. He goes by the nickname of Minister Bray. Many a lad and lassie have stolen in there, under cover of the glimmering twilight, and in five minutes have come forth again, married, the world being none the wiser."

"Is it the place they call Gretna Green?" inquired Maria, in much astonishment.

"No," laughed he; "it is not Gretna Green. Only a place of the same description, equally serviceable."

"But such marriages cannot stand good!"

"Indeed they do. You have surely heard of the Scotch laws?"

"I have heard that anybody can marry people in Scotland. I have heard that the simple declaration of saying you take each other for man and wife constitutes a marriage."

"Yes; if said before a witness. Would you like to try it, Maria?"

The colour flushed into her face as she bent it over her drawing. She smiled at the joke, simply shaking her head by way of answer. And Mr. George Godolphin went off, laughing, lighting another cigar as he walked. Overtaking Charlotte Pain just as Margery came up, he accosted the latter.

"How grand you are, Margery! What's agate?"

"Grand!" uttered Margery. "Who says it? What is there grand about me?"

"That shawl displays as many colours as the kaleidoscope. We

thought it was a rainbow coming along. Did it arrive express in a parcel last night from Paisley?"

"It isn't me that's got money to spend upon parcels!" retorted Margery. "I have too many claims a dragging my purse at both ends, for that."

A faithful servant was Margery, in spite of her hard features, and her hard speech. Of scant ceremony she had always been, and of scant ceremony she would remain: in fact, she was given to treat the younger branches of the Godolphins, Mr. George included, very much as she had treated them when they were children. They knew her sterling worth, and they did not quarrel with her plain manners.

"When you have got half a dozen children a pulling at your tail, 'I want this!' from one, and 'I want that!' from another, and the same cry a running through the lot, it isn't much money you can keep to spend on shawls," resumed Margery.

George Godolphin enjoyed his joke at Margery, rarely letting slip an opportunity of teasing her. At times they came to an open rupture.

"Half a dozen children!" he exclaimed, lifting his hands in awe. "What an avowal for a single woman!"

"Single women often have more children than married ones, as far as the cost of 'em goes!" cried Margery, who altogether appeared too much put out to care for anything said by George. "I know I have found it so. I was a fool to come here; that's what I was! When the master said to me, 'You had better come with us, Margery,' I ought to have answered, 'No, Sir George, I'm better stopping away.'"

"Well, what is the grievance, Margery?" George asked, while Charlotte Pain turned from one to the other with curiosity.

"Why, they are on at me for money, that's what it is, Mr. George. My lady sent for me this morning to say she intended to call and see Selina to-day. Of course I knew what that meant—that I was to go and give 'em a hint to have things tidy—for, if there's one thing my lady won't do, it is to put her foot into a pigsty. So I clapped on my shawl, that you are laughing at, and went. There was nothing the matter with the place, for a wonder; but there was with them. Selina, she's in bed, ill—and if she frets as she's fretting now, she won't get out of it in a hurry. Why did she marry the fellow? It does make me so vexed!"

"What has she to fret about?" continued George.

"What does she always have to fret about?" retorted Margery. "His laziness, and them children's ill-doings. They go roaming about the country, here, there, and everywhere, after work, as they say, after places: and then they get into trouble and untold-of worry, and come home or send home for money to help them out of it! One of them, Nick—and a good name for him, say I!—must be off into Wales to them relations of Bray's; and he has been at some mischief there, and is in prison for it, and is now committed to take his trial. And the old woman has walked all the way here to get funds from them, to pay for his defence. The news has half killed Selina."

"I said she was a Welshwoman" interrupted Charlotte Pain. "She was smoking, was she not, Margery?"

"She's smoking a filthy short pipe," wrathfully returned Margery.

"But for that, I should have said she was a decent body—although it's next to impossible to make out her tongue. She puts in ten words of Welsh to two of English. Of course they have got no money to furnish for it; it wouldn't be them if they had; so they are wanting to get it out of me. Fifteen or twenty pound! My word! They'd like me to end my days in the workhouse."

"You might turn a deaf ear, Margery," said George.

"I know I might: and many a hundred times have I vowed I would," returned Margery. "But there's she in her bed, poor thing, sobbing and moaning, and asking if Nick is to be abandoned quite. The worse a lad turns out, the more a mother clings to him—as it seems to me. Let me be here, or let me be at Ashlydyat, I have no peace for their wants. By word of mouth or by letter they are on at me."

"If 'Nick' has got a father, why can he not supply him?" asked Charlotte.

"It's a sensible question, Miss Pain," said the woman. "Nick's father is one of them stinging-nettles that only encumber the world, doing no good for themselves nor for anybody beside. 'Minister' Bray, indeed! it ought to be something else, I think. Many a one has had cause to rue the hour that he 'ministered' for 'em!"

"How does he minister?—what do you mean?" wondered Charlotte.

"He marries folks; that's his ne'er-do-well occupation, Miss Pain. Give him a five-shilling piece, and he'd marry a boy to his grandmother. I'm Scotch by nativity—though it's not much that I have lived in the land—but, I do say, that, to suffer such laws to stand good, is a sin and a shame. Two foolish children—and many of those that go to him are no better—stand before him for a half minute, and he pronounces them to be man and wife! And man and wife then they are, and must remain so, till the grave takes one of them: whatever their repentance may be, when they wake up from their folly. It's just one of the blights upon bonny Scotland."

Margery, with no ceremony of leave-taking, turned at the last words, and continued her way. George Godolphin smiled at the blank expression displayed on the countenance of Charlotte Pain. Had Margery been talking Welsh, like the old woman with the pipe, she could not have less understood.

"You require the key, Charlotte," said he. "Shall I give it to you? Margery was my mother's maid, as you may have heard. Her sister, Selina, was maid to the present Lady Godolphin: not of late: long and long before she ever knew my father. It appears the girl, Selina, was a favourite with her mistress; but she left her in spite of opposition, opposition from all quarters, to marry Mr. Sandy Bray. And has, there's no doubt, been rueing it ever since. There are several children, of an age now to be out in the world; but you heard Margery's account of them. I fear they do pull unconscionably at poor Margery's purse-strings."

"Why does she let them?" asked Charlotte.

Mr. George opened his penknife and ran the point of it through his cigar, ere he answered. "Margery has a soft place in her heart. As I believe most of us have—if our friends could but find the way to it."

"How strange that two sisters should live, the one with your father's

first wife, the other with his second!" exclaimed Charlotte, when she had given a few moments to thought. "Were they acquainted?—the ladies."

"Not in the least. They never saw each other. I believe it was through these women being sisters that my father became acquainted with the present Lady Godolphin. He was in Scotland, with Janet, visiting my mother's family, and Margery, who was with them, brought Janet to that very house, there, to see her sister. Mrs. Campbell—as she was, then—happened to have gone there that day: and that's how the whole arose. People say there's a fatality in all things. One would think there must be: until that day, Mrs. Campbell had not been in the house for two or three years, and would not be likely to go into it for two or three more."

"Is Bray a mauvais sujet?"

George lifted his eyebrows. "I don't know that there's much against him, except his incorrigible laziness: that's bad enough when a man has children to keep. Work he will not. Beyond the odds and ends that he gets by the exercise of what he is pleased to call his trade, the fellow earns nothing. Lady Godolphin is charitable to the wife; and poor Margery, as she says, finds her purse drawn at both ends."

"I wondered why Margery came to Scotland!" exclaimed Charlotte, "not being Lady Godolphin's maid. What is Margery's capacity in your family? I have never been able to find out."

"It might puzzle herself to tell what it is, now. After my mother's death, she waited on my sisters: but when they left Ashlydyat, Margery declined to follow them. She would not quit Sir George. She is excessively attached to him, nearly as much so as she was to my mother. That, the quitting of Ashlydyat, ourselves first, and then my father, was a hard blow to Margery," George added, in a dreamy tone. "She has never been the same in manner since."

"It was Margery, was it not, who attended upon Sir George in his long illness?"

"I do not know what he would have done without her," spoke George Godolphin, in a tone that betrayed its own gratitude. "In sickness she is invaluable: certainly not to be replaced, where she is attached. Lady Godolphin, though in her heart I do not fancy she likes Margery, respects her for her worth."

"I cannot say I like her," said Charlotte Pain. "Her manners are too independent. I have heard her order you about."

"And you will hear her again," said George Godolphin. "She exercised great authority over us when we were children, and she looks upon us as children still. Her years have grown with ours, and there is ever the same distance of age between us. I speak of the younger among us: to Thomas and Janet she is the respectful servant; in a measure also to Bessy: of me and Cecil she considers herself partial mistress."

"If they are so poor as to draw Margery of her money, how is it they can live in that house and pay its rent?" inquired Charlotte, looking towards the building.

"It is Bray's own. The land, belonging to it, has been mortgaged three deep, long ago. He might have been in a tolerably good position,

had he chosen to take care of his chances: he was not born a peasant."

"Who is this?" exclaimed Charlotte.

A tall slouching man with red hair and heavy shoulders was advancing towards them from the house. George turned round to look: he had his back that way, leaning against a fence.

"That is Bray himself. Look at the lazy fellow! You may tell his temperament from his gait."

George Godolphin was right. The man was not walking along, but trailing—sauntering; turning to either side and bending his head as if flowers lay in his path and he wished to regard them; his hands in his pockets, his appearance anything but fresh and clean. They watched him come up. He touched his hat then and accosted Mr. George Godolphin.

"My service to ye, sir? I didna know you were in these parts."

"So you are still in the land of the living, Bray!" was Mr. George's response. "How is business?"

"Dull as a dyke," returned Bray. "Times are bad. I've hardly took a crown in the last three months, sir. I shall have to emigrate, if this is to go on."

"I fear you would scarcely find another country so tolerant of your peculiar calling, Bray," mocked George. "And what would the neighbourhood do without you? It must resign itself to single blessedness."

"The neighbourhood dunna come to me. Folks go over to the kirk now: it's come into fashion; and I'm going down. 'Twas different in the past times: a man would give a ten-pun note then to have things done neatly and quietly. But there's fresh notions and fresh havers; and, for all the good they have done me, I might as well be out of the world. Is this Miss Cecil?"

The last question was put abruptly, the man turning himself full upon Charlotte Pain, and scanning her face. George Godolphin was surprised out of an answer: had he taken a moment for reflection, he might have deemed the question an impertinent one, and passed it by.

"Miss Cecil is not in Scotland."

"I thought it might be her," said the man, "for Miss Cecil's looks are a country's talk, and I have heard much of them. I see now: there's nought of the Godolphin *there*. But it's a bonny face, young lady: and I dare say there's them that are finding it so."

He shambled on, with a gesture of the hand by way of salutation. Charlotte Pain did not dislike the implied compliment. "How can this man marry people?" she exclaimed. "He is no priest."

"He can, and he does; and is not interfered with, or forbidden," said George Godolphin. "At least, he did. By his own account, his patronage seems to be now on the decline."

"Did he marry them openly?"

"Well—no, I conclude not. If people found it convenient to marry openly, they would not go to him. And why they should go to him at all, puzzles me, and always has done: for, the sort of marriage that he performs can be performed by anybody wearing a coat, in Scotland, or by the couple themselves. But he has acquired a name, 'Minister Bray,' and a great deal lies in a name for ladies' ears."

"Ladies!" cried Charlotte, scornfully. "Only the peasants went to him, I am sure."

"Others have gone, besides peasants. Bray boasts yet of a fifty-pound note, once put into his hand for pronouncing the benediction. It is a ceremony that we are given to be lavish upon," added George, laughing. "I have heard of money being grudged for a funeral; but I never did for a wedding."

"Were I compelled to be a resident of this place, I should get married myself, or do something else as desperate, out of sheer ennui," she exclaimed.

"You find it dull?"

"It has been more tolerable since you came," she frankly avowed.

George raised his hat, and his blue eyes shot a glance into hers. "Thank you, Charlotte."

"Why were you so long in coming? Do you know what I had done? I had written a letter to desire Mrs. Verrall to recal me. Another week of it would have turned me melancholy. Your advent was better than nobody's."

"Thank you again, mademoiselle. When I promise——"

"Promise!" she warmly interrupted. "I have learnt what your promises are worth. Oh but, George, tell me—What was it that you and Lady Godolphin were saying yesterday? It was about Ethel Grame. I only caught a word here and there."

"Thomas wishes Lady Godolphin would invite Ethel here for the remainder of their stay. He thinks Ethel would be all the better for a change, after being mured up in that fever-tainted house. But, don't talk of it. It was but a little private negotiation that Thomas was endeavouring to carry out upon his own account. He wrote to me, and he wrote to my lady. Ethel knows nothing of it."

"And what does Lady Godolphin say?"

George drew in his lips. "She says No. As I expected. And I believe she is for once sorry to say it, for pretty Ethel is a favourite of hers. But she retains her dread of the fever. Her argument is, that, although Ethel has escaped it in her own person, she might by possibility bring it here in her clothes."

"Stuff!" cried Charlotte Pain. "Sarah Anne might; but I do not see how Ethel could. I wonder Thomas does not marry, and have done with it! He is old enough."

"And Ethel young enough. It will not be delayed long now. The vexatious question, concerning residence, must be settled in some way."

"What residence? What is there vexatious about it?" quickly asked Charlotte, curiously.

"There is some vexation about it, in some way or other," returned George, with indifference, not choosing to speak more openly. "It is not my affair: it lies between Thomas and Sir George. When Thomas comes here next week——"

"Is Thomas coming next week?" she interrupted.

"That is the present plan. And I return."

She threw her flashing eyes at him. They said—well, they said a good deal: perhaps Mr. George could read it. "You had better get another letter of recal written, Charlotte," he resumed, in a tone which might

be taken for jest or for earnest, "and give me the honour of your escort."

"How you talk!" returned she, peevishly. "As if Lady Godolphin would allow me to go all that way under *your* escort! As if I would go!"

"You might have a less safe one, Charlotte mia," cried Mr. George, somewhat saucily. "No lion should come near you, to eat you up."

"George," resumed Charlotte, after a pause, "I wish you would tell me whether Mrs. Verrall—Good Heavens! what's that?"

Loud sounds of distress were sounding in their ears. They turned hastily. Maria Hastings, her camp-stool overturned, her sketching materials scattered on the ground, was flying towards them, sobbing, moaning, calling upon George Godolphin to save her. There was no mistaking that she was in a state of intense terror.

Charlotte Pain wondered if she had gone mad. She could see nothing possible to alarm her. George Godolphin cast his rapid glance to the spot where she had sat, and could see nothing, either. He hastened to meet her, and caught her in his arms, where she literally threw herself.

Entwined round her left wrist was a small snake, or reptile of the species, more than a foot long. It looked like an eel, writhing there. Maria had never come into personal contact with anything of the sort: but she remembered what has been said of the deadly bite of a serpent; and her terror completely overmastered her.

He seized it and flung it from her; he laid her poor terrified face upon his breast, that she might soothe her fear; he cast a greedy glance at her wrist, where the thing had been: and his own face had turned white with emotion.

"My darling, there is no injury," he soothingly whispered. "Be calm! be calm!" And, utterly regardless of the presence of Charlotte Pain, he laid his cheek to hers, as if to reassure her, and kept it there.

Less regardless, possibly, had he seen Charlotte Pain's countenance. It was dark as night. The scales were rudely torn from her eyes: and she saw, in that moment, how fallacious had been her own hopes, touching George Godolphin.

III.

MR. SANDY'S "TRADE."

"WHATSOEVER is the matter?"

The interruption came from Lady Godolphin. Charlotte Pain had perceived her approach, but had ungraciously refrained from intimating it to her companions. My lady, a coquettish white bonnet shading her delicate face, and her little person enveloped in a purple velvet mantle trimmed with ermine, was on her way to vouchsafe a visit to her ex-maid, Selina. She surveyed the group with intense astonishment. Maria Hastings, white, sobbing, clinging to George Godolphin in unmistakable terror; Mr. George soothing her in rather a marked manner; and Charlotte Pain, erect, haughty, her arms folded, her head drawn up, giving no assistance, her countenance about as pleasant as a demon's my lady had once the pleasure of seeing at the play. She called out the above words before she was well up with them.

George Godolphin did not release Maria; he simply lifted his head.

"She has been greatly terrified, Lady Godolphin: but no harm is done. Some reptile of the snake species fastened on her wrist. I have flung it off."

He glanced towards the spot where stood Lady Godolphin, as much as to imply that he had flung the offender *there*. My lady shrieked out, caught up her petticoats, we won't say how high, and leaped away nimbly.

"I never heard of such a thing!" she exclaimed. "A snake! What should bring snakes about, here?"

"Say a serpent!" broke from the pale lips of Charlotte Pain.

Lady Godolphin did not detect the irony, and felt really alarmed. Maria, growing calmer, and perhaps feeling half ashamed of the emotion, which fear had caused her to display, drew away from George Godolphin to stand alone. He would not suffer that, and made her take his arm. "I am sorry to have alarmed you all so much," she said. "Indeed, I could not help it, Lady Godolphin."

"A serpent in the grass!" repeated her ladyship, unable to get over the surprise. "How did it get on to you, Maria? Were you lying down?"

"I was sitting on the camp-stool; there; busy with my drawing," she answered. "My left hand was hanging down, touching, I believe, the grass. I began to feel something cold on my wrist, but at first did not notice it. Then I lifted it and saw that dreadful thing wound round it. I could not shake it off. Oh, Lady Godolphin! I felt—I hardly know how I felt. Almost as if I should have died, had there been no one near to run to."

Lady Godolphin, her skirts still lifted, the tips of her toes touching gingerly the path, to which they had now hastened, and her eyes alert, lest the serpent should come trailing forth from any unexpected direction, remarked that it was a mercy Maria had escaped with only fright. "You seem to experience enough of that," she said. "Don't faint, child."

Maria's lips parted with a sickly smile, which she meant should be a brave one. She was both timid and excitable; and, if terror did attack her, she felt it in no common degree. What would have been but a passing fear to another, forgotten almost as soon as felt, was to her agony. Remarkably susceptible was she to the extreme of pleasure and the extreme of pain. "There is no fear of my fainting," she answered to Lady Godolphin. "I never fainted in my life."

"I am on my road to see an old servant who lives in that house," said Lady Godolphin, pointing to the tenement, little thinking how far it had formed their theme of discourse. "You shall come with me, and rest yourself, and take some water."

"Yes, that is the best thing to be done," said George Godolphin. "I'll take you there, Maria, and then I'll have a hunt after the beast. I ought to have killed him at the time."

Lady Godolphin walked on, Charlotte Pain at her side. Charlotte's lip was curling. "Did it alarm you much, Charlotte?" asked she.

"No," replied Charlotte. "I am not alarmed at eels."

"At eels!" repeated Lady Godolphin. "*Eels!*"

"It was nothing but an eel," said Charlotte, "escaped out of some neighbouring pond."

My lady turned to those, behind. "Maria, what a pity to have alarmed yourself for nothing! Charlotte Pain says it was an eel."

"It was not an eel," answered George.

"It was nothing more formidable," persisted Charlotte, her tone assuming much pleasantry, as if she would joke the affair away. "But, eels are quite sufficient to call forth pretty affectations, when there's any one by, worth acting them for."

The concluding words were spoken to Lady Godolphin only. Mr. George, however, caught them, and felt a little "savage." "There's no occasion for your being put out over it, Miss Pain," he called after her. "It has not hurt you."

"But was it an eel, George?" inquired my lady.

"It was not an eel, Lady Godolphin. It was a snake; though possibly a harmless one."

"Some of those snakes spit venom, and men die from it," cried her ladyship, growing flustered again. And she folded her petticoats tight round her, and walked on, out of harm's way.

George Godolphin bent his head to look at Maria. The colour was coming into her face again. "It is a long while since you had such a fright as this, Maria."

"I do not remember ever to have had one like it," she replied. "But I must get my things; they are all lying there."

He said that he would get them for her.

The house door, to which they were bound, stood open. Across its lower portion, as if to prevent the egress of children, was a board, formerly placed there for that express purpose. The children were grown now, and scattered, but the board remained; the inmates stepping over it at their will. Sandy Bray, who must have skulked back to his home by some unseen circuit, made a rush to the board at the sight of Lady Godolphin, and pulled it out of its grooves, leaving the entrance clear. But for his intense idleness, knowing she was coming, he would have removed it earlier.

It was a large room they entered upon, half sitting-room, half kitchen, its boarded floor very clean. The old woman, a cleanly, well-mannered, honest-faced old woman, was busy knitting then, and came forward, curtsying: no vestige of her pipe to be seen or smelt. "Selina was in bed," Bray said, standing humbly before Lady Godolphin. "Selina had heard bad news of one of the brats, and had worried herself sick over it, as my lady knew it was in the stupid nature of Selina to do. Would my lady be pleased to step up to see her?"

Yes; my lady would be pleased to do so by-and-by. But at present she directed a glass of water to be brought to Miss Hastings, who had been placed in the only chair the room afforded. Maria resisted; said she was well now, and would sit upon a bench: Lady Godolphin must take the chair. No. Lady Godolphin chose to sit upon the hard bench by the side of the attractive-faced and smiling old lady: attractive to the eye of a physiognomist: and tried to talk with her. Little good came of it: my lady was unable to understand, herself; and could not tell whether she was understood. Bray brought the water in a yellow cup.

"Eh, but there is some of them things about here," he said, when the

cause of alarm was mentioned. "I think there must be a nest of 'em. They be harmless, so far as I know."

"Why don't you find the nest?" asked Mr. George Godolphin.

"And what good, if I did find 'em, sir?" said he.

"Kill the lot," responded George.

He strode out of the house, Bray following in his wake, to look for the reptile which had caused the alarm. Bray was sure nothing would come of it: the thing had had time to get clear away.

In point of fact, nothing did come of it. George Godolphin could not fix upon the precise spot where they had stood when he threw away the reptile; and, to beat over the whole field, which was extensive, would have been endless work. He examined carefully the spot where she had sat, both he and Bray, but could see no trace of anything alarming. Gathering up her treasures, including the camp-stool, he set off with them. Bray made a feeble show of bearing the stool. "No," said George, "I'll carry it myself: it would be too much trouble for you."

Charlotte Pain stood at the door, watching, as they approached, her rich cheek glowing, her eye flashing. Never had she looked more beautiful, and she bent her sweetest smile upon Mr. George, who had the camp-stool swinging on his back. Lady Godolphin had gone up then to the invalid. Maria, quite herself again, came forward.

"No luck," said George. "I meant to have secured the fellow and put him in a glass case as a memento: but he has been too cunning. Here's your sketch, Maria; undamaged. And here are the other rattle-traps."

She bent over the drawing quite fondly. "I am glad it was finished," she said. "I can do the filling-in later. I should not have had courage to sit in that place again."

"Well, old lady," cried George, in his free-and-easy manner, as he stood by the Welshwoman, and looked down at her nimble fingers, "so you have come all the way from Wales on foot, I hear! You put some of us to the shame."

She looked up and smiled pleasantly. She understood English better than she could speak it.

"Not on foot all the way," she managed to explain. "On foot to the great steamer, and then on foot again after the steamer landed her in Scotland. Not less than a hundred miles of land, take it both together."

"Oh, I see!" said George, perceiving that Margery had taken up a wrong impression. "But you must have been a good while doing that?"

"But she had the time before her," she answered, more by signs than speech, "and her legs were used to the roads. In the lifetime of her husband she had oftentimes accompanied him on foot to different parts of England, when he went there with his droves of cattle. It was in those journeys that she learnt to talk English."

George laughed at that, the talking English. "Did you learn the use of the pipe also in the journeys, old lady?"

She certainly had; for she nodded fifty times in answer, and looked delighted at his divination. "But she was obliged to put up with cheap tobacco now," she said: "and had a trouble to get that!"

George pulled out a great paper of Turkey, from some hidden receptacle of his coat. "Did she like that sort?"

She looked at it with the eye of a connoisseur, touched it, smelt it, and finally tasted it. "Ah, yes! that was good; very good: too good for her."

"Not a bit of it," said George. "It's yours, old lady. There! It will keep your pipe going, on the road home."

When fully convinced that he meant it in earnest, she laid hold of his hand, shook it heartily and long, and went off into a Welsh oration. It was cut short in the midst. She caught sight of Bray, coming in at the house door, and smuggled the present out of sight amidst her petticoats. Had Mr. Sandy seen it, she might have derived little of its benefit herself.

"The storm's brewing fast," observed Sandy. "It won't be long before it falls."

George Godolphin went to the door and stood there, regarding the weather. The clouds had gathered, and there was every appearance of a coming storm. "By Jove, yes!" he exclaimed, "we shall have it smartly. I suppose it will not do to warn my lady; she resents even a word of interference: but no carriage can get here."

Lady Godolphin would be equally displeased at their starting for home without her: they knew that she would regard any such step as a slight. They could only wait. And nothing loth, either: the prospect of a storm is not much heeded by the young.

Time lagged. The conversation fell upon Bray's trade—as the man was wont to call it: though, who or what led to the topic none of them could remember. He recounted two or three incidents of interest: one of a gentleman's marrying a young wife and being shot dead the next day by her friends. She was an heiress, and they had run away from Ireland. But that occurred years and years ago, he added. Would the ladies like to see the room?

He opened a door at the back of the kitchen, traversed a passage, and entered a small place, which could only be called a room by courtesy. They followed, wondering. The walls were whitewashed, the floor was of brick, and the contracted skylight, by which it was lighted, was of thick coarse glass, embellished with green knobs. What with the lowering sky, and this lowering window, the room wore an appearance of the gloomiest twilight. No furniture was in it, except a table (or something that served for one) covered with a large green baize cloth, on which lay a book. The contrast from the kitchen, bright with its fire, with the appliances of household life, to this strange comfortless place, made them shiver. "A fit place for the noose to be tied in!" cried irreverent George, surveying it critically.

Bray took the words literally. "Yes," said he. "It's kept for that purpose alone. It is a bit out of the common, and that pleases the women. If I said the words in my kitchen, it might not be so satisfying to them, ye see. It does not take two minutes to do," he added, taking his stand behind the table and opening the book. "I wish I had as many pieces of gold as I have done it, here, in my time."

Charlotte Pain took up the words defiantly. "It is impossible that such a marriage can stand. It is not a marriage."

"Deed, but it is, young lady."

"It cannot be good," she haughtily rejoined. "If it stands good for this loose-lawed country, it cannot for others."

"Ay, how about that?" interrupted George, still in his light tone of ridicule. "Would it hold good in England?"

Minister Bray craned his long neck towards them, over the table, where they stood in a group. He took hold of the hand of George Godolphin, of the hand of Charlotte Pain, and put them together. "Ye have but to say 'I take you, young lady, to be my lawful wife; and I take you, sir, to be my husband,' putting in your right names. I'd then pronounce ye man and wife, and say the blessing on it; and the deed would be done, and hold good all over the world."

Did Mr. Sandy Bray anticipate that he might thus extemporise an impromptu job, which should bring some grist to his empty mill? Not improbably: for he did not release their hands, but kept them joined together, looking at both in silence.

George Godolphin was the first to draw his hand away. Charlotte had only stared with wondering eyes, and she now burst into a laugh of ridicule. "Thank you for your information," said Mr. George. "There's no knowing, Bray, but I may call your services into requisition some time."

"Where are you?" came the soft voice of Lady Godolphin down the passage. "We must make all haste home: it is going to rain. Charlotte, are you there? Where have you all got to? Charlotte, I say!"

Charlotte hastened out. Lady Godolphin took her arm at once, and walked with a quick step through the kitchen into the open air, nodding adieu to the old Welshwoman. My lady, herself, her ermine, her velvets, possibly her delicate-bloomed complexion, all shrank from the violence of a storm: storms, neither of life nor of weather, had ever come too near Lady Godolphin. She glanced upward at the threatening and angry sky, and pulled Charlotte on.

"Can you walk fast? So lovely a morning as it was!"

Charlotte answered by walking fast. But she looked back as she walked. "They are not coming yet!" she exclaimed. "Maria Hastings will get wet. I will return and tell them."

"Nonsense!" panted my lady, her breath getting short with the unusual exertion, "they can see the darkness as well as we can. They are sure to come." And she kept fast hold of Charlotte's arm.

"Here comes one of the servants," exclaimed Charlotte. "With umbrellas, no doubt. How he runs!"

My lady lifted her eyes. Advancing towards them with fleet foot, as if he were running for a wager, came a man in the Godolphin livery. If umbrellas had been the object of his coming, he must have dropped them on his way, for his arms swang beside him, and his hands were empty.

"My lady," cried the man, nearly as much out of breath as Lady Godolphin, "Sir George is taken ill."

My lady stopped then. "Ill!" she repeated. "In what way, ill?"

"Margery has just found him lying on the floor of his room, my lady. We have got him on to the bed, but he appears to be quite insensible. Andrew has gone for the doctor."

"Hasten to the house there, and acquaint Mr. George Godolphin," said my lady, pointing to Bray's.

But Charlotte was already gone on the errand. She quitted Lady Godolphin's arm and started back with all speed, calling out that she would inform Mr. George Godolphin. My lady, on her part, had sped on in the direction of Broomhead, with a fleetier foot than before.

Leaving the man standing where he was: "Which of the two be I to follow, I wonder?" he soliloquised. "I suppose I had better keep up with my lady."

When Charlotte Pain had quitted Mr. Sandy Bray's match-making room, at my lady's call, George Godolphin turned with a rapid, impulsive motion to Maria Hastings, who was following Charlotte, caught her hand, and drew her beside him, as he stood before Bray. "Maria, she will fetter me to her in spite of myself!" he said, in a hoarse whisper. "Let me put it out of her power."

Maria looked at him inquiringly. Well she might!

"Be mine now; here," he rapidly continued, bending his face so that she alone might hear. "I swear that I never will presume upon the act, until it can be more legally solemnised. But it will serve to bind us to each other beyond the power of man or woman to set aside."

Maria turned red, pale, any colour that you will, and quietly drew her hand from that of Mr. George Godolphin's. "I do not quite know whether you are in earnest or in jest, George. You will allow me to infer the latter."

Quiet as were the words, calm as was the manner, there was that about her which unmistakably showed Mr. George Godolphin that he might not venture further to forget himself: if, indeed, he had not been in jest. Maria, a true gentlewoman at heart, professed to assume that he had been.

"I beg your pardon," he murmured. "Nay, let me make my peace, Maria." And he took her hand again, and held it in his. Minister Bray leaned towards them with an earnest face. Resigning the hope of doing any little stroke of business on his own account, he sought to obtain some information on a different subject.

"Sir, would ye be pleased to tell me a trifle about your criminal laws, over the border? One of my ne'er-do-wells has been getting into trouble there, and they may make him smart for it."

George Godolphin knew that he alluded to the ill-starred Nick. "What are the circumstances?" he asked. "I will tell you what I can."

Sandy entered upon the story. They stood before him, absorbed in it, for Maria, she also listened with interest, when an exclamation caused them to turn. Maria drew her hand from George Godolphin's with a quick gesture. There stood Charlotte Pain.

Stood there with a white face, and a flashing, haughty eye. "We are coming instantly," said George. "We shall catch you up:" for he thought she had reappeared to remind them.

"It is well," she answered. "And it may be as well to haste, Mr. George Godolphin, if you would see your father alive."

"What?" he answered. But Charlotte had turned again and was gone like the wind. With all his speed, he could not catch her up until they had left the house some distance behind.

NOTES ON NOTE-WORTHIES,

OF DIVERS ORDERS, EITHER SEX, AND EVERY AGE.

BY SIR NATHANIEL.

. . . . And make them men of note (do yon note, men?).—*Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. Sc. 1.

D. Pedro. Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,
Notes, notes, forsooth, and noting!

Much Ado About Nothing, Act II. Sc. 3.

And these to Notes are frittered quite away.—*Dunciad*, Book I.

Notes of exception, notes of admiration,

Notes of assent, notes of interrogation.—*Amen Corner*, c. iii.

XLVI.—AMYOT.

AN important section in the literary history of the sixteenth century in France, is that which relates the progress of scholarship, and its influence, direct and indirect, as boon or bane, upon French prose. The most useful of the savants, whose "érudition," as M. Chasles phrases it, now "envahit la prose française," were those who took to the (not as yet ungrateful) work of translation: Dupinet, for example, the laborious translator of Pliny the elder, and who is said, notwithstanding his prolixity, to have sometimes equalled the energy of his model; Jean Colin, again, who "traduced" Herodotus and Cicero; Claude Gruyet, whose version of the Epistles of Phalaris are "distinguished by a certain simple and even elegant purity;" and Millet, the learned but lumbering translator of Lucian and Zonaras. But all these reputations were eclipsed by that of Amyot, who, though commonly associated with the glories of Francis the First's time, was admired and looked up to as a bright particular star during the reign of Henri II. and Charles IX. Amyot alone, indeed, of those who devoted themselves in that age to the study of the "dead languages," continues to interest and charm the reading-world that now is.

Like his more learned but less popular contemporary Ramus, Amyot belongs to the class of low-born and self-raised men. His birthday was the 30th of October, 1513; his birthplace, Melun; his father, some say a butcher, others a currier, others again a haberdasher: all agree, however, that the child's parents were poor and of the "lowest class of people." Yet had they the means and will, we are told, to give their little Jacques something of an education, though, by some accounts, he was brought up at the hôpital to which he had been consigned in infancy, and to which, according to M. Ampère, he eventually bequeathed the then considerable sum of twelve hundred crowns, in payment (said the testator) of the gift of sixteen sous which had once upon a time saved

him from 'dying of hunger. It appears, too, that Amyot was one of those "poor scholars of Paris" who were mainly supported by charity, which assured them, moreover, a place of rest when their life's labours should be done. One significant fact suffices to prove the boy's comparative destitution: his mother used to send him every week, by the watermen of his native town, a single loaf of bread, which Jacques must make the most of. Jacques must have seen closer than most of us into the meaning of the adage that half a loaf is better than no bread.

Scholarship was harder of attainment in those days than in ours; so much harder, that Amyot's penury might have seemed to forbid his advancement in any such route. But the lad, though a trifle *slow*, perhaps, was stout of heart, much-enduring, and high-aspiring. He seems to have acted as servitor to the students at Cardinal Lemoine's college; and the story goes that he used to read of nights by the light of burning charcoal, in default of oil or candles. The same story is also told of Ramus, and of young Drouot, the baker's son, who used to read beside his father's oven. Be the story mythical or not, at any rate Amyot's was a pursuit of knowledge under difficulties. But his was the Hebrew soldier's device, Though faint, yet pursuing. Faint he might occasionally and excusably be, especially when that weekly loaf, like Touchstone's wedded love, decreased upon further acquaintance—smaller by degrees, unbeautifully less—and yet must days in the plural number intervene ere his pleasantly-named mother, Marguerite des Amours, would be able to replace it by one of next week's batch. But he munched his hard crust—and only wished there were more of them: he kept up his spirits, and delighted in study as its own exceeding great reward. Other rewards, however, awaited him despite the obstacles of his condition and the drawbacks on his career. At nineteen he took the degree of master of arts, and though his circumstances constrained him to take to teaching,—to which his poverty only, not his will consented, for he would fain continue a learner, instead of turning preceptor,—still, the step he thus took was, for his material fortunes, a step upwards, as it introduced him to those who, in this sense, were the making of him.

After being private tutor in the family of Jacques Colin, a well-respected abbé, who was Reader to the King, and had made some little name by some little *jolis vers français*,—Amyot accepted a similar engagement from one of the king's secretaries, Bochetel de Sassy. His Majesty's only sister, Margaret of Valois, who had ever an open eye to recognise merit, especially in the form of modest

—worth by poverty depressed,

and an open hand to do it service, so far as means or influence of hers might extend, heard of the young preceptor, saw him, and prognosticated for him a successful future. By her intervention he obtained a professorship at Bourges, which he held well-nigh a dozen years—lecturing twice a day, in the morning on Latin literature, and on Greek at noon.

A professorship like this monopolised the best part of Amyot's time. It was in his leisure hours, however, *horis subsecivis*, that he commenced the "beautiful translations which have immortalised him."* Pleased

* Léon Fougère.

with what he had done, and to encourage him to do more, Francis I. gave him the abbey of Bellosane. Henceforth the "college valet's" rise was rapid—in spite, after a while, of one potent ill-wisher, the Queen-Mother, who detested him.* He was despatched on a mission to the Council of Trent, which afforded him welcome opportunity for enriching his works at home, by allowing him to visit the libraries of Italy. Henri II. selected him as tutor to two of his sons, the Dukes of Orleans and Anjou, afterwards Charles IX. and Henri III. Nor were these his pupils, whatever their defects and vices, ever unmindful of or ungrateful to their kindly old preceptor. They made a pluralist of him, adding one fat living on another; they appointed him one of the Privy Council—and were eager, in short, to honour him with many honours. Charles IX. the very day after he came to the throne, made him Grand Almoner of France; anon he was saluted as Commander of the Order *du Saint-Esprit*; in 1570 he (*nolens volens episcopari*) was consecrated Bishop of Auxerre; then again he was King's Librarian (in which post his successor was the historian De Thou); and in short, he was a most exceptional and unexceptionable example of what literature can do for a man, who has had, at starting, nothing else and nobody but himself to rely upon.

But, to gratify such foes as he had, there lurked a Nemesis behind all this prosperity. A long life's success was to be rudely shattered by late-in-life reverses.

The assassination of the Guises at the Etats de Blois gave the signal to the malcontents and Ligue party of Auxerre: a superior of the Cordeliers, Claude Trahy, went about preaching and protesting everywhere that the Bishop of that diocese, our "good, easy, music-loving, diffident-in-public, quick-tempered but soon-reconciled, free, open, candid" Amyot,† had been cognisant of the crime beforehand, had approved of it in every particular; and that, in fact, by absolving the king, whose almoner he was, Amyot had made himself the king's accomplice, and was verily guilty in this matter.

Michelet attributes the origin of the onset against the prelate to sectarian spleen. It seems that Amyot, apprehensive of the Leaguers, had conceived a plan for protecting himself by inviting the Jesuits to his vicinity, and building them a college. This arrayed the Franciscans of Auxerre against him. "These mendicant monks entering into communication with the bargemen, vine-dressers, and coopers of Auxerre, made them believe, on Amyot's return from the Etats de Blois, that he had counselled the king to have the Guises assassinated. Amyot, all of a tremble, signed the Union. That availed him nothing. The Prior of the Franciscans took him for his text, and every evening, in his sermons, gave chase to the Bishop, condemned him, executed him." In vain the poor old man obtained a deed of absolution from the highest authority, the papal legate. It was only in death he was ever again to find repose.‡

As it too often happens, M. Feugère says, to moderate men in factious times, Amyot was a mark for the enmity of all parties, and the object of

* Philarète Chasles.

† Sainte-Beuve.

‡ Michelet, *Histoire de France*, t. x. (La Ligue), p. 322.

their most violent attacks. Egged on by seditious agitators, the people of Auxerre mutinied against their Bishop: the cry was to cut his throat for him, and nothing less. He was fired at, and only saved his life by flying from house to house. A month or two sufficed to reduce "the rich and flourishing Amyot" into "the most afflicted, overthrown, ruined poor priest, that ever, I believe," says he, "was in France." His well-disposed biographers allow that the misfortunes which befel him may be partly traced to his indecision of character, and to some errors which are imputable to this weakness, in a time of difficulty and distraction: but no one, they presume, will refuse a feeling of pity for this aged outcast of threescore and fifteen years, declaring himself, in that outburst of woe, "*le plus affligé, détruit et ruiné pauvre prêtre de France.*"* It was not his privilege to live long enough to see Henri IV. a prosperous and accepted monarch, nor had he the keen previsionary eye to foresee that prince's future, nor the hopeful heart that could trust in him and in it. He died early in 1593, in his eighty-fourth year, unblest by gleams of the brighter prospect then dawning. Sainte-Beuve† contrasts him mournfully in this respect with the man of his choice, in ancient literature, Plutarch—who spent his last year gently and serenely in his town of Chæroneæ, an honoured magistrate and priest of Apollo—solaced by philosophy and the muses, and, very nearly a nonagenarian, spared, it is said, to hail the day-spring of a cheering reign, that of Antoninus Pius. No such *Nunc dimittis* for Plutarch's genial, congenial, grateful translator, the Christian bishop of Auxerre.

It is as Plutarch's translator—as the master of two languages who naturalised the graphic Greek in impressionable France—that Amyot really made and retains the celebrity, quite affectionate of its kind, so generally attached to his name. "Of all our French writers," declares old Montaigne, the most renowned of his contemporaries, "I give the palm, with justice methinks, to Jacques Amyot, as well for the propriety and purity of his language, in which he excels all others, as his application and patience in going through so long a work, and the depth of his learning and judgment in having been able to unravel and explain so difficult an author (for let people say what they please, I understand nothing of Greek, but I meet with sense so well connected and maintained throughout his whole translation, that certainly he either knew the true imagination of the author, or having, by long conversation with him, planted in his soul a thorough and lively idea of that of Plutarch, at least he has lent him nothing that either contradicts or dishonours him); but what I am most pleased with him for is the discreet choice he has made of so noble and useful a book to make a present of to his country. We ignorant people had been undone had not this book raised us out of the mire; by its favour we dare both speak and write; by it the ladies are able to school their schoolmasters: 'tis our breviary."‡ When Montaigne was in Rome, and dined one day at the French ambassador's, the table-talk turned on the merits of Amyot's Plutarch, and the great Essayist had to defend the translation as best he could, and his best would not be wanting, against the strictures of Muretus and other

* Léon Feugère.

† *Causeries du Lundi*, t. iv.

‡ Montaigne's *Essays*, bk. ii. ch. 4. (Cotton's transl.)

savants. Indeed, the complaints were very numerous of inaccuracies in Amyot's construction of the Greek, and of the change he imparted to the manner of his original. But then Amyot is so "aimable," pleaded his friends; and the pleading prevailed.* Not that succeeding generations have failed to indorse the charge of inaccuracy in sense and mannerism in style. Very early in the annals of the French Academy, Vaugelas read a paper by Meziriac, "On Translation," which undertook to convict Amyot's Plutarch of "very gross mistakes," various in kind, to the number of two thousand. Meziriac was himself engaged on a new version of Plutarch at the time; and the Secretary to the Academy, Pellisson, in his report of this *séance*, after desiring judgment against Amyot to be deferred until the case against him be more fully proved, proceeds to say, that if, on the one hand, it be a lamentable thing that so excellent a man, after such an expenditure of time and pains on this work, could not avoid mistakes to the number of two thousand, on the other hand, it is a great consolation, that notwithstanding these two thousand errors, Amyot has so much oftener been right and happy in his translation, that, at any rate, and despite all drawbacks, he has not failed to acquire an immortal reputation.†

If Jacques Amyot, writes M. Demogeot, was "only a translator," he was yet a translator of genius: he occupies the first place in a secondary class. The same critic speaks of Amyot as having in some sort created Plutarch—"he has given him to us more true, more complete than nature had made him. The naïf and somewhat credulous Bœotian had been cast, by chance of birth, in the refined but corrupt age of Hadrian. To express his straightforward, simple thoughts, he had nothing but the laboured, learned idiom of the Alexandrians. Hence a continual discord in his numerous writings: his mind and his language are not of the same century. Amyot re-established the harmony, and, thanks to him, the pupil of Ammonius becomes again *le bonhomme* Plutarch."‡ And then M. Demogeot dilates on the good fortune this "creation" was for France—as it not only enriched the language by the happy necessity of finding expression for so many true and noble conceptions, but proved a potent auxiliary towards reviving the ideas of antiquity.

Opinions differ materially, however, respecting the *naïveté* of Plutarch and his translator. Let us consult two or three, of modern date and accredited authority, more or less. M. Chasles pronounces Amyot's choice of Plutarch a happy one, for the language employed by Amyot agreed with the character of the original author: *la tournure d'esprit du traducteur* lent itself so fitly to express the thoughts and reproduce the style of Plutarch, that not unfrequently the almoner of Bellosane and the writer of Chæroneæ seem lost in one: you are tempted to believe that Amyot, turned into Plutarch, is speaking to you in his own name. This harmony of style and ideas, M. Chasles continues, "in spite of the common enough inaccuracy of Amyot's renderings, and the prodigious abundance of his style, made and preserves his renown. Never was translator more intimately associated with his model; yet

* Tableau de la Poésie Française, etc., au XVI^e Siècle, par Sainte-Beuve, 407.

† Pellisson, Hist. de l'Acad. Française.

‡ Demogeot, Hist. de la Litt. Française, ch. xxiii.

never, even in this metamorphosis, does the national genius forsake him." "Amyot invents with taste: what he draws from the Greek is still French; his turns, his periods have invariably the mark of our idiom. So felicitously does he blend Greek phrases with his French, that he seems to be restoring to us what he is giving us, and to be finding again what he is in fact borrowing."*

M. de Sacy shall be our next commentator. He prefaces his estimate of Amyot by a bird's-eye review of old French translations and translators in general; and asks, what is become of them all, celebrated as once they were? Who reads Patru now-o'-days? Who reads the Tacitus of Pierre d'Ablancourt, the Horace of Dacier, the Quintus Curtius of Vaugelas? Amyot's predecessors and contemporaries are, all of them, fallen into uttermost oblivion, or something very like it: the Selves, the Seyssels, the Louis Leroys, and similar names, useful and modest labourers in their day, who were the first to open to an unlettered public the treasures of Greek and Latin antiquity,—all, all are gone, those once familiar faces. "Amyot alone continues popular. His Plutarch is for ever the Plutarch of the public. Not only is Amyot read, but beloved; and it is just upon three centuries now that this popularity has lasted, without variation. The *gaulois* of the *bonhomme* has brought trouble on all who have tried, since his day, to translate the Greek author. The secret is, that Amyot is something more than a clever translator and excellent writer. No doubt there is infinite grace in his old-fashioned diction; he is the father of French prose; he has enriched it with a crowd of picturesque expressions and happy idioms; to him it is indebted for cadence and period. And yet, with all these qualities, some of which are those of the age itself, and pertain to the youth of the language, Amyot might have grown old and out of date like so many others, had he not depicted himself in his manner of writing—had not whatever came from his pen borne the impress of his character, and, so to speak, his physiognomy. What one loves in the works of Amyot, in his translations of Heliodorus and Longus, just as in his Plutarch, is that Amyot is there in person. His style would seem to be but the exponent and mirror of his soul. This *naïf*, amiable style reflects the native goodness of the man, and the wealth of fair imagery Amyot bore about with him in his heart of hearts. Accordingly, it might almost be said that in this case by unique privilege, the translator is become the original author; Amyot has not taken Plutarch's physiognomy, but given him his own. This may be unfaithful, if you list, but the unfaithfulness is of a kind the Greek author would not, I think, have much reason to complain of. As for us *ignorants*, we are unable, for *our* part, to figure to ourselves any other Plutarch than Amyot's. In vain will savants protest; we may let them talk on. We will give them full leave to have a Plutarch of their own, but we will keep ours. Theirs will be a great painter, but a hard writer; profound as a moralist, but sometimes, too, a rhetorician and sophist. Theirs will be the real Plutarch, granted; the Plutarch of Chæroneæ, so be it. The Plutarch we mean to keep shall be the Plutarch—rather too much addicted to prattling, perhaps,—of the sixteenth century, but so good-fellow-like and charming in his babble, so full of

* Philarète Chasles, Le XVI^e Siècle en France, l. ii. § 3.

sense and experience of life, one of the writers we make a friend of. If *this* Plutarch be of Amyot's creating, so much the better for Amyot and so much the better for Plutarch.*

Plutarch enjoys, says M. de Barante, "an almost popular glory;" "his first translator into French has contributed to give him, in our country, a charm that has come to be confounded with the merit of the original." The *naïveté* of Amyot, adds the Baron, has passed off for that of Plutarch, and forthwith people began to talk of "le bon Plutarque, le vieux Plutarque." But Plutarch lived at an epoch of no very *naïf* character; an epoch of rhetoricians, sophists, declaimers, bondsmen, unbelievers,—when life was withdrawing day by day from polytheism and civil society, and was becoming the exclusive attribute of Christianity and religious society. Plutarch is not, therefore, whatever may be said of him, a man of the good old times: he was an honest pagan, who, justly disgusted with the age he lived in, turned his taste and imagination towards the past, and did his best to transport himself into that bygone period.†

So M. Villemain: "La naïveté de Plutarque est du fait d'Amyot." So, too, with extra emphasis, M. Saint-Marc de Girardin: "Look at Plutarch, and see the reputation he has in the world for *naïveté*! People say 'le bon Plutarque,' just as they say, 'le bon La Fontaine;' and yet, at bottom, nothing can be less *naïf* than Plutarch. Plutarch is a brilliant and ingenious rhetorician, . . . a sophist, and in the tone of his opinions, a cross-grained innovator.—Well! this refining rhetorician, this systematised pagan, this pious interpreter of a civilisation repentant of its endeavours and their success,—of *him* Amyot, in his Gaulish diction, makes a naïf and simple bonhomme. The French language, at that time still feeble and quite in its infancy, was neither supple enough nor strong enough to adapt itself to diverse kinds of style." Hence it is that all the authors of antiquity, be their style majestic, or spirituel, or whatever else you will, appear uniformly naïf and simple when rendered into Amyot's old French.‡ On this point there are some sensible remarks in M. Sainte-Beuve's essay on the subject of our sketch. The modern reader, he reminds us, himself lends (*prête lui-même*) more bonhomie to Amyot's style than it really possesses. The effect of every style that has grown old is to appear naïf and childlike; in his own age, and when his work was new to the world, Amyot did not seem by any means the same writer as now. "Let the learned allow me," says M. Sainte-Beuve, "to submit another consideration to them. It is noway more just to call Plutarch a sophist, than to call Saint Augustine one. Plutarch, like Saint Augustine, has the faults of his time; but this does not disprove his originality and generous nature. Never let us forget that Montaigne called him 'the most judicious writer in the world.' On the one side, Plutarch has been charged, in our days, with more rhetoric, perhaps, and artifice than he naturally possessed; and, on the other, to Amyot has been attributed a greater degree of naïveté and bonhomie than belonged

* S. de Sacy, *Variétés littéraires, morales et historiques*, t. I.

† Barante, *Études historiques*, t. II.

‡ *Cours de Litt. Fr.*, t. IV. 8^{me} Leçon.

§ St. M. de Girardin, *Mélanges de Litt.*: "La Tragédie Grecque et Française" (*Essais*, t. II.)

to him : and in this way the discrepancy between the two has been exaggerated.

"Moreover, the excellent translator's slight and indeed happy unfaithfulness has tended not a little to the charm and glory of his version. People have continually been confounding Plutarch with Amyot, and, despite all efforts to the contrary of some critics, it has been found impossible to break up this association. Henri IV. wrote of Plutarch : 'Whoever loves him, loves me.' And it was through Amyot that he loved him. The same with almost every reader. *Amyot's Plutarch*—a Plutarch rather more natural, maybe, than the other one, and more debonair (so much the better!), has for ever secured his place in the memory and gratitude of men, *comme un seul et même trésor d'antique prud'homie et de vertu*."*

The same kind of remarks will hold good of his translations from Longus and Heliodorus. Warton, by the way, expresses "pleasant surprise" at the supposed difference of fortune between the latter author, whose "Theagenes and Chariclea" lost him a bishopric, and Amyot, who was rewarded with an abbey for translating it, and himself afterwards became a bishop.† It would be unjust to infer anything against Amyot's morals, which were always pure,‡ from his translations, early in life, of works of this more or less free character, by which he "felt his way," as it were, to compositions of more importance. High praise is accorded him for the *simplicité* and *delicatesse* which are said to distinguish his version of the "Loves of Daphnis and Chloe"—for which pastoral the Regent Orleans had a depraved affection, its "naïve licence" tickling his *blasée* imagination prodigiously—and that of Heliodorus's Ethiopian romance, a far chaster work than Longus's (proh pudor) pastoral, and which was destined to give birth to a "Zaïde" and a "Princesse de Cleves," and so to captivate the young fancy of Racine, in the austere seclusion of Port-Royal, as to set him on planning a tragedy with a plot from this *histoire éthiopique*.

Longus, in his "Daphnis and Chloe," is only naïf, M. Villemain contends, when translated by Amyot. "Longus is, of himself, a sophist, who artificially works out a happy and natural idea. He is a rhetorician, made up of symmetrical, antithetical phrases, the harmony and cadence of which he has duly calculated. In the style of Amyot he becomes simple, ingenuous, almost negligent. All the *finesse* of Greek thought in the fourth century are here simplified, without losing their primitive grace. The author's art is changed into a sort of delicate sprightliness which keeps the imagination amused.

* Ste.-Beuve, *Essai sur Amyot*, 1851.

† "We may add, as a pleasant coincidence, that it was one of Amyot's pupils and benefactors,—Henry the Second,—who gave a bishopric to the lively Italian novelist, Bandello. Books were books in those days, not batches, by the baker's dozen, turned out every morning; and the gayest of writers were held in serious estimation accordingly."—LEIGH HUNT: *Bookbinding and Heliodorus*.

‡ "A pious bishop and a good tutor, whatever might be his predilection for books, he left no one duty unperformed. His temper was obliging, though he retained from his original want of education a certain *rudesse* in his manners; his pleasures were of the simplest kind (he loved music, and readily took his part in part-singing); his life perfectly regular," &c.—LÉON FRÉGÈRE: *Caractères et Portraits*.

"Accordingly, Bernard de Saint-Pierre called Amyot one of the most durable writers in the language, and studied Greece by his means, and from him derived that mixture of antique elegance and *vieille naïveté* which forms one of the greatest charms in the style of the *Etudes de la Nature*."^{*}

It was this "Daphnis and Chloe" of Amyot's that Paul Louis Courier undertook to restore, correct, revise, and augment,—a feat he is said to have succeeded in *à merveille*—making the book more agreeable to read, more naïf, and, if possible, still more French. "The naïveté of this pretty romance, as is well known, is every bit of it Amyot's, who threw his own simple turns, his rather long-drawn but graceful phrases, over the methodical descriptions and elegant subtleties of the Greek romancer. Courier finished this good work, translating in the same style the fragment he had discovered, and revising throughout Amyot's version, often inaccurate, faulty, and altered by the editors."[†] Thus writes M. Villemain in his essay on Herodotus and the Manner of Translating him; and elsewhere again, in his Essay on Greek Romances, he says: "Some pages of *Daphnis and Chloe* are marked by a felicitous impress, which Amyot's style renders yet more lively and yet more true. His translation is a monument of the French language. A learned and spiritual Hellenist, and clever imitator of our old French [meaning Courier], has completed and embellished this translation, by adding to it his version of a fragment which no edition of Longus had contained, and which he discovered in a library at Florence."[‡] Courier's restoration *en gothique* made quite a sensation among native scholars who still affected what we may term, not in the Scotch meaning of it, the garb of old Gaul.

Besides the foregoing works—of Plutarch, Longus, and Heliodorus—Amyot translated, in his younger days, some portion of Diodorus Siculus. In which "thankless struggle" with a characterless and colourless original, he is said, by the most elaborate of his modern eulogists,[§] to have shown—and it was about all he could show—"a well-sustained, correct, precise diction,—in a word, those modest but difficult qualities of a temperate style, which seem to be reserved for languages already mature and well regulated." He also translated into French rhymes several of the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides—which performances are lost, and no very great loss either, to judge by the couplets scattered here and there through his extant *traductions*, and by the recorded opinion of his else admiring contemporaries. Charles IX., for instance, who flirted with the Muses, and knew something about them, condemned his old master on this one point, declaring him "hard and coarse in his versification"—and Amyot's Latin elegy, composed on the decease of Charles, quite serves to ratify the royal judgment.

In none of his original writings is the good bishop seen to advantage. He could not walk alone. He must have some antique classic to lead

* Villemain, *Tableau du XVIII^e Siècle*, t. iv.

† Villemain, *Etudes de Litt. ancienne et étrangère*, p. 4.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 176.

§ The late Auguste de Blignières, whose *Essai sur Amyot et les traducteurs Français au XVI^e Siècle*, and his *Eloge d'Amyot*, 1851, entitle him to this description.

The best and completest *Life* of Amyot, however, is believed to be that written by l'Abbé Lebeuf.

him by the hand. Plutarch must give him the cue, or Longus must ply him with topics, or Heliodorus must mark him out a path to walk in. His system was not self-supporting. He could walk with ease—nay, with grace—only in a leaning posture: take away his original, and he collapsed, and lost all spirit, and became as another man. Not even M. de Blignière's "filial sympathy" can disprove this inferiority. But then, as another critic asks—hardly less appreciative—is it not glory enough for Amyot to have believed, and with much reason, "that no task was at that time more opportune than the giving us in our own tongue what antiquity had considered of surpassing excellence," and to have perfectly succeeded in that task? For by his success he acquired a near place to the two great *proseurs* of the sixteenth century, Rabelais and Montaigne. "And certes, if these twain rank far superior in the order of ideas to the *bon* Amyot (so posterity styles him; his own age said, the *grand* Amyot), we have seen that he was noway their inferior in the share he took in the formation of our language, and the culture of the national genius. Hence the privilege he has retained, in the most flourishing seasons of our literature, of being invoked as an authority and imitated as a model."* The attention directed of late years to philological inquiries has been an occasion of redoubled interest in his productions, which have found eloquent panegyrists and word-weighting scrutineers, in journal after journal, and year after year.

The *gaulois* dialect that shocked Louis the Fourteenth, is the attraction for nineteenth-century philosophers. One day that the Grand Monarque was "indisposed," and consequently *ennuyé*, he called for Racine to read something to him—the tragic poet being (what not every, nor perhaps nearly every tragic poet is) a good, effective, impressive reader aloud. Courtly Jean would be honoured beyond expression. What would his majesty like him to read? Might Jean humbly suggest Plutarch's Lives, by Amyot? "*Mais c'est du gaulois*," objected the king. And Racine could only surmount *such* an objection by promising to substitute, as he went along, more modern words for the too old-fashioned ones in the text, and so avoid horrifying beyond endurance those superbly susceptible ears. No out-of-date word could be sanctioned in the Augustan age, no *vieux mot* could henceforth pass current in so polished a language. "Why use another language than that of one's age?" exclaimed Boileau, in his "severe good sense," deprecating the demi-gaulois tone La Fontaine adopted in his fable of the Woodcutter.† But the whirligig of time brings uppermost in its rotation an age wherein Villemain extols, to an eager audience, "cette grace inimitable du vieux français d'Amyot,"‡ while others regret the loss of a crowd of words which Amyot made use of, and for which there are no present equivalents in the language, oral or written. Thus, when he calls Scipio "*le bienfaiteur et l'affranchisseur de la Grèce*," and Pyrrhus a too great "*méprisur*" of the people, and describes a valley as "*emmurée* dans les hautes montagnes," these phrases, and such as these, excite envious regrets in M. Chasles,§ which he professes to share in common with La

* Léon Feugère.

† See Sainte-Beuve's "Poésie Fr. au XVI^e Siècle," 490 sq.

‡ Cours de Litt. Fr.

§ Etudes sur le seizième Siècle.

Bruyère, La Fontaine, Fénelon, Rollin, D'Aguiseau, Diderot, Jean Jacques, and the severe Vaugelas himself—for *ces vieilles richesses du langage*, these expressions at once simple and strong, which, having nothing hard or barbaric about them, belong peculiarly (he alleges) to the mother-tongue, can only be replaced by circumlocutions, and only appear singular because fallen into disuse and forgotten.

Certainly, Amyot's has been on the whole an enviable renown. It is pleasant to go down to posterity with that perennial epithet, *bon*, attached to one's name. We have our "judicious" Hooker, and "rare" Ben Jonson, and "immortal" Shakspeare, and "ever memorable" John Hales, and "glorious John" Dryden. None of these implies the personal liking that is contained in Amyot's titular fee simple, *le bon Amyot*. His diction has done it all for him. As Sainte-Beuve remarks,* whenever a pretty piece of "gracieuse naïveté" is treated of in France, it is immediately defined by saying, *C'est de la langue d'Amyot*. This simple translator of Plutarch is honoured as an original genius, native and to the manner born. "It seems as if through his translations we could read his physiognomy, and that we love him just as if he had given us his own thoughts," and not another man's. A modern Italian poet, Leopardi, envying the glory of those happily-timed and fortunate Italian translators, who "chained" themselves to some illustrious classic of antiquity, never to be separated from that time forth, exclaims: "Who knows not that Caro will live as long as Virgil, Monti as Homer, Bellotti as Sophocles? Oh beautiful destiny, that of being incapable of dying any more, except with an immortal!" And such, rules the French critic, is Amyot's good fortune: he has contributed to render Plutarch popular, and Plutarch has returned the boon by making him immortal.

L'ENVOI TO "STEREOSCOPIC GLIMPSES."†

BY W. CHARLES KENT.

As a tear from the heart-fount stealing,
 As a sigh from the inner soul,
 All the depths of a love revealing,
 In a life of its grave-won goal:
 So fall on thine ear, O dearest!
 With the sound as of curfew chime—
 Love's own truth in each tone thou hearest—
 The last echo of my rhyme!

* *Causeries du Lundi*, t. iv.

† Our readers will be glad to learn that this charming series of poems, which for nearly two years has graced our pages, will shortly be published under the title of "DREAMLAND." Mr. Charles Kent is a true poet, and the volume he is about to put forth will increase the reputation he has acquired by his "ALZHEIMIA."—ED. N. M. M.

Every pulse of my rhythmic numbers,
Like the throbbing at thy breast,
When down the heaven of thy slumbers
Float the visions of thy rest :
Every thought that illumines my pages,
Like the star-gleams of alien skies,
Better, yea ! than the lore of sages,
The light of thy gentle eyes !

For to me, ah ! to me far dearer
Than the grand Aonian maids
Of the laurel'd hill (though clearer
Their sunset glory fades
Than our own red evening's splendour),
The sweet influence of a wife—
Of that Home Muse who can render
Half divine this human life.

A sweet influence like the night dew,
Turning the earth to flowers,
And filling the grass with cowslips,
And with gems the hriary bowers,
With the gems of bud and berry,
With the dog-rose and the haw,
With scarlet and pink and cherry,
Lighting the greenwood shaw.

For whatever visual glories,
Like the bluebells on the lea,
Scattered through my sylvan stories,
Lure the reader like the bee,
By the same serene relation
Clouds rain blossoms from above,
Owe their lowly revelation
To the Nephele of thy love.

Are my thoughts the merest king-moths,
Floating by on wings of gloom—
Gloom of fragile gold and purple—
Thine the radiance, thine the bloom.
Do they fall as tear-drops glimmer
O'er the garlands of a hier,
Thine their fitful diamond shimmer,
Where diaphanously clear.

Or, like fragrance aromatic
From the censer of my verse,
Do they rise in coils erratic,
Thine the fire those thoughts rehearse.
Silvery from this censer lowly,
Let their soaring wreaths then shine,
What they breathe o'er Earth mine wholly,
What towards Heaven less mine than thine.

THE GREVAVOE ELOPEMENT.

III.

ANY of our readers who have visited the town of Lerwick in June cannot have failed to observe the beautiful little harbour crowded with those small, clumsy herring vessels, the Dutch "busses," or "bushes." They have come to Zetland for many a long year, at this season, to fish herrings at a certain distance from the coast, in virtue—if we are not mistaken—of permission granted by the British government in the reign of Charles II. Sometimes they swarm in great numbers, and we have been told that on one or two occasions there have been so many that, by lying close to one another, they formed a bridge, over which people could walk from Lerwick to the island of Bressay, which, at a distance of about a mile, forms the opposite side of the harbour. During this visit, the principal street of Lerwick is crowded with these Dutch crews, dressed in petticoat trousers and wooden clogs, making purchases (principally of soft goods and crockeryware), chattering Dutch and broken English to the natives, who, by the way, for the most part speak very good Dutch; or taking a little recreation on the back of Shetland ponies, let out for the occasion, up the steep road once called "The Bullet-Loan," and now, by modern, and questionable, improvement, "London Road," which leads to that bluff point guarding the south entry of Lerwick harbour,yclept "The Knab." It is a highly interesting sight for the boys of Lerwick (who usually address all the Dutch, including the very little boys, as "fader") to witness these gentlemen "witching the world with noble horsemanship." The scene reminds us a good deal of a donkey ride on Hampstead Heath. The little horses trot or gallop, and puff, and not unfrequently try to kick off their burden (generally with perfect success); the rider swears, and blows, and strikes, and kicks (and once or twice, they say, in old times the ruffians touched up the poor beasts with their knives); the proprietor, who has brought his animals from one of those grand horse-emporiums—the "Tattersalls" and "Aldridges" of Lerwick—Clickamin and Sound—runs behind, armed with a thick stick, trying to keep up with the cavalry, and shouting out occasionally in forcible language, which (as well as the stick) he applies quite as often to the rider as to the horse. And thus puffing and blowing, and kicking, and striking, and swearing, the Dutchman now on the neck, and now almost over the tail of his horse, and now under the belly, and then up again, as mad for the exercise as ever, the cavalcade reach the brow of the Knab, where, the owner having by a perfect miracle prevented horse and rider from going over the cliff, the heads are turned, and the whole party scramble back to the starting-point in the same fashion they went up.

Unfortunately, our Holland friends do not confine themselves to these innocent pursuits when in Lerwick. They occasionally smuggle a little, with the aid and countenance of a few native friends, and during their stay, of late years, men-of-war from their own country have been sent down to watch them, the officers of which, together with occasionally French and Belgian naval officers, on somewhat similar errands, make a

very pleasing addition to Lerwick society, and are esteemed, especially by the fair inhabitants, very delightful companions at pic-nics and similar merry-makings, and at balls unexceptionable partners. The custom-house officials, and officers and men of the revenue cutter, are also ever on the alert to prevent fraud on the revenue, and if you—as strangers from “the south country,” i. e. Scotland or England—happen to spend a June night or two in Lerwick, and happen to put up at one of those houses on the lower side of the street, which look as though they were built in the water, and to stand at the window thereof about midnight, wondering whether it is never dark in these latitudes, and admiring the beauty of Lerwick harbour lying before you like a placid lake, the houses casting a picturesque, irregular shadow on the water, which mingles with the delicate shadows of the masts and rigging of the numerous barks at anchor; of course qualifying your admiration, like a true “south country” man, with the remark, “Ah, but then there are no trees!”—you will catch the sound of stealthy oars, and, if you keep your eyes about you, catch a glimpse of stealthy boats gliding through these shadows from shore to vessel and from vessel to shore; some breakers of the law, some guardians of the revenue, all watching each other, and not unfrequently encountering, but after a most harmless fashion, which would uproot all your traditional romantic notions of cutters and smugglers, if you possessed any.

But to return to our story. Captain Mortimer had ascertained, in the course of conversation, that one of these Dutch “busses” had been for some years in the habit of visiting Greavoe, and lying off there for a day or two. It was understood that Lieutenant Tomkins had formed the acquaintance of Jan Van Donker, the commander or skipper of this craft, when the gallant officer was commander of the revenue cutter at Lerwick, though it was reported—Mr. William Dicky ascertained—that certain transactions were now carried on between Van Donker and the lieutenant which no Chancellor of Exchequer or Board of Admiralty or Customs would have been likely to smile approval on. “However,” Mr. Dicky added, “any blackguardism will do for a place like this. It’s my opinion that all the people are equally bad; I’m sure, at all events, that Magnie Smith deserves hanging, and will get it some day, too. And as for Miss Kristy’s father and brothers” (Kirsty had recently taken it into her head to turn the cold shoulder on Dicky, and receive Magnie again into favour), “I believe if they want to keep out of gaol the sooner they carry out their plan of going to America the better.”

Mortimer’s first idea had been to bribe this Jan Van Donker to take him and his beloved on board in the dead of night, and sail immediately for the mainland of Scotland, and when as usual Mynheer Van Donker arrived in the voe, and had called at the lieutenant’s, and been introduced to and evidently fascinated by the manner of the captain, which was made wonderfully affable for the occasion, the captain, after feeling his way and making some presents to the skipper, broke the matter to him. But he found that, although Mynheer Van Donker was quite ready to assist him—for, as old Trapbois says, “a con-sid-er-ation”—he could not by any possibility go so far out of his course, and for such a long time as this arrangement would require. But the skipper was ready with a suggestion. Would it not do as well if, instead of taking the

lovers away himself, he took the lieutenant and any other superfluous and troublesome individual out of the way for a short time, until the captain and the lady had escaped by means of disguise, or such other scheme as might occur to the captain's inventive mind? Although the captain would very much have preferred his first plan, as being much the less complicated of the two, he was forced to take the suggestion of Van Donker as the nucleus of the intended operations, and after further consideration and further consultation between the captain and Miss Julia, the captain and Mr. William Dicky, and the captain and Van Donker, the following course of proceeding was resolved upon:

Mynheer Jan Van Donker was to invite—a not at all unusual proceeding with him—Lieutenant Tomkins and Mr. Eric Sweynson to come on board of his gaily-painted little craft some fine afternoon, and partake of a glass of real Holland schnapps, and hear him sing one of his beautiful native songs; some gentle soporific was to be administered to the guests in the schnapps, and as soon as they were fairly asleep, the light little “huss” was to be steered out to sea, and to cruise there, for a day or two, a good way from the land; the invention of some cock-and-bull excuse, in broken English, such as “state of the weather rendering it necessary, for the safety of the craft, to stand off from shore, and no time to land the slumbering gentlemen,” or, “merely a bit of joke,” &c., being left to Jan Van Donker. In return for which service, Mynheer Van Donker received ten pounds down, and would receive a further sum of ten pounds on the happy marriage of Captain George Mortimer and Miss Julia Tomkins. Meanwhile, after the departure of the “buss” and its precious cargo to sea, Captain Mortimer and Miss Tomkins, disguised in clothes belonging to Mr. William Dicky, would, by some means or other, get out of the island in the dead of night, hurry to Lerwick, and embark on board any vessel bound for an English or Scottish port. Wonderful to tell, Captain Mortimer received his chief assistance in carrying out this final part of his scheme from one who was by no means favourably disposed to himself and his servant. This was no other than Magnie Smith; and the captain consulted him in the matter because he knew the importance of having a native coadjutor, and very shrewdly conceived that Magnie would readily assist in any arrangement which would remove him and his footman from the place, and at the same time play off on Lieutenant Tomkins the grudge Magnie owed him. As the captain had conjectured, Magnie readily promised his aid, and set about the matter most cheerfully and vigorously. It would excite suspicion to take a boat from Grevavoe to the mainland island, because Magnie could not manage to man the boat alone, and how was explanation to be given to the other men? But Magnie volunteered to get some friends of his, who lived in the extreme end of the island, yet at the point nearest the mainland island, to do what was required, so far as landing the couple on the latter island went; these persons not being in any way interested in the Tomkinses, and not knowing Mr. William Dicky by sight, and having a very imperfect acquaintance with Miss Tomkins's appearance, would not suspect anything, and, as long as the strange gentleman paid them well, they would never think of asking why he was going off in this mysterious fashion, for night travelling is not

at all uncommon in Zetland, where persons in a distant island are hurrying to catch some particular vessel leaving Lerwick for "the south."

These essential matters having been thus satisfactorily chalked out, it occurred to the principals in the transaction how were the Masters Tomkins and Kirsty to be disposed of? The lieutenant most certainly would never permit the young gentlemen to accompany him on board the "buss;" if they went, he wouldn't go. Miss Tomkins found a way out of this dilemma. A clergyman in a northern island, who had in his family one or two sons about the age of the Masters Tomkins, and was tolerably well acquainted with the lieutenant (though we need scarcely add, not well acquainted with the reputation of the young gentlemen), had once or twice requested the officer to permit Master Bob and Master Nelson to pay a short visit to his manse. This the lieutenant—principally at Miss Julia's suggestion—had always declined, with thanks, for the young lady was afraid that her interesting brothers might, when from home, perform some of those wonderful feats which had terrified poor M'Candle and his servants. But now she used her influence with her father in the opposite direction, advised that the invitation, which had been recently repeated, should be accepted; "the minister and his lady might take offence," &c., and the lieutenant, very glad to get rid for a short time of his dear boys (who had been making themselves particularly obnoxious just lately), gladly gave his permission, and the youths, all joyful, were despatched to the other island, with leave of absence for two or three weeks.

Then for Kirsty. Miss Tomkins was convinced that Kirsty was far too clever, and knew her too well, to allow of any deceit being employed in her case. The safest course she saw was to confess the whole matter to her handmaiden, and implore her secrecy. Kirsty was rather flattered by the confidence reposed in her, and after a little dignified demur, and the protestation, "Na, but ye ken dat's aaful; da lootenan 'ill just murder ivry sowl on da spot when he comes hame again," she gave her promise not to reveal the secret.

Further, as there was little doubt that the lieutenant, on his return, after finding the bird flown, would, if not murder, at least visit with his direst displeasure, all persons whom he conceived had in any way assisted in the elopement, it was arranged that Kirsty was at once to apply for and obtain leave to visit for a few days a married sister in a distant part of the island. This, it was conceived, would avert all suspicion from her. Mr. Dicky was not to accompany the couple; it was too well known throughout the country that Captain Mortimer had only one footman: if he travelled with two there would be remarks, and there might be discovery. Moreover, he deemed it advisable to leave Mr. Dicky on the spot to communicate with him afterwards, and inform him how the lieutenant took the affair, and, if necessary, ultimately to try and soften that officer's heart, and prepare him for the happy return of his daughter and her husband to implore, on bended knee, forgiveness. Dicky felt somewhat uncomfortable at being left, and would much rather have accompanied his master; however, the captain was inexorable, and it was decided that Dicky also should be asked by the skipper to visit the vessel, and carried out—a willing captive—on the little trip to sea. If he

managed the matter carefully, he might thus appear to the lieutenant to have been duped as well as himself.

When all this was arranged, it was suggested, very sensibly, by Kirsty, that most probably the lieutenant would object to leaving Captain Mortimer and Miss Julia alone together in the house, so the captain decided on informing the lieutenant, on the morning of the day when the plan was to be put into execution, that he was immediately going to start for Lerwick for a few days, to purchase some things he couldn't trust any one else to get for him, then to steal off, and either return at nightfall, or wait Julia and Magnie Smith at the place of embarkation. The details of the scheme had no sooner been settled than it was necessary to put it into execution, for Mynheer Van Donker's time was precious, and he couldn't wait at Grevavoe much longer.

Just then Magnie Smith, who in the whole affair "worked like a Turk," as the saying is—though, as Turks don't work, this is rather "damning with faint praise"—learned that next Tuesday a schooner was to sail for Liverpool from Scalloway, a little village on the west side of the mainland island, and some six or eight miles distant from Lerwick, and it was evident that such an opportunity should not be passed by, as the chances of detection at Scalloway were much less than at Lerwick, and Liverpool was, of all ports, the most convenient for the object the lovers had in view. It would take a whole night and the best part of next day to reach Scalloway from Grevavoe; Sunday night was therefore fixed upon for the attempt.

Everything went on most favourably. The lads had departed on the previous week. Kirsty, with Lieutenant Tomkins's entire knowledge and approval, and after a secret farewell interview, accompanied by fearful "greetin'," with her young mistress (who promised to revisit Grevavoe as soon as the knot was tied), had gone off to her sister's on the Friday; and Jan Van Donker (cunning fellow) had said to Lieutenant Tomkins and Mr. Eric Sweynson, in the shop on Saturday, with great off-handedness, just as though the idea had suddenly occurred to him, "Look her, mein shantlemen. You comin' aboard mein leetle veshil, and have one dram on de morrows nicht, von't you? Ve sall go to sea, most shertain, on da Moonday mornings." To which Lieutenant Tomkins assented with great alacrity, and insisted on Mr. Sweynson's going too; for the lieutenant was quite jolly and good tempered just now, the captain having just informed him of his intended trip to Lerwick tomorrow forenoon, adding also, that he would only stay at Grevavoe for a few days on his return, and then depart to join his regiment, "never," of course, "to forget Lieutenant Tomkins's kindness and hospitality." And Mr. William Dicky happening, by mere accident, to be at Van Donker's elbow on this occasion, the skipper further said to him (as long since "made and provided"), "And you sall come al-so, my leetle man. You sall get gloripus drunk upon de Hollandsch grogs. Von't you?" Which idea perfectly delighted Lieutenant Tomkins; and although Mr. Dicky strenuously declined, the lieutenant, bent on making the little footman drunk and having some fun with him, would hear of no excuse, and nearly lost his temper in insisting on Dicky's accompanying them; so Dicky at length, with great show of reluctance, consented.

Sunday came; a beautiful, clear, summer day. The water sparkled

in diminutive ripples round the clumsy bows of the smart little herring vessel at anchor in the mouth of the voe, and a gentle breeze blowing off the land, while it prevented sultriness, promised well for the evening's cruise. Lieutenant Tomkins was in excellent spirits. Not content with the arrangement of the previous night, he had invited Mr. Eric Sweynson and Mynheer Van Donker to partake of dinner with him, and they were all, along with Mr. William Dicky, to pay the proposed visit to the "buss" in the evening. Mynheer Van Donker had, with naïveté, inquired, "Would not the captain go al-so, and taste de schnapps?" But the captain and Lieutenant Tomkins had simultaneously explained to the skipper the captain's intended departure, which the lieutenant by no means thought the captain should postpone, for he was afraid, if the captain came on board, he would object to his servant's being made drunk, and spoil "the fun." So, after breakfast, the captain, mounted upon Lieutenant Tomkins's best horse, with his pockets stuffed with cold fowl and sandwiches, and a flask of sherry, all openly provided by the fair hands of Miss Julia, by her father's strict orders, "for it's a devil of a way to Lerwick, my dear, and the captain will get precious little fit to eat on the road," took leave, the lieutenant following him about half a mile, and shaking hands with him heartily and affectionately when he parted with him.

And how did the captain spend the day? In a way that none but a bold dragoon would have ventured upon—he went and visited M'Candle! The captain had proposed at first to get M'Candle over to Trafalgar Hall, and despatch him also on the cruise with Van Donker. But Julia felt compunction for her treatment of poor M'Candle, and thought this unnecessarily cruel. She thought there was no fear of the poor man interfering with their schemes, as he lived so far off, and was too harmless a person ever to think of pursuing them when the news of the elopement reached the manse, which would probably not be for a day or two. Still the captain thought it right to take some precaution, for he knew the reverend gentleman was half-demented at present, and had often visited Grevavoe at most unseasonable hours. For all they knew to the contrary, he might arrive there on the Sunday night or Monday morning, and then there would be a pretty mess! However, as the affair was arranged for Sunday, it was impossible to get the minister over to take part in the drinking-party. So the captain resolved on another course of proceeding, without telling Julia even what he meant to do. He took a nice refreshing ride for an hour or so in the direction of the manse, stopped outside the dyke of "the toon," dismounted and fastened his horse to the turf or "felly" dyke of an adjacent "planty-cruive,"* and, sitting snugly by the hurn-side, ate his cold fowl and sandwiches, and drank his sherry (for he knew well that M'Candle's fare would scarcely suit his stomach), and then proceeded to the manse, where, as he had correctly calculated, he found M'Candle's dinner over, and the divine sitting alone in his parlour.

The minister, as may be imagined, was all of a flutter when his handsome rival made his sudden appearance in his apartment. He naturally had

* A small high-walled garden, or yard for cabbage, in the hill, distant from the houses and arable land.

little love for the captain, and the common-place and plain divine—whose experiences of society had never gone beyond the Highland village where he had been brought up, Aberdeen college, where he had been educated and lived most quietly, and his present circle of acquaintances—always felt shy in the presence of this dashing, easy-manuevered soldier. He had neither the courage nor the power of expression and manner to show his dislike in a dignified style; and feeling conscious of this, he did not feel prepared to show it at all, and yet he was possessed with the notion that to show good will and to appear happy to see Captain Mortimer, would be mean and rather unchristianlike. So the only line of conduct which he felt himself in a position to pursue at the moment, was, firstly, to shake hands with Captain Mortimer in a nervous manner; secondly, to give him a chair; thirdly, to remark, "It's a fine day;" fourthly, to sit down opposite the captain, look past him out of the window, blush, and rub the back of his left hand with the palm of his right, and the back of his right hand with the palm of his left, alternately, and, finally, to remark once more, enthusiastically, as though the subject of the weather alone occupied his thoughts and afforded him satisfaction, "Yes, it's a very fine day."

As it happened, the captain himself was rather thoughtful and silent at first; he would rather have had to deal with a man of his own stamp, than with a peculiar person like the minister. However, he had made up his mind to do a certain thing, and do it he must. He therefore, with as little preface as possible, directed the conversation to the subject which he knew very well was nearer to M'Candle's heart even than that of the weather—Miss Julia. M'Candle at first was sullen, and answered principally in monosyllables. He trembled for what might be coming. He doubted not that the captain knew all about his late proposal to the young lady. Was he deputed by her, or had he come—to use a favourite modern slang expression, which M'Candle had never heard, we dare say—"on his own hook." Perhaps he was going to challenge his rival to mortal combat; these young officers did such wild, mad things; very likely he had got the pistols in his pocket, and meant to pull down the blinds and have shots exchanged across the table; or, possibly, this child of the devil (M'Candle felt a beam of holy delight go through him at the conviction that the captain *really* was a child of the devil) meant to propose that the duel should come off in the churchyard after service, the elders to act as seconds, and the congregation to see "all fair," it being provided that the captain shot, off-hand, any one who interfered. But M'Candle was in a moment most agreeably undeceived. The captain had come for no such bloody purpose. The captain had far nobler and pleasanter ends in view. M'Candle had been much mistaken in the captain, which the captain showed him in a few frank, eloquent sentences, full of manly, kind, even brotherly feeling. M'Candle learned from the captain what quite surprised him, that the captain had never felt affection or love for Miss Tomkins. No; he might have taken a deep interest in her, he might have shown attention to her, flirted with her perhaps more than was prudent, but his troth was plighted elsewhere. It was not the custom of his family to marry people without title, and he was engaged to a young Russian lady of quality whom he had met at St. Petersburg on

his late tour. But, most unfortunately, Miss Tomkins felt otherwise towards him. This might be, he feared, very much the result of his own thoughtless conduct; but he had been unsuspecting and preoccupied, and only found out what was going on in the heart of the young lady on recently mentioning to her, with the fond confidence of a brother, his approaching alliance with his affianced one. It had then been too evident how the young lady regarded him, which had pained him to the heart more than he could express. He had consulted with her parent, and it had been resolved that he should depart at once, but quietly. So it had been represented to the young lady—a deception, he admitted, but he trusted excusable in the painful circumstances of the case—that he was going to Lerwick for a few days, to return again. But he was to go off altogether, and his footman would by-and-by follow with his things. Now his object in calling on M'Candle was this, in addition, of course, to the natural desire he had to bid farewell to one whom he so much respected. He knew well of M'Candle's honest, manly, deep, true love (M'Candle blushed here, and began to feel himself, for the first time in his life, rather a noble and chivalrous character), and he honoured him for it, and the lieutenant approved of it. But they saw that to press the proposal at the present moment would be most injudicious, and calculated for ever to defeat the object. M'Candle must wait patiently. At first the young lady would undoubtedly be in a desperate condition, and if M'Candle appeared before her at such a time she would be likely to entertain towards him feelings of detestation which nothing would ever remove. But, by-and-by, as time passed on, and the memory of her loved one grew fainter and fainter, then might M'Candle come forward and claim to fill the vacuum in her tender heart. This might be easily effected then. She undoubtedly admired and respected M'Candle, in fact, before that melancholy wreck, had, he believed, entertained towards him feelings which were ripening into love. M'Candle eagerly assented here, much to the captain's inward amusement, for the captain was under the pleasant impression that this was only another little lie he was telling, though, had the gallant officer known all, he would have found he was speaking truth, or something very like it, for at least once in his life. In conclusion the captain informed M'Candle that the sad intelligence would be broken to Miss Tomkins by her father that very evening, and that in his opinion M'Candle should not go near Trafalgar-hall, or hold any communication whatever with its inmates for at least a month to come.

The effect this most sincere and truthful explanation had upon M'Candle was extraordinary. He swallowed it all. He had suddenly conceived such an esteem and regard for his imagined rival, that had the latter told him the moon was made of green cheese he would have believed that too. He never stopped to inquire whether the captain might not have an interested motive in all this, he did not try to analyse and examine the captain's reasoning. The whole thing appeared to him at once vastly natural and probable, and he resolved to stay with patience away from Grevavoe full two months, when of course Miss Julia would be quite prepared for a new lover or for taking up an old one, when he would ride over and everything would be settled comfortably. There appeared to him nothing mean in marrying, after such a brief lapse of

time, a woman who, at the present moment, adored another man who was running away from her, and would be likely to hate and loathe him for life if he then went into her sight. In fact the reverend gentleman would, we verily believe, have allowed himself to be whipped at the cart's-tail, or would have done what a few years ago would have procured him that infliction legally, viz. picked pockets, if thereby he could have gained the hand of Miss Julia Tomkins. He was immensely polite and attentive now to Captain Mortimer, and the captain, who felt amused, was frank and chatty with him. He went to afternoon church with the divine, and heard (or was supposed to hear) a most beautiful discourse, showing the many points of resemblance, yet, at the same time, startling dissimilarities in the characters of David and Gehazzi, and some people sitting near him remarked that he appeared to be taking notes of the sermon, though an old elder who was in the same pew said afterwards that it seemed to him "mare lek figgers it he wis eastin' up an' multiplecatin." And when the service was over the minister and the captain walked home arm-in-arm, talking and laughing, much to the astonishment of the congregation assembled in the churchyard, among whom such remarks went round as, "Na! see ye dem leddin'." "I tocht dey wid rayder ha' trotted ane anidder! Weel, weel, dey're sheurely fey!" &c. &c., for the people knew pretty well that the gentlemen were rivals, and it had been buzzed abroad—as such things generally are—that M'Candle had been rejected; Miss Tomkins having told it as a strict secret to Kirsty, who had told it as a strict secret to her mother, who, in her turn, had told it as a very strict secret to everybody else.

However, the gentlemen went to the manse, which was a peculiar-looking building (having been patched at different times by different ministers patronising totally different styles of architecture, something like what our new London government offices will become if we go on having these frequent changes of ministry), standing on the top of a hill which commanded a good sea-view, and into the dingy well-sized parlour, where they had tea, still chatting and laughing agreeably, and old Kitty often said afterwards that she had at the time remarked to "the lass" that she never heard the minister laugh so loud in his life, and that "somethin' no canny was sheurely gaen ta happen," though we may observe that "the lass," jealous no doubt of Kitty's prophetic powers, always and invariably denied having heard the prediction.

At last the captain found it was getting late, and that he must be off, painful though it was to tear himself away from such society. M'Candle wanted him to stay all night; he had a nice spare room which he kept for the use of the minister who came to assist him on the occasion of the half-yearly dispensation of the Sacrament. But the captain couldn't do that; he said, truly enough, that he had to cross the sound that night to catch a vessel. Then M'Candle offered to have his own horse saddled and accompany Captain Mortimer all the way to where the boat lay, for M'Candle had by this time got to look on himself and the captain as a sort of Damon and Pythias; but this, as our readers will readily conjecture, the captain would on no account hear of. So at last M'Candle let him go, and saddled his horse himself, and went out and helped him to mount, and took leave of him almost with tears, and with the frank familiarity of the friend tempered by the paternal regard of the pastor,

and told him he must write him soon and let him know how he was getting on; and then the captain went off, highly delighted, but not venturing to burst into a hearty fit of laughter until he had trotted full half a mile over the broken ground and "peat-banks;" and M'Candle went back to his parlour, proud of having made the acquaintance and gained the friendship and evidently deep esteem of an officer in H.M. — Dragoons, who was going to be married to a Russian lady of quality. M'Candle, who lay awake half the night thinking it all over, finally decided that he must—yes, *he must*—in a year or too, when he and Julia were comfortably settled, and perhaps one or two little M'Candles had gladdened the manse fireside, get Captain—very likely he would be General then—Mortimer to visit him and bring his bride. What a stir it would make in the country! People would say to M'Candle, "Who are those distinguished visitors of yours?" to which M'Candle would reply carelessly, "Oh, my old friend Mortimer, of the — Dragoons, and his wife, the Princess Walkemoff, fourth cousin of the Czar," or whatever her name and degree might be. M'Candle determined that he would send for Russian books immediately and pick up a little of the language in the mean time. Unhappy M'Candle! there have been dupes before you, and will be many more ere the sun is turned into darkness!

GRANVILLE DE VIGNE.

A TALE OF THE DAY.

PART THE TWELFTH.

I.

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.

MAY came; it was the height of the season; town was full; her Majesty had given her first levee; Belgravia and Mayfair were occupied; the Ride and the Ring were full, too, at six o'clock every day, and the thousand toys with which Babylon amuses her grown babies were ready, among others the Exhibition of Fine Arts, where, on its first day, De Vigne and I went to lounge away an hour, chiefly for the great entertainment and fun afforded to persons of sane mind by the eccentricities of the pre-Raphaelite gentlemen.

In the entrance we met Lady Molyneux and her daughter, Sabretasche and his young Grace of Regalia with them. It was easy to see which the Viscountess favoured the most. Regalia would have made her a charming son-in-law, being weak, good-natured, and rich à ravir; but as he was small, sandy-haired, limited his criticisms to "Oh!" "Ah!" "I see!" "Really!" "Dooood fine!" &c. &c., it was perhaps natural that Violet was more blinded to his irreproachable character and advantageous position than she ought to have been, and gave all her attention to the

Colonel, with his silvery tongue and beautiful face, and explanations of art at once masterly and poetic, the explanations of a refined scholar and a profound critic.

"Are you come to be *désenchanté* with all living womanhood by the contemplation of Messrs. Millais and Hunt's ideals, Major de Vigne," asked Violet, giving him her hand, looking a very lovely sample of "living womanhood," in her dainty toilette and her perfect-fitting gloves, and her little coohweh black lace veil, than through which a pretty woman never looks prettier. Ladies said she was very extravagant in dress. She might be; she was naturally lavish, and worshipped instinctively all that was graceful in form or colouring; but I only know she dressed perfectly, and, what was better still, never *thought about it*.

"Perhaps we should suffer less disappointment if ladies *were* like Millais's ideals," smiled De Vigne. "From those rough, red-haired, long-limbed women we should never look for much perfection; whereas the faces and forms of our living beauties are rather like belladonna, beautiful to look at, but destruction to approach or trust!"

"You are incorrigible!" cried Violet, with a tiny shrug of her shoulders, "and forget that if belladonna is a poison to those who don't know how to use it, it is a medicine and a balm to those who do."

"But for one cautious enough to cure himself, how many unwary are poisoned for life!" laughed De Vigne.

He said it as a jest, to tease her, but a bitter memory prompted it.

"Send that fellow to Coventry, Miss Molyneux, do," lisped Regalia; "he's so dweendfully rude."

"Not yet; sarcasms are infinitely more refreshing than empty compliments," said Violet, with a scornful flash of her brilliant eyes. The little Duke was idiot enough to attempt to flatter Violet Molyneux, to whom the *pas* in beauty and talent was indisputably given! "Colonel Sabretasche, take my catalogue, I have not looked into it yet, and mark all our favourites for me. I am going to enjoy the pictures now, and talk to nobody."

A charming ruse on the young lady's part to keep Sahretasche at her side and make him talk to her, for they passed over eleven pictures, and lingered over a twelfth, while he discoursed on the Italian and the French, the German and the English schools, with rapid sketches of past styles, and graphic anecdotes of Vernet and Leslie, in a manner that soon enabled them to lose Lady Molyneux, talking pieces out of Ruskin, with her glass up, to poor young Regalia, only suppressing his yawns and keeping his post from pure courtesy, though my lady was a very pretty woman, and, in her own opinion at least, as bewitching to a young fellow as her daughter, of whom, *entre nous*, she was not a little jealous.

"Why have you never been to see me for four days?" asked Violet, standing before one of the glorious sea pieces of Stanfield.

Sahretasche hesitated a moment.

"I have had other engagements."

Violet's eyes flashed. "I beg your pardon, Colonel Sahretasche; not being changeable myself, it did not occur to me that you were so. However, if it is a matter of so little moment to you, it is of still less to me."

"Did I not tell you," whispered Sabretasche, "that I like too well to be with you to dare to be with you much. You cannot have forgotten our conversation at Richmond?"

The colour rushed into Violet's cheeks under her little filmy veil.

"No," she answered, hurriedly; "but you promised me your friendship, and you have no right to take it away. I do not pretend to understand you, I do not seek to know more than you choose to tell me, but since you once promised to be my friend, you have no right to behave capriciously to me."

"Violet, for God's sake do not break my heart!" broke in Sabretasche, his voice scarcely above his breath, but full of such intense anguish that Violet was startled. "Your friend I *cannot* be; anything dearer I *may not* be. Forget me, and all interest in my fate. Of your interest in me I am utterly unworthy; and I would rather that you should credit all the evil that the world attributes to me, and, crediting it, learn to hate me, than think that I, in my own utter selfishness, had thrown one shade on your young life, mingled one regret with your bright future."

They were both leaning against the rail; no one saw Violet's face as she answered him.

"To speak of hate from me to you is folly, and it is too late to command forgetfulness. If you had no right to make me remember you, you have still less right to bid me forget you."

"Violet, come and look at this picture of Lance's, Regalia talks of buying it," said her mother's cold, slow, languid voice.

Violet turned, and though she smiled and spoke about the picture in question with some of her old vivacity and self-possession, her face had lost its brilliant tinting, and her little white teeth were set together.

De Vigne joined them at that minute.

"Miss Molyneux, I want to show you a painting in the Middle Room. It is just your style, I fancy. Will you come and look at it?"

We all went into the Middle Room after him, Sabretasche too, pausing occasionally to look at some of the luckless exiles near the ceiling with his lorgnon. By-the-way, what a farce it is to hang pictures where one must have a lorgnon to look at them; the exhibition of the few is the suppression of the many!

"Voilà!" said De Vigne. "Am I wrong? Don't you like it?"

"Like it!" echoed Violet. "O Heaven, how beautiful!"

Quite forgetful that she was the centre of a crowd who were looking at her much more than at the paintings on the walls, she stood, the colour back in her cheeks, her eyes lifted to the picture, her whole face full of reverent love and fervent adoration for the beauty it embodied. The painting deserved it. It was Love—old in story, yet new to every human heart—the love of Francesca and Paolo, often essayed by artists, yet never rendered as the poet would have had it, as it was rendered here.

There were no vulgarities of a fabled Hell; there were the two, alone in that true torture—

Ricordarsi del tempo felice nella miseria—

yet happy because together. Her face and form were in full light,

his in shadow. Heart beating against heart, their arms round each other, [they looked down into each other's eyes.] On his face were the fierce passions, against which he had had no strength, mingled with the deep and yearning regret for the fate he had drawn in with his own. On hers, lifted up to him, was all the love at sight of which he who beheld it "swooned even as unto death," the love—

—piacer sì forte

Che come vedi ancor non m'abbandona—

the love which made hell, paradise, and torture together dearer than heaven alone. Her face spoke, her clinging arms circled him as though defying power in heaven strong enough to part them; her eyes looked into his with unutterable tenderness, anguish for his sorrow, ecstasy in his presence! and on her soft lips, still trembling with the memory of that first kiss which had been their ruin, was all the heroism and all the passion, all the fidelity, enthusiasm, and joy in him alone, spoken in that one sentence—

Questi che mai da me non fia diviso!

The picture told its tale; crowds gathered round it; and those who could not wholly appreciate its wonderful colouring and skill were awed by its living humanity, its passionate tenderness, its exquisite beauty.

Violet stood, regardless of the men and women around her, looking up at the Francesca, a fervent response to it, a yearning sympathy with the warm human love and passionate joys of which it breathed, written on her mobile features.

She turned away from it with a heavy sigh, and the flush deepened in her cheeks as she met Sabretasche's eyes, who now stood behind her.

"You are pleased with that picture," he said, bending his head.

"Is it not beautiful?" cried Violet, passionately. "It is not to be criticised; it is to be loved. It is art and poetry and human nature blended in one. Whoever painted it interprets art as no other artist here can do. He has loved and felt his subject, and makes others in the force of his genius feel and love it too. Listen how every one is praising it! They all admire it, yet not nine out of ten of these people can understand it. Tell me who painted it, quick! Now you are looking in the last room, and it is 226, Middle Room. Oh! give me the catalogue!"

She took it out of his hands with that rapid vivacity which worried her mother so dreadfully as bad ton, and made her greatest charm to us, turned the leaves over with the greatest impatience till she reached "226. Paolo and Francesca—Vivian Sabretasche.

Amor che a nullo amato amar perdona,

Mi prese del costui piacer sì forte,

Che come vedi ancor non m'abbandona

Amor condusse noi ad una morte."

She dropped the book; she turned to him with such intense delight that it was almost pain; she could not speak, but she held out her hand to him. Sabretasche took it for an instant as they leaned over the rail together in the security and "solitude of a crowd."

"Do not speak of it here," he whispered, as he bent down for the fallen catalogue.

Violet gave him a glance so full of sympathy, delight, and adoration, that she had no need of words.

"'Pon my honour, Sabretasche," whispered little Regalia, "we're all so astonished—turning artist, eh? Never knew you exhibited. Splendid picture—ah—really!"

"You do me much honour," said Sabretasche, coldly—he hated the little puppy who was always dawdling after Violet—"but I should prefer not to be congratulated before a room full of people."

"On my life, old fellow, I envy you," said De Vigne, too low for any one to hear him; "not for being the talk of the room, for that is neither to your taste nor mine, but for having such magnificent talent as you have given us here."

"Cui bono?" said Sabretasche, with his slight smile, that was too gentle for discontent, and too sad for cynicism.

"I had not an idea *whose* Francesca I was bringing Miss Molyneux to see," De Vigne continued. "How came you to exhibit this year?"

"Oh, I have been a dabbler in art a long time," laughed the Colonel. "Many of the Forty are my intimate friends; they would not have rejected anything I sent."

"They would have been mad to reject the Francesca; they have nothing to compete with it on the walls. I wish you were in Poland-street, Sabretasche, that one could order of you. You are the first fine gentleman, since Sir George Beaumont, who has turned 'artiste véritable,' and you grace it better than he."

Sabretasche and his Grace of Regalia, De Vigne, and I, went to luncheon that day with Lady Molyneux in Lowndes-square, at which meal the Colonel made himself so intensely charming, lively, and winning, that the viscountess, strong as were her leanings to her pet duke, could but admit that he shone to very small advantage, and made a mental *mem.* never to invite the two together again. The Molyneux were devoting that morning to picture-viewing, the viscountess martyred secretly, her daughter genuinely delighted. And from the Royal Academy, after luncheon, they went to the French aquarelles, in Pall-mall, and thence to the Water-Colour Exhibition, whither De Vigne and I followed them in his tilbury.

"I wonder what they will say to Alma's picture," said De Vigne, as we alighted. "I wish it may make a hit, as it is her livelihood now poor child!"

Strange enough, it was before Alma's picture that we found most people in the room congregated; and Violet turned to us:

"Come and look here, Major De Vigne; this 'Louis Dix-sept in the Tower of the Temple,' by Miss Trevelyan—Trevanion—no, Tressillian—whoever she be—is the gem of the collection, to my mind. There is an unlucky green ticket on it, else I would purchase it. What enviable talent! I wish I were Miss Tressillian!"

"How rash you are!" said De Vigne. "How can you tell but what Miss Tressillian may be some masculine woman living in an entresol, painting with a clay pipe between her teeth, and horses and cows for veritable models in a litter adjoining, dressing like George Sand, and deriving inspiration from gin?"

"What a shameful picture!" cried Violet, indignantly. "I do not

know her, nor anything about her, it is true, but I am perfectly certain that the woman who realised and carried out this painting with so much delicacy and grace must have a delicate and graceful mind herself."

"Or," continued De Vigne, ruthlessly, "she may now, for anything you can tell, be a *vieille fille* who has consecrated her life to art, and grown old and ugly in the consecration, and who——"

"Be quiet, Major De Vigne, if you please," interrupted Violet. "I am perfectly certain, I told you, that the artist would correspond to the picture: Raphael was as beautiful as his paintings, Michael Angelo was of noble appearance, Mozart and Mendelssohn had faces full of music, Vernet is a fine military-looking man——"

"Fuseli, too, was," said De Vigne, mischievously, "remarkably like his grand archangels; Reynolds, in his brown coat and wig, is so poetic that one could have no other ideal of the 'Golden Age;' Turner's appearance was so artistic that one would have imagined him a farmer bent on crops; fat and snuffy Handel is the embodiment of the beauty of the *Cangio d'Aspetto*——"

"How tiresome you are!" interrupted Violet again. "I am establishing a theory; I don't care for facts—no theorists ever do in these days. I maintain that a graceful and ennobling art must leave its trace on the thought and mind and manners of its expositors (I know you are going to remind me of Morland at the hedge-alehouse, of the 'bum-bailiff' and the 'little Jew-broker,' and of Nollkens making the writing-paper label for the single bottle of claret); never mind, I keep to my theory, and I am sure that this Miss Tressillian, who has had the happiness to paint the lovely face of that little Dauphin, would, if we could see her, correspond to it; and I envy her without the slightest besitation."

"You have no need to envy any one," whispered Regalia.

Violet turned impatiently from him, and began to talk to Sabretasche about one of those ever-charming pictures of Mr. Edmund Warren. De Vigne looked at me and smiled, thinking with how much more grounds the little Tressillian had envied Violet Molyneux.

"I wish I could tell you half I feel about your Francesca," said Violet, lifting her eyes to Sabretasche's face, as they stood apart from anybody else in a part of the room little frequented, for there were few people there that morning, and those few were round Alma's pet picture. "You can never guess how I reverence that sublime genius of yours, how fully it speaks to my heart, how completely it reveals to me all your inner nature, which the world, much as it admires you, never sees or dreams of seeing."

Sabretasche bent his head; her words went too near home to him to let him answer them.

"All your pictures," Violet went on, "have seemed to me to bear the stamp of the most superb talent, but this—O Heaven, how beautiful it is! I might have known no other hand but yours could have called it into life. But I did not see it when we came to your studio. Have you long finished it?"

"I finished the painting two years ago; but three *months* ago I saw for the first time the face that answered my ideal, the face that expressed all that I would have expressed in Francesca. I effaced what I had painted, and in its stead I placed—yours."

Violet's eyes dropped; the delicate colour in her cheeks wavered and deepened. She had been dimly conscious of a resemblance in the painting, and De Vigne's glance from Francesca to herself had told her that he at the least saw it also; and, indeed, with the exception that Francesca's hair was golden where Violet's was chesnut (possibly that gossiping Belgravia might not notice too strong a likeness), the face of the painting, with its delicate and impassioned features, and the form, with its slight build and yet voluptuous graces, were singularly like her own.

Sabretasche looked closer at her; it was one of those dangerous moments when for any madness men can scarcely be held responsible.

"You could love like Francesca," he said involuntarily.

It was not above his breath, but his face gave it all the eloquence it lacked, as hers all the response it needed.

She heard his short quick breathing as he stood beside her; she felt the passionate answer that rose to his lips; she knew that if ever a man's love was hers his was then. But he was silent, and when he spoke his voice was full of that utter anguish which had startled her twice before.

"Keep it, then, and give it to some man more worthy it than I!"

"Violet, my love, are you not tired of all this?" said Lady Molyneux, sweeping up. "It is half-past four, and I want to go to Swan and Edgar's. Pictures make one's head ache so; I was never so ill in my life as I was after the Sistine chapel."

Sabretasche took her to their carriage without another word between them; and I grieve to record it, it was most improper, unladylike, and utterly against the rules, but Violet pressed his hand between her little French-gloved fingers as if he had just made her an offer rather than a refusal of love, and looked up in his eyes much as his Francesca's looked in Paolo's. But then Sabretasche was pale as death; *she* could see bitter suffering where others only saw his usual urbane and courtly smile; and Violet Molyneux, happily for him, was not a conventional young lady, but only a fond, frank, tender, impressionable woman.

The next day, to our surprise, the Colonel asked for leave, got it, and went away.

"What the deuce is that for, Colonel?" said I. "Never been out of town in the season before, have you?"

"Just the reason why I should be now, my dear fellow," responded Sabretasche, lazily. "Twenty years of the same thing is enough to tire one of it, if the thing were paradise itself; and when it comes to be only dusty pavés, whitebait dinners, and club gossip, ennui is very pardonable. The medical men tell me, if I don't give up pleasure for a little time, pleasure will give up me. You know, though I am strong enough in muscle I am not over-strong physically; so I shall go over to the Continent, and look at it in spring, before there are the pests of English touring about, with Murrays, carpet-bags, and sandwiches."

He vouchsafed no more on the subject, but went. His departure was talked of in clubs and boudoirs; women missed him as they would have missed no other man in London, for Sabretasche was universal censor, referee, regulator of fashion, his bow was the best thing in the Park, his fêtes at Richmond the most charming and exclusive of the season; but people absent on tours are soon forgotten, like dead leaves sncked under

a water-wheel and whirled away; and after the first day, perhaps, nobody save De Vigne and I remarked how triste his house in Park-lane looked with the green persiennes closed over its sunny bay-windows.

II.

PALAMON AND ARCTE.

A FEW days after his departure I cantered down the Ride with Violet Molyneux.

"This will be a brilliant season, I think," said I, "and an unusually long one. They were talking of parliament not closing till July, as there is so much business to be done. If such a thing ever happened as to detain the two Houses over the 12th, I am sure my father would have a fit of apoplexy, and all St. Stephen's with him."

"Yes," answered Violet, smiling, "the Lords and Commons may be very attached to the People, but they are still fonder of their Purdey; winding red-tape is nothing to spinning a twenty-pound salmon. Well! they are much more harmlessly employed in the heather than in the cabinet; they had better have a drive of deer than an embroglio of nations."

"Philanthropically I agree with you; personally I can't, for few things would give me such individual pleasure as being ordered off to the Crimea. I envy all those fellows who are gone or going; but we have lost our chef without the war. You know, of course, that Sabretasche has taken himself off just as the season opens?"

"He is gone to the south of France, is he not?"

How calm her voice, how impassive her eyes! Oh, society, society, how you teach us to let the wolf gnaw our vitals without say or sign!

"Yes, I can't imagine what took him there, can you?"

Self-possessed she was, but her cheeks flushed. They were very pale when I met her.

"For his health, I understood. Will he—do you know" (she hesitated)—"is he likely to be away long?"

"Some little time, I fancy. I am sorry he is gone; there is no man, except De Vigne, I like better, and he will be very much missed; he is so fêted and admired and sought. Just when all town is talking of that miraculous work of art, that Francesca of his, he chooses to leave. He is an enigmatical fellow."

Her face was very pale again now, and her eyes were not impassive, do what she would. She struck her chesnut sharply, and got some paces before me.

"We go so slowly, let us gallop back to papa."

"Did Vy Molyneux refuse Sabretasche," said Monckton, as she rode out by Apsley House with her father and mother, "that he went off like a shot, I wonder?"

Curly, who heard him, shouted with laughter. "Sabretasche refused! By Jove, what an idea! No, that's a grief (or a blessing) he'll never come to. All of 'em go down before him, married, widowed, and single. Refused! By George, I wish he heard you! No, it's more probable that he has made Violet desperate after him (and that she is it's pretty

easy to see), and is gone off for fear Jockey Jack should ask him his intentions; for Sabretasche, I am very sure, would think no woman worth the trouble of marrying, and quite right too!"

Whatever his motive, the Colonel was gone to that golden land the south of France, where the foamy Rhône speeds on her course, and Marseilles lies by the free blue sea, and the Pic du Midi rears its stately head over the purple vineyards of France and the green sierras of Spain. The Colonel was gone, and all the clubs, and drawing-rooms, and journals were speaking of his Francesca; speaking, for once, unanimously in admiration for the perfect and wonderful union of art and truth. The Francesca was the theme of the day in artistic circles, its masterly conception and unexceptionable handling would from any pencil have gained it fame; in fashionable circles it only needed the well-known name of Vivian Sabretasche to give it at once an interest and a brevet of value. The Francesca was talked of by everybody, and not talked of much less was the fact that the first day of its exhibition Sabretasche had presented it to Viscount Molyneux, perhaps the man in all town least calculated to appreciate either the art or the gift. Strangely enough, the picture most appreciated in another line by the papers and the virtuosi, was the Little Tressillian's water-colour, which, with its subject, its treatment, and the exceedingly beautiful and truthful rendering of the boy's face, attracted more attention than any woman's picture had done for a long time; the art reviews were almost unanimous in its praise; certain faults were pointed out—reviewers must always find *some* as a sort of brevet of their own discernment—but for all that, Alma's first picture was a very decided success, and would have been thought a still more wonderful one if they had known that the artist was a girl of eighteen, whose sole instruction had been a few lessons in the studio of an Italian artist.

Not long after the exhibition, De Vigne, one morning after early parade, after breakfasting, having a quiet smoke, and reading the papers, rang the bell, ordered his horse round, put some of the journals in his coat-pocket, and rode towards Richmond, with the double purpose of having a cool morning gallop before the—as he ungratefully termed it—bother of the day commenced, and of seeing Alma, which he had not done since the success of her picture. He was not long doing the seven miles to the little farm. He always rode fast; I believe it would have been as great a misery to him to be obliged to do a thing slowly as it would have been to Sabretasche to do it quickly! He enjoyed the fresh May morning, the sweet scent of the budding trees, the free, pure air of early spring which gave him something of the elasticity of his earlier years. His nature was naturally a very happy one; his character was too strong, vigorous, and impatient to allow melancholy to become habitual to him; he was too young for his fate, however it preyed upon his pride, to be constantly before him; his wife was, indeed, a bitter memory to him, but she was *but* a memory to him now, and a man imperceptibly forgets what is never recalled to him. Except occasional deep fits of gloom and an unvarying cynical sarcasm, De Vigne had cured himself of the utter despondency into which his marriage had first thrown him; the pace at which he lived, if the pleasures were stale, was such as does not leave a man much time for thought, and now, as he

rode along, with no sound on his ear except the merry ring of his horse's hoofs on the hard road, some of his naturally bright spirits came back to him, as they generally do, by-the-way, with riding to a man as passionately fond of it as he.

"At home, of course?" he said to Mrs. Lee, as she opened the door to him—said it with that careless hauteur which was the result of habit, not of intention. De Vigne was very republican in his theories, but the patrician came out in him malgré lui; it is all very well to talk of equality, but I never knew a man yet with the sang pur in him who did not instinctively feel the difference between it and the mud of the gutters, and show that he felt it too, however grand his theorising the other way.

"Yes, sir," said the old nurse, giving him her lowest curtsy, and gazing on him with admiring eyes, for, as she used to say, she "hadn't lived among the gentlefolk without knowing a real gentleman when she saw one," "Miss Alma's at home. Where should she be, poor little lady, with not a soul to take her out anywhere, and tell her not to spoil her eyes over them nasty paintings? Yes, sir, she's at home, and there's a young gentleman a calling on her. I'm glad of it; she wants somebody to talk to bad enough. 'Tain't right, you know, sir, for a merry child like that to be cooped up alone; you might as well put a bird in a cage and tie its beak up, so that it couldn't sing! It's that young gentleman as came with you, sir, the other day."

De Vigne stroked his moustaches and smiled.

"Oh, ho! Master Curly's found his way, has he. I thought it would be odd if those longs yeux bleus didn't do some damage in their proper sphere. I dare say she'll be a confounded little flirt, like all the rest of them, when she has the opportunity," was his reflection, more natural than complimentary, as he opened the door of Alma's room, where the little lady was sitting, as usual, in the window, among the birds and flowers De Vigne had sent her; and Curly, handsome dog that he was, graceful as a young Greek—fit ideal for Alcibiades or Catullus while they were in their twenties, their Falernian yet full of flavour, and their rose wreaths still with the morning dew upon them—lying back in a chaise longue, talking to her quite as softly and far more interestedly than he was wont to talk to the beauties in his mother's drawing-room.

But Alma cut him short in the middle of a sentence as she turned her head at the opening of the door, and sprang up joyously at the sight of De Vigne.

"How glad I am! I have been wanting to see you so all this week. The days are so long, always looking for you and never seeing you; but how good you are to come so early."

"Not good at all. I was not in bed till six this morning, and liked an early ride; the air is beautiful to-day, one only wants to be fishing in a mountain burn to enjoy it thoroughly. Hallo, Curly!" said De Vigne, throwing himself into an arm-chair; "how are you? How did you manage to get up so early? I thought you never were up till after one, except on Derby Day?"

"Or other temptation greater still," said Curly, with an eloquent glance of his long violet eyes at Alma.

"Do you mean that for a compliment to me?" said the Little Tres-

sillian, with that gay, rebellious, moqueur air which was so pretty in her. "In the first place, I do not believe it, for there is no woman on the face of the earth who could attempt to rival a horse; and in the second, I should not thank you for it if I did, for compliments are only fit for empty heads to feed on."

"Meaning, you think yours the very reverse of empty?" said De Vigne, quietly.

"Certainly, it is not empty. I am not a boarding-school girl, monsieur," said Alma, indignantly. "I have filled it with what food I can get for it, and I know at least enough to feel that I know nothing—the first step to wisdom the sages say."

"But if you dislike compliments you might at least accept homage," said Curly, smiling.

"Homage? Oh! yes, as much as you like. I should like to be worshipped by the world, and petted by a few."

"I dare say you would," said De Vigne, stroking her little black kitten, elaborately decorated by Alma in a collar of blue ribbon and gold beads. "I can't say your desires are characterised by great modesty."

"Well, I speak the truth," said Alma, naively. "A great deal of women's modest speeches are great falsehoods, on whose telling, however, society smiles as 'the thing.' I *should* like to be admired by the thousands, and loved just by one or two."

"You have only to be seen to have your first wish," said Curly, softly, "and only to be known to have much more than your second."

Alma turned away impatiently; she had a sad knack of showing when she was annoyed.

"Really you are intolerable, Captain Brandling. You spoil conversation utterly. I say those things because I mean them, not to make you flatter me. I shall talk only to Sir Folko, to Major De Vigne, for he alone understands me, and answers me properly."

With which lecture to Curly the little lady twisted her low chair nearer to De Vigne, and looked up in his face, very much as spaniels look up in their master's, liking a kick from them better than a caress from a stranger.

Curly, sweet temper though he was, was a trifle irritated—he was so used to having it all his own way—a very carelessly conquering, lazy Young-England way, too—and was a little astonished at being so summarily put aside by this little Tressillian, whom he had come to see chiefly for the sake of her bright blue eyes—partly because she had puzzled him, partly (pardon, mademoiselle!—the best of us will think so of the best of you till we have tried you) because he thought he could say what he liked to her, frank, free, and unprotected as she was, and partly because he wanted to see how De Vigne really stood with her; a problem he did not make out any clearer now, for though Alma was certainly very fond of him, she was much too candid about it, Curly reasoned, for anything like love; and De Vigne's calm, amused, quizzical, yet guardian-like manner over her was still further removed by many miles from the grande passion.

But Curly was very sweet-tempered, and in a second he was all right again.

"You are cruelly unjust, Miss Tressillian," he said, playfully. "I was telling the truth—a thing you seem greatly to patronise—and you shut me up as abruptly as if I were committing a crime. You see it was impossible for me to know your tastes. De Vigne has an immense advantage over me in having known you before I did."

Alma's eloquent eyes looked as if she thought De Vigne had immense advantages over him in many other respects, but she was too much of a lady to say so of course. She made him a pretty careless bow, as if she was tired of the subject, and turned to De Vigne:

"Have you seen Miss Molyneux lately?" She was rather jealous of Miss Molyneux, having ridden off on an idea that De Vigne saw a great deal of Violet and admired her exceedingly.

"Yes; and not long ago I heard Miss Molyneux envying you!"

"Me! Whatever for? I envy *her*, if you like!" cried Alma, brushing up the kitten's hair becomingly. "How does she know me! What has she heard about me? Who has told her anything of me?"

"Gently, gently, de grâce!" cried De Vigne. "I don't know that she has heard anything of you, or that anybody has told her anything about you; but she has seen something of yours, and admired it exceedingly."

"My picture?" asked Alma, breathlessly.

"Your picture; and she said that whoever the artist might be who had painted the lovely face of the boy, she, envied her, and wished that she could change places with her."

"She would not if she knew," said Alma, with that deep sadness which just now and then welled out of her gay, sunshiny nature, as if in evidence of what the passionate, and generous, and tender character would suffer when she came to the grief De Vigne had prophesied for her.

"Did she go to the exhibition with you, then?"

"Yes; or rather I went with her."

"How I hate her!" said Alma, with sufficient vehemence, tearing a bit of drawing-paper into strips.

"Et pourquoi?" asked De Vigne, in surprise.

"Because you are always with her, and she is in your circle, and you go about with her, and admire her, and I am shut up here; I must wait till you choose to come and see me, and I have no society to shine in, and—Oh! I hate her!" cried Alma energetically. I dare say she *could* have hated, not rancorously, but very hotly while it lasted, as most people can who love hotly also.

De Vigne laughed; he was used to Alma's enthusiastic expressions, and set them down to her Southern blood, attaching no importance to them.

"Amiable, I must say, Miss Tressillian, and not very grateful; for Violet Molyneux is prepared to be devoted to you, if she could know you, for having painted that exquisite picture, as she thinks it."

"Ah! my picture!" cried Alma, joyously, her hate and her wrongs passing away like summer shadows off a sunny landscape. "What has been said about it? Has it been liked? Who has seen it? Do the papers mention it? Have the——"

"One question at a time, please, then perhaps I may contrive to answer them," said De Vigne, smiling; "though the best answer to them all will be for you to read these. Here, see how you like that!"

He took a critique by a well-known Art-critic out of his pocket, and gave it to her, pointing out, among many condemnatory notices of other works, the few brief laudatory words in praise of her own, worth more than whole pages of warmer laudation but less discriminating criticism.

"How delightful! how glad I am! Oh, this is beautiful!—this is something like the realisation of my dreams!" cried Alma, rapturously, her eyes beaming, and her whole face in a rose flush of ecstatic delight.

"Wait a minute; reserve your raptures," said De Vigne, putting the *Times*, the *Atlas*, and other papers before her. "If the first review sends you into such a state of exultation, we shall lose sight of you altogether over these."

"Oh, they make me so happy!" exclaimed Alma, when she had read them, with none of the dignity and tranquil pride becoming to a successful artist, but with a wild, gleeful, triumphant delight most amusing, De Vigne told me, to behold. "You won't quite forget me for Miss Molyneux now; she hasn't her name in the papers, has she? I am so delighted. I used to think my pictures would be liked if people saw them; but I never hoped they would be admired like this; and the beauty of it is, that it is all owing to you; without you I should never have had it!"

"Indeed you would, though. I have done nothing. Your picture was clever; it has been seen, and has had its due appreciation, as all clever things have, sooner or later. You have nothing to thank me for, I can assure you."

"I have!" repeated Alma, resolutely. "You knew how I could exhibit it; you did it all for me; but *for* your picture would now be hanging here, unnoticed and unpraised. You were the first person who admired it, and you know well enough that your few words are of more value to me than all these!" With which Alma tossed over the table, with contemptuous energy, the reviews which had charmed her so intensely a minute or two before.

"Very unwise," said De Vigne, dryly. "These will make your fame and your money; my words can do you no good whatever."

"They do me the best good," said Alma, indignantly. "Do you suppose, if you did not like my pictures, that I should care for anybody else's praise?"

"I should say so; I don't see why you shouldn't," said De Vigne. He took a most malicious pleasure in teasing her, in making her eyes grow dark and flash, and the colour come into her cheeks in her vehement and demonstrative vexation.

She didn't vouchsafe him any words now, though, but twisted herself away from him with one of her rapid, un-English movements.

"How courteous he is! You are very forbearing, Miss Tressillian, to put up with him!" said Curly, who had been listening, half amusedly, half irritably, to this conversation, which excluded him.

Alma was angry with De Vigne herself, but she was not going to let any one else be so too.

"Forbearing? What do you mean? I should be very ungrateful if I were not thankful for such a friend."

"Now that is too bad," said Curly, plaintively. "I, who really admire your most marvellous talent, only get tabooed for being a flatterer, while he is thought perfection, and pleases by being most abominably rude."

"You had better not measure yourself with him, Captain Brandling," said Alma, with that mischievous impudence which sat well upon her, though no other woman, I believe, could have had it with such impunity."

"Vous me piquez, mademoiselle," said Carly, a great deal too sweet a disposition to be annoyed by pre-eminence given to another, especially to De Vigne, for whom he retained some of the old feeling of Frestonhills vassalage, yet sufficiently taken with the fascinating Little Tressillian to be vexed not to be higher in her good graces. "You will tempt me by your very prohibition to enter the lists with him. I should not care to dispute the belt with him in most things, but for such a prize——"

"What nonsense are you talking, Carly," said De Vigne, with that certain chill hauteur now so customary to him, but which Alma had never yet seen in him. "A prize to be fought for must be disputed. Don't bring hot-pressed compliments here to spoil the atmosphere."

"That's right, take my part," interrupted Alma, not understanding his speech as Carly understood it. "You see, Captain Brandling, that sort of high-flown flattery is no compliment; if the man mean it, it says little for his intellect, for we are none of us angels without wings, as you call us; and if he do not mean it, it says little for ours, for it is easy to tell when a man is really liking or only laughing at us."

"Indeed!" said Carly. "I wish we were as clear when ladies were liking or laughing at us; it would save us a good many disappointments, when enchanting forms of life and light, who have softly murmured tenderest words when they stole our hearts away in tulle illusion at a hunt ball, bow to us as chillily as to a first introduction when we meet them afterwards en Amazone in the Ride, with old Lord Adolphus Fitzpoodle, as rich as he is gouty, on their off-side."

"Serve you right for being so credulous," said De Vigne, tickling the kitten with the end of his riding-whip. "Women are either actresses or fools; if they are amiable they are stupid, and if they are clever they are artful."

"Like Thackeray's heroines," suggested Carly.

"Exactly; shows how well the man knows life as it is not as it should be, for I always hold that the wiser the mind the better ought to be the heart. But the first thing the world teaches a clever woman is to banish her feelings. Women may thrive on talent, they are certain to go to rack and ruin on feeling; few enough of them have any, and a good thing for them, too."

"I don't agree with you," said Alma, looking up, ready for a combat.

"Don't you, petite?" laughed De Vigne. "I think you will when you have a few more years over your head, and have seen the world a little."

"No, I do not agree with you," returned the Little Tressillian, decidedly, "that life's first lesson is to crush down your feelings both to men and women. I believe that in proportion as you feel so do you suffer; but I deny that all talented women are actresses. Where will you go for all your noblest actions but to women of intellect and mind? Sappho's heart inspired the genius which has come down to us through such lengthened ages. Was it not heart which has immortalised Héloïse? Was it not intellect, joined to their passionate love for their country, which have placed the deeds of Polycrita, Hortensia, Hersilia, Made-

moiselle de la Rochefoucauld among the records of patriotism? One of the fondest loves we have heard of was the love of Vittoria Colonna for Pescara, of the woman who ranks only second to Petrarch, the friend of Cardinal Pope, and Bembo, and Catarini, the adored of Michael Angelo, the admired of Ariosto! Oh, you are very wrong; where you find the glowing imagination, there, too, will you find as ardent affections; where there is expansive intellect, there, and there only, will be charity, tolerance, clear perception, just discrimination; with a large brain, a large heart, the more cultured the intelligence, the more sensitive the susceptibilities. Lucy Edgermond would make your tea for you tolerably, and head your table respectably, and blush where she ought, and say Yes and No like a well-bred woman, but in Corinne alone will you find passion to beat with your own, intellect to match with your own, sympathy, comprehension, elevation, all that a woman *should* give to the man she loves!"

A Corinne in her own way I can fancy she looked, too, with her blue eyes scintillating like two stars in her earnestness, all her own intelligence and talent stamped on her high arched brow and on her mobile lips; her little silver-tongued voice rising and falling in impassioned vehemence, accompanied with her vivacious and unconscious gesticulation, a trick, probably, of her foreign blood. Curly listened to her with amazement and delight, this was something quite new to him; it was not so new to De Vigne, but it touched him with something deeper, more like regret than amusement. A glimpse of the golden land is great pain when we know the door is locked, and the key irrevocably lost. It brought over him again his old sarcasm and gloom.

"Do you suppose, petite," he said, with a bitter smile, "that if there were Corinnes in the land men would be such fools as to go and take the Lucys of modern society in their stead? Heaven knows, if there were women like what you describe we might be better men; more earnest in our lives, more faithful in our loves. But you draw from the ideal, I from the real, two altitudes very far wide apart; as far apart, my child, as dawn and midnight."

His tone checked and saddened Alma's bright and enthusiastic but very impressionable nature. She gave a deep, heavy sigh.

"It is midnight with you, I am afraid, and I do so want it to be noon. I wish you would believe in me, at least."

He answered with a laugh, not a real one.

"Too much to promise; I will believe in you as soon as I do in anybody; and as for its being midnight with me, if it is, it is like midnight at a bal d'Opéra, with plenty of gaslights, transparencies, music, and amusement enough to send the sun jealous, and making believe the day has dawned."

"But then don't the gaslights, and transparencies, and all the rest of your bal d'Opéra look tawdry and garish when the day is really up and on them?"

"We never let the daylight in," laughed De Vigne; "and won't remember that we ever had any brighter light than our coloured lamps. Why should we? They do well enough for all intents and purposes."

Alma shook her head:

"They won't content you always."

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"Oh yes they will; I have no desires now but to live without worry, and die in some good hard fight in harness, like my father."

Alma struck him on the arm with his own riding switch, which she had taken from him to play with the kitten.

"You are naughty and cruel: you say that only to vex me. Do you suppose at thirty-five that you have done with life?"

"Done with life! Certainly not, unless I come to a violent death, as most of my ancestors have done before me. No, my health and my strength are perfect, thank Heaven, notwithstanding I have done my best to impair them; but I have excluded passions, desires, and impulses out of my life—they cost me a vast deal too dear."

Alma looked at him incredulously, with her eyebrows raised.

"I should have thought you too clever a man of the world to talk such folly," said the little lady, impatiently. "In all the vigour, strength, and glory of early manhood, do you suppose it possible for you to ice yourself into a deliberate lifeless stoicism closing round you, as its stony home shuts in the lily-encrinite? You may fancy your nature is chilled for ever (though why it should be I cannot imagine), but be very sure it will rouse itself sooner or later."

"I hope not, that's all I can say," returned De Vigne; "but though you may wake up a sleeping dog, you can't a dead one; don't you know that, young lady?"

"But from a dead phoenix there will rise a new one."

"A phoenix! an unreal thing, a poetic myth! You choose your metaphor badly for your theory, like all these enthusiasts, Curly, eh? Pin them to fact, they are undone in a moment. What! are you going? I'll come with you—that is, if you are going back to town."

"Yes I am," said Curly. "I'm going to a confounded déjeuner in Palace-gardens, that little flirt's, Jerry Mab, I beg her pardon, the Honourable Geraldine Maberly. I shall barely get back in time; it's one o'clock, I vow. How time slips in some places. If I promise to leave compliments, i. e. in your case, truth, behind me, may I not come again? Pray be merciful, and allow me."

"How can I prevent you?" said Alma, in a laughing unconsciousness of Curly's meaning glances. "Certainly, come if you like; it is kind of you to think of it, for I am very dull here all alone. I am no philosopher, you know, and cannot make a virtue of necessity, and pretend to take my tub and cabbage-leaves in preference to a causeuse and delicate mayonnaise."

"Capricious, like all your sex. You are asking for compliments now, Alma. On ne loue d'ordinaire que pour être loué," said De Vigne, dryly.

"Am I? I did not mean it so," answered the girl, innocently.

"Nor did I take it so," said Curly, bending towards her as he took her hand; "so I shall not try to say how much I thank you for your permission, but only avail myself of it as often as I can, for the kindness will certainly be to me."

De Vigne stood looking disdainfully on, stroking his moustaches, and thinking, I dare say, what arrant flirts all women were at heart, and what fools men were to pander to their vanities.

He bid her good morning with that careless hauteur which he had often with everybody else but very rarely with the Little Tressillian.

Curly's horse was at the door, but his groom had ridden further down the road with De Vigne's. While he stood at the door waiting for it, he heard Alma's voice :

"Come back a minute."

He went back, as in courtesy bounnd.

"Did you want me?"

"Yes. Why did you speak so crossly to me?"

"I, crossly! I was not aware of it."

"But I was, and it was not kind of you, Sir Folko."

"Why will you persist in calling me like that knight sans peur et sans reproche?" said De Vigne, impatiently. "I tell you I have nothing in common with him—with his pure life and his spotless shield. He did no evil; I do—Heaven knows how much! He surmounted his temptations; I have always succumbed to mine. He had a conscience at ease; mine, if it were a tender one, might be as great a torture as the rack. His past was one of wise thoughts and noble deeds; mine can show neither the one nor the other."

"Of your life you know best; but in your character I choose to see the resemblance, if you choose to see the difference, between you and Montfaugon," replied Alma, always resolute to her own opinion. "Was he not a man of experience, a man who feared nothing, who was fierce to his foes and generous to those who trusted him? As for his past, he had probably drawn experience from error, as men ever do, and learnt wisdom out of folly. And as for his stainless shield, is not your haughty De Vigne crest as unsullied as when it passed to you?"

"No," said De Vigne, fiercely. "My folly stained it, and the stain is the curse of my life. Child, why did you speak of such things? If you care for my friendship, you must never speak to me of my past."

His face was stern, his dark eyes stormy, and full of the gloom and remorseful pride her words had suddenly awakened—deadly memories were stirring up in him. Most women might have been afraid of him in his haughty anger. She was not. She looked up at him, bewildered, it is true, but with a strange mingling of girlish tenderness and woman's passion, both unconscious of themselves.

"Oh, I will not! Do forgive me. You know I would never willingly say anything to anger you. You do believe me, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, I believe you," said De Vigne, hastily. "Don't exalt me into a god, Alma, that's all, for I am *very* mortal. Good-by, petite."

He laid his hand on her shoulder with the familiar kindness he had imperceptibly grown into with her, natural to his earlier nature, but very exceptional with his present one; he could hardly look into the clear brilliance of her dark blue eyes and doubt her—doubt, at least, that she now meant what she said, whether or no she would keep to it.

In another second he was across his horse's back, and riding out of the court-yard with Curly, while Alma stood in the doorway looking after him, shading her eyes from the May sun, which touched up her golden hair and her picturesque bright-hued dress into a brilliant tableau, under the low, dark, brown porch of her cottage home.

Curly rode on quietly for some little way, bnsying his mind with rolling the leaves round a Manilla, and lighting it en route, while De Vigne puffed away at a giant Havannah, between regulating which, and keeping his fidgety Grey Derby quiet (he usually rode horses that would

have thrown any other man but him or M. Rarey), he had little leisure for road-side conversation.

At last Curly broke silence, twisting his long blonde moustaches with a puzzled smile, and flicking his mare's ears thoughtfully with his whip.

"Well, De Vigne! I don't know what to make of it!"

"Don't know what to make of what?" demanded De Vigne, curtly.

He was a little impatient with his Frestonhills pet. One may not care two straws for pheasant-shooting—nay, one may even have sprained one's arm, so that it is a physical impossibility to lift an Enfield to one's shoulder—and yet so dog-in-maugeriah is human nature that one could kick a fellow who ventures to come in and touch a head of our défendu or uncared-for game.

"Of that little thing," returned Curly, musingly. "I don't understand her."

"Very possibly."

"Why very possibly? I know a good deal of women, good, bad, and indifferent, but I'll be hanged if I can understand that Little Tressillian. She's so different, somehow, to all the rest of 'em. She has so much sense in her, and yet she is full of life and nonsense. She can touch on all sorts of queer subjects, and speak about a man's life without a trace of boldness. She is so frank and free one *might* take no end of advantage of her; and yet, somehow, deuce take it, one *can't*. The girl's truth and fearlessness are more protection to her than other women's pruderies and chevaux-de-frise."

De Vigne did not answer, but smoked his Havannah silently; probably because he thought with Curly, but was not going to say so.

"She is a little darling," resumed Curly, meditatively. "That's the sort of girl I've dreamed about, De Vigne. One feels a better fellow with her—eh?"

"Can't say," replied De Vigne. "I have generally looked on young ladies, for inflammable boys like you, as dangerous stimulants rather than as calming tonics."

"Confound your matter-of-fact," swore Curly. "You may laugh at it if you like, but I mean it. She makes me think of things that one pooh-poohs and forgets in the bustle of the world. She's a vast lot too good to be shut up in that brown old house, with only a kitten to play with, and an old nurse to take care of her."

"She seems to have made an impression on you!" said De Vigne, dryly.

"Certainly she has!" said Curly, gaily. "And, 'pon my life, what makes still more impression on me, De Vigne, is, that you and I, two as wild fellows as ever lived, and pretty well as unscrupulous in that line, I should say, as that much-abused chap, Don Juan, should be going calling on that little thing, and chatting with her as harmlessly as if she were our sister, when we *ought* to be making desperate love to her, if she hadn't such confounded dear trusting eyes of hers that they make one ashamed of one's own thoughts. 'Pon my life, it's very extraordinary!"

"If extraordinary, it is only a man's honour," said De Vigne, with his coldest bauteur, "towards a young, guileless girl, utterly unprotected, save by her own defencelessness—the best protection to any right-feeling man. For my own part, as a 'married man' (how cold his sneer always grew at those words!), I have no right to 'enter the lists' with you, as

you poetically phrased it to-day, even supposing my experiences of passion did not make me, as they do, renounce all such affairs, with no merit in the renunciation; and for yourself, you are too true a gentleman, Curly, though it is 'our way' to be unscrupulous in such matters, to take unfair advantage of my introduction of you to a girl who is a lady, and deserves to be treated as such, though she has not the entourages of wealth and position to command respect; and, indeed, if you did, I, to whom Mr. Tressillian appealed for what slight assistance I have it in my power to afford her, should hold myself responsible for having made you known to her, and should be bound to take the insult as to myself."

Curly, at the beginning of De Vigne's very calm, but very grandiose speech, opened his lazy violet eyes, and stared at him; but as he went on, all Curly's warmer feelings, and all the native delicacy and generosity that lay at the heart of this young "Adonis of the Guards," too deep for his life to score them out, roused up, and he turned to his old Freston-hills hero with his smile, so *young* in its brightness:

"Quite right, De Vigne. You are a brick; and if I do any harm to that dear Little Tressillian, I give you free leave to shoot me dead like a dog, and should richly deserve it, too. But go and see her I must, for she is worth all the women we shall meet at Jerry's to-day, though they *do* count themselves the *crème de la crème*."

"The *crème de la crème* can be, at the best, only skim," said De Vigne, with his ready fling of sarcasm; "but I am not going to the Maberlys', thank you. Early strawberries and late on dits are both flavourless to my taste; the fault of my own palate, perhaps. I shall go and lunch at the U. S., and play a game or two at pool. How much better I should like billiards, if one could *progress*; but after the first year or two a man has reached his perfection in it, and then he stands still till his eyes and arms fail him. How pleasant the wind is! Grey Derby wants a gallop, let's give him his way."

Palamon and Arcite were not truer or warmer friends than De Vigne and Curly; but, when a woman's face dazzled the eyes of both, the death-blow was struck to friendship, and the seeds of feud were sown.

BISHOP DOYLE'S LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE.*

BIOGRAPHY is one of the noblest, as it is probably the most useful, branch of literature. The teaching of example, for good or evil, is proverbially powerful—happily, however, more powerful for good when shown in the pages of the biographer. Even the meanest and worst of men feel some sense of veneration, some faint stirring of noble emulation, when they read of the struggles and triumphs, the life battles and vic-

* The Life, Times, and Correspondence of the Right Reverend Dr. Doyle, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. By William John Fitzpatrick, J.P., author of "The Life, Times, and Contemporaries of Lord Cloncurry," "Lady Morgan, her Career, Literary and Personal," &c. Two Vols. James Duffy, Paternoster-row. 1861.

stories of men who have left illustrious names; and the aspiring and wisely-ambitious are stimulated to fresh ardour and sustained to newer and loftier aims. Other departments of literature may offer more attractions to the author, give greater play to the imagination and wider scope for genius; but in none can a more solid reputation be gained, in none more honourably and fairly earned, than by him of whom it can be justly said that he was a spirited and honest biographer.

Biography formed the favourite reading of Dr. Johnson, and Lord Bacon regrets that the lives of eminent men are not more frequently written, "for," adds he, "though kings, princes, and great personages are few, yet there are many other excellent men who deserve better than vague reports and barren eulogies."

In reading the lives of great men we live again in the past; we see the course of events, sometimes shaping, sometimes being shaped, by their sentiments and actions; we tremble at their temptations, we sympathise with their weakness, we glow with their triumphs, we glory in their success, and having followed the great current of their lives from the cradle to the grave, we sit down to meditation, and rise with vigorous determination to emulate in our own sphere their virtues and their fame.

Honourable, then, and dignified in a high degree, are the labours of the biographer who rescues from neglect, perhaps from oblivion, the memory of great, even of remarkable, men; who clears away from that inscription, which every man whose life is worth recording leaves behind him on the great face of time, the grime and dust of prejudice, misrepresentation, and falsehood, and the traces of neglect, even more deplorable than these, and gives to the world the mighty and instructive lesson of a great and glorious life.

James Doyle was born into the world, of Roman Catholic parents, at a time when to belong to that faith was to be placed under a ban and to be assigned an inferior position in the social scale. True, the bitter severity of the extreme penal laws had been relaxed, some little title to the name and status of a common humanity had been recognised in the Catholic, and he could hold land, at first for a term of years, and subsequently—by a bountiful concession—in fee.

Five years after the birth of James Doyle, the Roman Catholics of the sister isle, with bated breath and almost servile humility, were content to bound the horizon of their hopes and wishes with admission to the profession of the law, capacity to serve as county magistrates, the right of serving on petty and grand juries, and of voting, with large restrictions, in counties at the election of Protestant members of parliament.

In the year 1793, a bill for their relief was passed, and the compassion of the donors outstripping the petition of the mendicants, Catholics were accorded the privilege of spilling their blood in the field and on the battle deck beside their Protestant countrymen—they were permitted to hold commissions in the army and navy.

In 1829, the "Relief Bill" was passed, to which is usually attributed all the large effects of Roman Catholic emancipation, though, in truth, the chief part of the battle had been fought and won in 1793.

The act of 1829 is not, indeed, so memorable for its provisions, as the speakings and the writings of the men who laboured for its enactment are signal and meritorious.

Foremost among those who, by the power of their eloquence, the force of their learning, and the example of their virtues, helped to clear the minds of men from the mists of religious prejudice, was Dr. Doyle.

The Roman Catholic had not yet learned to wear with ease the new-made garment of his disenfranchisement; he still walked abroad with some lingering of the old embarrassment, some leaven of the ancient degradation; his voice was still bated, his demeanour still deferential, and even his virtues and his genius hardly dared to show themselves with vigour.

With real reluctance we pass over the earlier days of Doyle, his peaceful but profound studies in the ancient halls of Coimbra, his religious doubts and difficulties, the struggles of a great intellect, his courage on the field of battle, his sagacity in the council, the dazzling proposals which had been made to him by the court of Braganza; and we find him—having returned to Ireland—at the early age of thirty-three years, elected, in 1819, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin.

In 1822, Dr. William Magee, Archbishop of Dublin, published, in the shape of a pamphlet, an able but offensive charge delivered by him to his clergy in St. Patrick's Cathedral, on the 24th of October, in the same year. In this charge the archbishop reviled and ridiculed the Roman Catholic Church, mocked at its pretensions, accused its members of disaffection and disloyalty, and held it up to public scorn as an imposition on the credulity of its followers. This attack would, at another time, have been viewed in silence and with enforced humility; and the manly spirit long pressed down and kept in check in Catholic bosoms would have waited strength for its own vindication.

But a champion was now found every way worthy of the cause—a champion as fearless as he was powerful, as learned and skilful as he was facile and ready. The archbishop's charge had hardly issued from the press, before it was met by Doyle with a reply of matchless power. When we consider that Magee's charge was prepared by him at his full leisure, with ample time for references, and every aid to reflection and composition, and that Doyle's reply was necessarily written in haste and on the exigency of the moment, we can the more readily appreciate the full value of the effort. The public stood amazed at the audacity of the attempt; even the friends of Roman Catholicism trembled at the temerity of their champion; but then agitation was speedily changed into exultation, and their doubts into triumphant confidence. With a stirring eloquence, a varied erudition, a treacherous sarcasm, and a style at once nervous and condensed, Doyle shivered into fragments the whole structure of the "charge," and at once established himself as the powerful and uncompromising defender, the peerless champion, of his creed and country.

In a hasty and imperfect notice such as this necessarily is, we can glance, and that but slightly, at a few only of the public efforts of this remarkable man. A year after the appearance of his answer to Magee, he gave to the world his "Vindication of the Civil and Religious Principles of the Irish Catholics;" and soon after, his "Letters on the State of Ireland" (a portly volume), "addressed to a friend in England." These compositions—to quote the words of Lord Derby—were powerfully conceived and written.

In 1825, Doyle received a summons to London to give evidence before committees of both Houses of Parliament, and here he transcended all his former efforts.

The life of Dr. Doyle continued eventful and active. But the duties of his sacred office formed his first care, and were fulfilled with a zeal and exactness of the most exemplary character. In the midst of laborious episcopal labours, he still found leisure and strength for innumerable tracts, essays, and addresses, maintaining, meanwhile, with his numerous friends and acquaintances an unremitting correspondence of extraordinary vigour and great power and beauty. "It is, moreover, of the most varied nature. Political letters of the greatest moment addressed to cabinet ministers and viceroys; pastoral epistles to priests; affectionate greetings to friends; wise, gentle, and pious counsels to nuns and others under his spiritual direction, testify at once to his versatile abilities, and his loving zeal." But though the spirit was so wonderfully willing and strong, the flesh was weak, and the great and unceasing strain on both mental and bodily powers began to tell upon his frame. By slow but certain degrees his health began to fail, his body to waste, and his strength to diminish, but to the very last his mind was vigorous, his intellect unclouded; to the last he was the prop and bulwark of his Church, the advocate of civil and religious liberty, and the lash and terror of its enemies.

We must refer our readers to Mr. Fitzpatrick's admirable work—one perfectly Boswellian in effect—for a graphic and most impressive account of the last days of this great man. It may, indeed, be said that some extraordinary circumstances attended his death.

In our just admiration of Dr. Doyle, we must not forget to whom we are mainly indebted for our knowledge of his character, for our insight into his motives and opinions, for our knowledge of almost every turn of his thoughts. Nearly thirty years have elapsed since "J. K. L." was gathered to his fathers; thirty years of animated literary discussion, of extensive literary labour, yet not a line to chronicle the career of this illustrious man has been written by one amongst those labourers in the literary field of Ireland. With the boast of patriotism on the lip, and the national spirit on the tongue, was there not enough of either in the heart of one of those to make this biography a labour of love? It would seem not; but we cannot regret that this has been so. The task has, indeed, fallen to able and worthy hands. With an industry truly indefatigable, with an accuracy wholly unimpeachable, and with a skill and discrimination of no common order, Mr. Fitzpatrick has woven the scattered and tangled materials in his possession into an admirable and truly fascinating biography. He shines, most justly, in the light reflected from the illustrious dead, and his name will descend to future times linked with that of him to whose glorious memory he has paid this earuest and grateful tribute.

SCIENTIFIC AND GEOGRAPHICAL PROGRESS IN FRANCE.

THE end of June was signalised this year, as it was in 1859, by the unexpected appearance of a comet, visible to the naked eye, and which was for a few nights extraordinarily brilliant, to be only all the more rapidly effaced. Astronomers were found fault with for not having announced the skyey visitor, and there was some little difference of opinion among themselves as to whether it was an old comet or a new one—the same that drove Charles V. to a monastery, or a new one which was to confine the Pope to his Vatican. To any one who is acquainted with the many and tedious difficulties to be overcome in laying down the paths of comets, these little differences of opinion will excite no wonder. It is the very circumstance of the rapid and seemingly irregular motions, the unexpected manner in which they so often burst upon us, and the imposing magnitudes which they occasionally assume, combined with their extraordinary aspect, that have rendered comets in all ages objects of astonishment, not unmixed with superstitious dread to the uneducated, and an enigma to those most conversant with the wonders of creation and the operations of natural causes.

It is well known that the intervals between the successive perihelion passages of the comet of Encke are continually diminishing, and that hence it has been deduced that it will probably fall ultimately into the sun, should it not first be dissipated altogether. But the comet of 1861 exhibited, perhaps to an extent greater than has hitherto been recorded, the rapid diffusion or loss of luminous powers in so vast a body. Indeed, some people spoke of the comet of 1861 as inferior in size and brilliancy to that of 1859; whereas for one or two nights it more than twice exceeded the latter in length of tail and nuclear magnificence. It also presented other note-worthy peculiarities. M. Chacornac declares that the nucleus presented the appearance of a revolving sun turning round with the greatest rapidity. On the 1st of July its tail was seen to subtend an angle of 70 deg., which assigned to it a length of some twelve millions of leagues. The tail of the comet of 1680 was found by Newton to amount to forty-one million leagues—a length much exceeding the whole interval between the sun and the earth. Comets are, indeed, the most voluminous bodies in our system. The inclination of the orbit of the comet of 1861 on the plane of the ecliptic has been estimated at 85 deg., and so great an inclination has led M. Leverrier to presume that this body came for the first time within our solar system, and will not return there, for the known comets have hitherto presented a much smaller amount of inclination. Mr. Hind believes that the tail came in contact with the earth on the 28th of June, or that, at all events, our globe must have traversed a portion of space still impregnated with cometary effluvia. On the 30th of the same month he detected an atmospheric phosphorescence, which he attributed to the neighbourhood of the same body. Mr. Lowe recorded in his journal of the same day: "Strange, yellow, phosphorescent light, which I should take for an aurora borealis, if it was not still daylight." The two independent observations are interesting.

The eclipse of the 18th of July, 1860, has given rise to many remarkable speculations upon the physical constitution of the sun. According

to the hypothesis of Herschel, the central star of our planetary system is composed of an opaque globe enveloped in two atmospheres, of which the exterior, a kind of permanent aurora borealis, is the resplendent photosphere that illuminates the surrounding space. Between the photosphere and the opaque globe is an immense body of cloud doing duty as a kind of screen. This hypothesis accounts admirably for the so-called spots on the sun, which would be so many breaches or solutions of continuity in the photosphere, allowing the cloudy atmosphere or the solid nucleus of the star itself to be perceived.

Total eclipses of the sun present many phenomena worthy of attention in reference to this theory. There is, first of all, a kind of luminous circle, corona or aureola, like the glory round a saint's head, surrounding the two bodies, apparently superposed; and, secondly, protuberances of variously coloured and variously formed flames, the presence of which have been signalled for more than a century and a half. Arago suggested that the latter phenomena might arise from a third solar envelope, above the photosphere, and which was composed of obscure or feebly luminous clouds.

M. Leverrier, who has attributed to his predecessors asseverations when they only emitted hypotheses, has on the occasion of the eclipse of 1860 seen in these protuberances things whose existence he explains by the presumed presence of some kind of roseate matter, which covers the liquid or solid nucleus of the sun, as he chooses to view its constitution in contradiction to a whole host of observations as worthy of credit as those which he assumes himself to have made. M. Plantamour, of the Geneva Observatory, remains convinced that these luminous phenomena are produced by the screen interposed in the direction of the solar rays, and that their modification depends upon the position of the observer in regard to the cone tangent to the discs of the sun and the moon. M. Faye, on the other hand, calls attention to the fact that similar protuberances have been seen at different epochs both on the disc and at the circumference of the moon, and he is inclined to believe that they are optical phenomena brought about (supposing that our satellite has no atmosphere) by the centre of gravity of the moon, as Hanstein has shown, differing from the actual centre of its figure, and by the dilatation of a "fluid" during an eclipse by the prolongation of solar heat.

Again, no doubt is said to have existed in the minds of three of the observers sent by the British government to Spain in the *Himalaya*, and stationed at Camuesa, that the broken patches of sunlight were altogether due to the irregular edges of the moon coming in partial contact with the smoother margins of the sun, the light of which latter, consequently, shone through the valleys of our satellite, and thus produced that remarkable phenomenon known by the name of "Bailey's beads."

Mr. Wray, one of the observers concerned, states, however, that he perceived, a few instants before the final disappearance of the sun, rays of light passing from the dark intervals between the Bailey Beads outwards into space, and which, he believed, proceeded from the tops of the lunar mountains.

M. Hermann Goldschmidt, whose vision is remarkable for its penetrating power, as well as for that with which it discriminates the most delicate changes of colour, states that half a minute before totality he could distinguish little grey clouds, isolated in part and floating without

the solar disc at some distance from the edges. One of these isolated clouds, of a rounded form, and another of an elongated form, which touched the exterior edge of the sun, were noticed to be of a grey colour on the ground of the sky, which was a little brighter. An instant afterwards the pyramidal cloud became more clear, and then rose-colour. "I had thus been present," says M. Goldschmidt, "at the formation of a protuberance."

The most splendid of the prominences was in the form of a chandelier, and what astonished M. Goldschmidt most was, that, although he was convinced that the rose-coloured prominences belonged to the sun, yet he found the general direction of the "chandelier" was rather towards the centre of the moon.

M. Secchi, again, was enabled to perceive a fine red cloud *entirely detached* from the borders of the sun and moon, and which projected, isolated, in the white ground of the corona. These were followed by two others apparently suspended in the air in the same strange manner. He was able to detect that the red prominences belonged to the sun. Those which were seen to the east at the commencement of the totality disappeared as the moon advanced on the sun's disc, whilst others on the western side became invisible, thus showing that the moon eclipsed the red flames in exactly the same manner as it did the disc of the sun. M. Secchi also states that there was no sudden transition between the photosphere and the corona surrounding the sun, but that the one melted into the other gradually.

It is remarkable, at the same time, that M. Secchi, Mr. W. De la Rue, and M. Foucault, who all obtained perfect photographs of the corona, as also M. von Feilitzsch, all agree in stating that the rays shot out and were most perceptible at those parts of the lunar circumference at which the mountains projected. This would explain what we cannot but suppose to be Mr. Wray's hasty deduction that they emanated from the tops of the lunar mountains. Mr. Wray expressed his belief at the time of observation that the corona was an extraordinary example of the phenomenon known by the name of the "interference of light." M. Foucault asks, in the same manner, why we persist in making an object of reality of the aureole, or in considering that it belongs to the sun? "It is known," he continues, "that, in virtue of the fundamental principles of the theory of undulations, light is not necessarily propagated in a right line, but that, in passing in the neighbourhood of the limit of a body, it is distorted by the obstacle, and disseminates itself in a variable and rapidly-decreasing proportion in the interior of the geometric shadow." By considering it in this manner, and as a simple case of diffraction, it is explained, he considers, in the most natural way; for a solar atmosphere, he imagines, will not explain the rapid decrease of intensity in the corona as it passes away from the obscure limb of the moon, much less the radiations which are perceived in it. The red protuberances he supposes to belong to the sun, and the fine tints with which the entire horizon is coloured he attributes to the influence of our own atmosphere. The prismatic colours seen below the sun by Mr. Buckingham at Camuesa would probably be explained by him in a similar manner.

The polarisation of the corona proves, says M. Prazmowski, on the contrary, that the light emanates from the sun, and that, when it is so strong and well perceived as it was noticed during the eclipse of July 18,

it proceeds from gaseous molecules which must be found in the immediate neighbourhood of the sun, and that, in fact, a solar atmosphere seems only able to fulfil those conditions. The red prominences were not found to be polarised, and it is permitted thence to conclude that the solar clouds are composed of liquid, or even solid, particles, and are something like our own. It will be seen from the foregoing conflicting opinions that the natures of the sun and solar atmosphere are not yet entitled to enter into the rank of settled truths.

The astronomer royal, it may be finally observed, discussed the evidence of the different witnesses at the meeting of the British Association at Manchester, and expressed his opinion on the matter to the effect that his conviction was that the appearance called Baillly's Beads were occasioned by imperfections in the telescope, and that the red protuberances belonged to the sun.

Further observations on the meteorological influences of the moon upon our atmosphere have tended to establish a fact of importance. Herschel had long ago propounded that the full moon appeared to possess the singular property of dispelling clouds, and Humboldt found the same opinion received in Peru. Arago also determined, as the result of his observations, that the amount of rain that fell was greater at or near the time of a new moon than when the moon was full. Forty-three years' thermometric observations, made at Greenwich by Mr. Park Harrison, establish a nearly constant rise of temperature from the new moon to the full moon, and as constant a fall from the full moon to the new, as also that the maximum of rainy or cloudy days correspond to the maximum of temperature.

In connexion with the fall of rain, we may mention that a M. Hervé Mangon has invented a pluviroscope, which is founded upon the circumstance that a drop of rain gives rise to a black spot when falling on paper dipped in a solution of sulphate of iron, and rubbed over with very fine powdered gall and gum. The paper thus prepared is made to revolve once in twenty-four hours, and indicates the slightest, as well as the heaviest, fall of rain, and the time at which it fell. The rain, in fact, manufactures its own ink, and records its own progress.

Some rain that fell at Siennu was coloured red, and was examined by Professors Campani and Gabbrielli, who determined that the substance was held in solution by the water, and could not be referred to anything in the vegetable or mineral world carried up by a whirlwind into the clouds, as had hitherto been supposed. This requires, however, further elucidation. M. de Castelnau saw a number of Chinese and Malays busy picking up fish in the streets of Singapore, after a torrential rain that fell on the 22nd of February, 1861, and they declared that they fell from the clouds.

M. Liáis has applied photography to the determination of terrestrial longitudes. Such an application of instantaneous records would be of real value to science. M. Becquerel, a name also well known to science, declares that cutting down woods renders the summers hotter and the winters less cold. A point of interest, at all events for the future of Canada, which may with the progress of civilisation obtain a milder climate. Herschel has said that the abundance of harvest increased with the number of solar spots. M. Renon has propounded that hard winters come by groups of five or six every forty-one years. This

period of forty-one years is precisely that which corresponds to the epoch when the solar spots reappear in the same position at the same season of the year.

Science may be truly said to have never stood in a greater or more triumphant phase than it has done during the past year. For some time past now the hearts of philosophers have beat at the wonders which have been brought to light by recent researches. There was an instrument, a mere piece of glass—a prism—about which there was a history which would form the basis of novels in after years. That instrument had unveiled things never thought of or seen before by mortal eye. From its production of the prismatic colours had been rightly inferred the manner in which the rainbow was produced. For many years the instrument had remained a toy; but lately, Fraunhofer, a German philosopher, had discovered in the spectrum produced by it from the sun's rays a series of dark lines called Fraunhofer's lines. Sir David Brewster had discovered that a peculiar light could be produced if the rays of light passing through the prism had first to traverse certain gases. Then, more recently, Professor Bunsen, of Heidelberg, had found that if, into the flame of a lamp employed to produce a spectrum, the slightest portion of any metal or other element was introduced, there then would be different lines struck across the prism, having a different colour or characteristic for every element. The ten-millionth part of chloride of sodium could be detected by this means. This great discovery, which was qualitative but not quantitative, was called spectrum analysis. Applying this mode of analysis, Kirschhof had discovered in the atmosphere of the sun the same metals as in the earth. Recent researches, also, in connexion with spectrum analysis, had determined almost to demonstration that, throughout the whole universe, there was diffused an ethereal medium which chemists could not touch, and that the heat which we felt was nothing more than the motion of this body. In this way common flame was shown to be exactly analogous to the heat of the sun.

It has been the fashion in Paris to laugh at the expense of M. Babinet—an amateur astronomer and philosopher—but he has this year achieved a great triumph. He foretold the occurrence of a "mascaret," or high rolling tide, in the Seine, and hundreds are said to have gone from Paris, on the faith of his prediction, to the pretty village of Caudebec, near Rouen, to witness the phenomenon. Nor were they doomed to disappointment. A majestic tidal wave is said to have rolled up, on Sunday, the 6th of October, twelve feet high, carrying all before it, inundating the quays, and satisfying many of the unbelievers by giving them a thorough drenching. The phenomenon was reproduced, on a smaller scale, the next day. A propos of these tidal waves, the dates of which are now reduced to a mathematical certainty, the good people dwelling "above and below bridges" must look out in the ensuing year for the 17th of March and the 26th of April. Should the wind happen to be in a favourable direction for pushing the tidal wave up the Thames, there will be all the more danger to be apprehended, especially in flooding cellars, &c. To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

A certain step has been recently made in medical science by what is termed the synthetical method of research. Up to the present time all that has been done in the study of disease has been to collect a great number of diseased conditions, subject them to analysis, examine what

remedies would be good in such a case, or to examine what were the conditions of the body in the course of that disease and after it. That method, called analysis, has no doubt done a great deal of good. But now they take an animal which they know to be susceptible of a specific disease, subject it to certain conditions likely to produce some particular disease, and from the live animal they deduce absolutely the disease. Thus they produce diabetes in the dog. In another animal they produce epilepsy; in another animal cataract; in another rheumatic fever, with disease of the heart, and all other incidental diseases.

Much importance has naturally been attached to these facts by the lecturers at the inaugural meetings of schools of medicine, and it has been argued that since diseases are producible by human means, so, consequently, they are avertible by human prudence. This is no doubt the case, and it constitutes the basis of the late Dr. Andrew Combes's principles in regard to the physical and moral laws, as propounded in his brother's treatise on the "Constitution of Man," and as applied to the prevention and cure of disease; but it is a nicer point to determine how far slight deviations in quantity and quality of air, exercise, and nutriment are calculated to produce certain forms of disease. The new track for investigation, therefore, thus opened is a good one; it forms, as it were, a supplement to Liebig's investigations in organic chemistry, and it will no doubt lead to valuable results being obtained in connexion with that much-neglected science which is by our continental friends termed *hygiène*, but which with us, as a more practical—i. e. less refined—nation, is looked upon simply as the art of taking care of oneself. The day will come, however, when the least cultivated person will find that there is a whole education involved in that which he so complacently believes to be a mere art, reduced to a few very simple rules.

Among the most interesting points connected with the progress of geography during the past year, as influenced by France, we may notice Captain Vincent's exploration of the Western Sahara. It is now some time since the French colony on the Senegal River has begun to attract greater attention than it has hitherto done. This is mainly on account of a projected line of communication between that colony and Algeria by way of Timbuktu. There was a rumour, which no doubt had good foundation at the time, that the emperor was going to solve the difficulty, as the sultans of Morocco did in olden time, by an armed expedition. It is not because such is delayed that it may not yet be accomplished by some of the trained bands and Oriental auxiliaries to be found in Algeria or on the borders of the desert.

In the mean time available information has been sought for by more peaceable means. A prize, founded by the Geographical Society of Paris, the Minister of Public Instruction, the Minister of Commerce, the Minister of War, and the Minister of Algeria—yet amounting in the aggregate to only 8320 fr. (say 333*l.*), but open to increase from subscription—has now been proffered for some years to the traveller who shall have first proceeded from the colony of Senegal to Algeria, or from Algeria to the colony of Senegal, passing by Timbuktu, and who shall, at the same time, have brought home with him itineraries, and collected new and exact observations upon the caravans that cross this portion of the Sahara, on their importance and the epochs of their journeys. We wonder that no enterprising Englishman has undertaken the journey, not

so much for the value of the prize, which would not cover expenses, as for the credit of the undertaking. But there are great difficulties connected with the journey. We know, from the experience gained by Livingstone and Andersson, that the natives of Africa are the more corrupt the more you approach European settlements. The colony of Senegal has been, further, incessantly at war with its neighbours. We are told that the governor, M. Faidherbe, "has inaugurated a new policy," that he has made "the French name feared and respected by glorious combats," that "he no longer contents himself with a localised influence on the Senegal, but extends it at the same time as our commercial relations over an immense extent of territory, in the midst of which flows the river that serves as a basis;" that "a handful of men now maintain order upon a line of two hundred leagues in extent, and hold their own against a fanatic Mussulman, whose eloquence moves whole populations;" and that "commerce no longer dreads penetrating to the Upper River." This is no doubt true, and it is to be hoped progress is made; but still it does not take away from the existence of inimical and fanatic Mussulmans, and we know from Barth's experiences at Timbuktu with what infinite apprehensions the southerly advance of the French from Algeria is looked upon by the tribes of the Sahara, more especially the wide-spread and warlike Tawarek or Berbers. This may account for the circumstance of the glove thrown down by the society, backed by the government, not having been picked up after the lapse of several years.

Staff-Captain Vincent has, however, proceeded in the same direction, but by another line, that of the coast; and he has in reality explored the greater part of the country that extends between the Senegal and Morocco, besides making lateral excursions into the interior of great interest, as attesting the existence of hilly inhabited regions, with water, palm-groves, and excellent pasturages. Some opposition was met with on the part of a local chief, designated as King Muhammad al Habib, but it was triumphed over. He was chief of the Trarza or Warrior Tribes, the pastoral and peaceful tribes being chiefly Moors. The latter are also engaged in fishery, and are divided into two parties: the one depending on the Aulad Selim, a powerful and warlike tribe inhabiting the Tiris; the other on the Trarza and the French. These fishermen belong to the tribe Aulad ben Seba, or the children of the sons of the Lion, and between them and the Senegal is the country of the gum-producing acacias. The bank of Arguin, renowned for the loss of the *Medusa* frigate, is in the heart of the fishery, and is said to be dangerously infected by sharks, whom the lion-hearted Moors, however, fight as it were hand to mouth. The governor of Senegal suggests that this fishery would be less onerous, more advantageous, and more lucrative to France than that of Newfoundland, "où nous sommes soumis à des tracasseries de la part des Anglais et des Américains."

The Aulad ben Seba also catch ostriches, that come down in autumn to the coast, like fashionable people, to refresh themselves with the sea-breezes. Beyond Arguin is Tariat, a region of strong clayey and gravelly plains, producing splendid herbage at the wet season, and which again is succeeded by the horizontal table-land called Tiris, and to the east of which are the granitic peaks of the Adrar. The Aulad Delim, a warlike and plundering tribe, dwell in these fastnesses. The daughters

of these "brigands," as Captain Vincent calls them, are very fair, and much sought after by the marrying young men of the neighbouring tribes. Here they obtained guides to conduct them by the sandy and stony plains of Azfal to the residence of Auld Aida, chief of the Yaya ben Othman, a prosperous, numerous, and powerful tribe, dwelling chiefly in the hilly district of Adrar. The expedition was detained here twenty-seven days under the strictest surveillance, and finally had to take its departure without being able to explore the country, which was ascertained to contain several towns, much cultivation of corn, maize, barley, millet, and dates, many horses and camels, and mines of salt. There are no rivers, but wells are numerous and superficial. A rapid retreat had to be effected by the pass of Ja-ul and the plain of Inchiri, and it was not without many dangers, privations, and fatigues, that the expedition regained St. Louis. Still Captain Vincent argues that the Adrar, being the centre of a very considerable traffic, owing mainly to its salt-mines, permanent communication between Algeria and the Sudan, or Negroland, by Timbuktu, will never be so productive as the same by the Adrar, the Rio Nunez, and Senegal; and he adds, that all the efforts of the governor of St. Louis are directed to attracting the produce of the Sudan and of the Sahara which goes by Adrar to the said port of St. Louis, instead of, as at present is the case, its going to the English at Mogador. The natural outlet for the trade of Sudan or Nigritia is, however, we may remark, the Niger and its tributaries, and neither Mogador nor St. Louis.

The account given of an expedition to the Amur, under M. Maack (Pontchestvié na Amour), contains some curious details regarding the Managrians, a Tunguse people, who live solely by fishing and hunting on the Upper Amur. They are a Mongolian race, robust, well made, and tall. Their habits, manners, and dress, have been a good deal influenced by their connexion with the Mantchu Tartars, the Dahurians, Yakuts, and Russians, but they still preserve much that is original. Their huts are covered with hark in summer, and elk-skins in winter. There is an idol in every yurt, or hut, at the place of honour. They fish chiefly sturgeon and salmon (*Salmo fluviatilis* and *S. lagocephalus*). It is remarkable that the latter species, which abounds in the Lower Amur, ascends the Kumara, and is very rarely met above the confluence of that river, nor does it occur in the Shilka or the Arguin. Their canoes are made of the bark of hirsch. They hunt reindeer, elk, and stags, sometimes with arrows poisoned with putrified grease, which propagates itself with such rapidity as to impart a sickening smell to the flesh of the animal. The Managrians partake, however, of this poisoned flesh without repugnance or bad effects. They also eat the flesh of wolves, foxes, and polecats. They hunt the sable and other small quadrupeds for their furs. These they exchange for powder, balls, tea, tobacco, salt, and grain. Their only domestic animals are the small trans-Baikal horse and dogs. They are subject to the Chinese, but elect their own governors, and give up their wives to the Manchus when dwelling among them. Their only religion is a kind of Shamanism, or belief in good and bad spirits. Their shamans, or priests, have great influence with them, from their supposed power of controlling the bad spirits. Their idols are grotesque figures of human beings and animals. They never tell their names, or that of a countryman, to an inquirer. Poly-

gamy is tolerated rather than practised. They are subject to a peculiar nervous disorder, called "alone," the sufferer under which imitates everything that he sees done before him.

Ruppell brought back word, many years ago, of the existence of Ethiopian antiquities in the south of Darfur and Kordofan (Kordufan). Ignatius Palme corroborated the statement in 1844. M. Lejean has visited some of these relics, said to rival Luxor and Thebes, (?) at a place called Abu Haraz, and he states that the Bellul of Palme (or rather Belila or Jebel Hillah) is not a town but a group of ruined sites, buried in the sands and mountains. The presence of the unicorn in the paintings on these Ethiopian or Libyan monuments, for they are said to be unlike those of Meroe, is not the least interesting fact said to have been detected.

Mr. Wetzstein, consul of Prussia at Damascus, has also discovered in the volcanic district of the Hauran—the country of the Druses—whole plains covered with worn pebbles of basalt, upon which are figured camels, horses, and date-trees, with one or two lines of inscriptions in an unknown character. There are said to be positively fields of inscriptions. The letters resemble most the Himyaritic and olden Phœnician. This, it will be remembered, was the country of Basan and of the giant Raphidim, ruled over by King Og, whose bedstead was preserved, after their conquest by Joshua, as a memorial of his huge stature.

The circumstance that one of the great problems of ages is in all probability on the very point of being settled—that the "Caput Nili," to seek after which was considered to be synonymous among the ancients with any futile undertaking, is so hemmed in, that we are in almost daily expectation of hearing the great discovery proclaimed—indeed, it has already been so by anticipation—has awakened a spirited and a generous rivalry between the English and the French as to who shall be first in, not at the death, but at the bubbling into life of the waters upon which rose Thebes, Memphis, and the Pyramids, and which still fertilise a wealthy and populous country, capable of being still more so, under a different—social, political, and religious—order of things.

M. d'Arnaud, in a letter to the veteran Jomard, dated Alexandria, February 5, 1861, says that he is convinced that MM. Peney and Lejean will arrive at the "Caput Nili" before the English travellers Speke and Grant. His conviction is, that they will reach the Great Lake (Victoria Nyanza), which, he says, may henceforth be viewed as the true source of the Nile, since at the 4th degree the river rises and falls with great regularity—a phenomenon which can only result from its having its origin in a regulating lake—and that they will arrive there *in an incontestable manner*, that is, by ascending the river. The rivalry is praiseworthy; but granting M. d'Arnaud's anticipations to be realised, will that take away the right of first discovery and naming the lake, which belongs to Captain Speke? And if he (Captain Speke) discovered the lake, and it turns out to be according to the traveller's own surmises the long sought-for head of the Nile, will he or Messrs. Peney and Lejean have discovered the Caput Nili? It will be time to argue the point when the latter have reached the lake by the river way; but, in the mean time, it is certain that the lake is discovered, and if it should turn out to be the head of the Nile, we should also say the Caput Nili. All that is wanting are the proofs of connexion between the two, and we shall

be glad if the Frenchmen acquire the glory of establishing that long-surmised fact, without claiming at the same time the honour of discovering the sources of the Nile, which must be conceded to the discoverer of the lake—so appropriately named Victoria Nyanza. Had Mr. Petherick first reached the lake by the river way, would he for a moment have thought of claiming the discovery of the sources of the Nile?

Father Léon des Avanchers, writing to M. d'Abbadie from Kaffa—the original country of the *coffee*-plant—says: “The Saubat is formed by two rivers; the earlier affluent is the Barro, which flows from Lake El Boo. The Barro,” he adds, “is the true White Nile of Ptolemy, and Lake Boo is the *Nili Palus Orientalis*. But the Go-Jub does not flow into the Barro, united to the three Gibes, it forms the river Jub.” Now, the other day M. d'Abbadie proclaimed that he had discovered the sources of the Nile at the head of the Uma, or Go-Jub; and Dr. Beke makes the Go-Jub the most distant easterly affluent to the Saubat. But the view of the matter entertained by M. Léon des Avanchers has since been corroborated by M. Debono, a Maltese ivory merchant, residing at Khartum, who has an establishment on the Saubat, and who has explored that river almost to its sources; so that M. d'Abbadie's supposed grand discovery of the “Caput Nili” turns out to be the sources of the Jub—a river flowing into the Indian Ocean!

M. Ferdinand Lafargue writes to M. Jomard from Khartum, by date September 15, 1860, that he has been up the White Nile to Gondokoro in a *steamer*. No great difficulties would appear, therefore, to await MM. Peney and Lejean, or Mr. Petherick, in their proposed ascents up the same river to Lake Victoria Nyanza. M. Lafargue heard of a great lake called Rek. He also heard that the river flowing through the country of the Berris, or Barris, three days east of Gondokoro, is the same as the Sobat, or Saubat, and, he adds, the negroes of Kumetru speak of that river and of the White Nile as being the same.

Every step in inquiry seems indeed to be leading to the determination of Krapf's Lake Baringu and Lake Böö to be the same, and that it gives origin to one great south-easterly tributary to the Nile, which bears the various names of Barri, Barro, and Berri, Tubarri, Tubiri, or Tumbiri, Shoa, or Shua Berry, and Sobat, or Saubat.

This great south-easterly tributary, however, whatever may be its name, and having its origin from Ptolemy's eastern lake, or from the foot of Mount Kenia, cannot be the more distant source of the Nile, nor would the established communication between Lake Victoria Nyanza and the White Nile finally settle that point. Such sources must either lie at the foot of Mount Kilimandjaro, the St. Gothard of the East African Alps, or Mountains of the Moon, and flow by the Kitangure into Lake Victoria Nyanza, or they may be associated with Vogel's or Ptolemy's Western Lake, which Barth supposed to communicate at once with the Benuwe, or Eastern Niger, and the Shary, or great affluent to Lake Tsad, and which may also pour its waters in the season of flood into the Nile.

The French, it is well known, utilised the expedition to China by employing the troops and fleet made available by the treaty of Peking, to complete the work commenced in Cochinchina, or Annam, in the year 1859, by Admiral Rigault de Genouilly. The command of the expedition was entrusted to Vice-Admiral Charner, and although the details of

the proceedings of this expeditionary force are exceedingly meagre, nothing but what was sanctioned having met the public eye, still it is so far known that it made itself master by the 24th and 25th of February of the forts of Ki-Koa, after a severe struggle, in which General Vassigne was wounded, and many men and officers lost their lives.

These first successes were completed on the 12th of April by the capture of the citadel of Mitho, a town or port which is situated not in the river of Saigon, but on the most easterly of the six mouths of the May-Kiang, and there is communication in part by canal (from Saigon to the river Vai-Ko) between the two, and we are told that the possession of the site ensures to the French the holding of the southern provinces, for no allusion is made to what their allies, the Spaniards, are to gain by their co-operation.

This conquest will, we are further told, shortly take first rank among those effected by France "in the outer seas." Nothing more is requisite for such a conclusion, it is added, than an intelligent man at the head of the administration. So fine a country only requires to be judiciously ruled in order to prosper. Little is said of the climate of the delta of the May-Kiang, possibly as deleterious to the European constitution as any on the known face of the globe, or of the well-known anxiety of the troops stationed in those unwholesome regions, which they regard as no better than an exile to Cayenne, to be relieved and permitted to return to their country.

On the contrary, we are told that it would be impossible to find in all the Hindhu-Chinese seas a point which presents such great advantages as Saigon for founding a central maritime station. It presents all that is exacted by good strategy. It is admirably adapted for the construction of repairing docks at little expense, the upper part of the country abounding in wood; and lastly, Cape St. James, at the entrance of the river, which is navigable to vessels of heavy burden for eighty to one hundred miles, is accessible at all times, whatever monsoon may be blowing.

With the occupation of Mitho, the whole of the "commerce" of Cambodia, we are further told, passes into the hands of the French, and this country exports considerable quantities of salt-fish, which are sold in the Chinese markets, besides rice, silk, ivory, cotton, tobacco, oil, timber, fruits, hides and horns, &c. By "commerce," we suppose we are to understand customs or taxes, for we do not suppose that the power in occupation is going to be either the producing or the exporting power; so that commerce restricted by a third party can hardly be expected to flourish as of yore. As the occupation of the country cannot but be expected to be of a costly nature in respect to life, even supposing that the financial expenses are diminished by taxing native industry and produce, it is suggested that two years of effective service in such a region shall be deemed sufficient. This, while a proper and a humane precaution, will inevitably be found to be very expensive.

In connexion with the attempts made by the French to subject and colonise the countries watered by the May-Kiang, we may also notice the mission of the Siamese ambassadors to Paris. We have before had occasion to observe upon the curious relations of the French with the people dwelling in the countries watered by the May-Nan. Those watered by the May-Kiang and those watered by the May-Nan may be considered

in the light of twin regions. The rivers follow a parallel course, and history shows that the Annamite and Siamese power has alternated in both countries. So close is this connexion, that it is impossible to hold power in Cambogia and not to implicate more or less Siam. But the valley of the May-Nan is also in the centre, half way between the valleys the Irrawady and the Thalian, held in part by Great Britain, and the May-Kiang, now held by the French. Hence has arisen a kind of rivalry of diplomatic and friendly intercourse between France, and England, and Siam, which must be alike profitable and amusing to two by no means unintelligent sovereigns.

Nor does this precisely sum up the total of political aspects in the Hindhu-Chinese peninsula, for while we possess Arracan, Prome, Rangoon, and Pegu, the Emperor of Ava is upheld in his capital of Amara-pura by M. Girodon or D'Orgoni, "general of all his generals," and "prime minister of all his ministers;" in connexion with whose services to the Lord of the White Elephant, the *Moniteur* predicted now some time back: "L'Inde elle même touche à l'heure d'une transformation et la Cochinchine voit luire nos baïonnettes. Autour d'Orgoni, autour de ce hardi compagnon, l'humanité va faire un grand pas!" Pity it is for the progress of humanity that, according to the latest news from Saigon, the neighbourhood of Mitho had been devastated by "pirates," who were, however, afterwards attacked and beaten by Admiral Charner. It is the fashion now-a-days to term men fighting for a cause "pirates," "brigands," or "rebels," as the case may suit; but certain it is, that France has other difficulties to surmount, besides that of climate, before it subjugates the Hindhu-Chinese peninsula.

In 1684, the King of Siam sent an embassy to Louis XIV., which the grand monarch received on a throne of silver, and in a dress that cost twelve millions of francs. The Emperor Napoleon, wiser in his time, did not deem it necessary to expend so much in barbaric splendour to awe the Oriental mind. On the 27th of June, the Siamese ambassadors were received at the palace of Fontainebleau. They were all dressed in rich habiliments embroidered with gold, and each wore a sword by his side attached by a band ornamented with a great silver elephant. The moment that they crossed the threshold of the door, the ambassadors and their suite cast themselves on their knees, and they thus progressed with the help of their elbows up to the balustrade, behind which sat the emperor and his court. Arrived at this point, the first ambassador prostrated himself three times on the ground, raising his hands above his head, and he then placed in the emperor's hands the golden box which contained the letter of his sovereign. Turning himself round a little, and leaning on his right elbow, he read in a low voice a compliment addressed to the emperor in the Siamese language. The emperor having risen to receive the letter, the ambassadors withdrew in the same painful attitude in which they had approached the throne. The ambassadors were much fêted in public, but the use of pocket-kerchiefs being utterly unknown to them, this Siamesic peculiarity had, we are told, the effect of keeping the curious Parisians at a distance from them. The Siamese ambassadors did not visit England, as it was said to have been their original intention, but as a kind of politico-social counterpoise, we suppose, to the influence gained by the hospitality and magnificence of France, a

party of Siamese grandees (whether as influential in their own country as those who were sent across the seas to prostrate themselves before the Emperor Napoleon III., we are not prepared to say) have been visiting the curiosities of Singapore—the lusty offspring of free trade and commercial enterprise—which we hear gave to them the open hand of friendship and good will—the more acceptable as coming from a next-door neighbour.

A treaty signed by the plenipotentiaries of the emperor and the Prince of Monaco, on the 2nd of February, handed over to France Menton and Roquebrune, with their environs. The following is the gratifying account of these new French acquisitions given by one of the almanacks :

Nothing can be more charming, refreshing, or delicious than the environs of Menton! The town, placed on the sunny side, lies between the sea and a forest of citron-trees. Imagine the perfume when these trees are in flower! Menton is approached by a long and handsome alley of plane-trees, and beyond it is an avenue of oleanders and tamarix. The oleanders border the shore, and their roseate flowers contrast admirably with the blue sea. Pretty villas display their white walls and green blinds in the midst of aromatic groves loaded with flowers of a pale golden hue. Six months passed in this nest of embalmed verdure ought to suffice to restore the most ruinous lungs, and reanimate the forces of the most dilapidated constitution.

What vegetation and what fruits! Olive-trees of extraordinary height and size; peach-trees bending beneath the weight of their fruit. The peaches are delicious, and sweet as sugar; there are hard and soft ones, yellow, red, and pale. How pleasant it is to contemplate such a collection! In an enclosure, comprising only the quarter of an hectare of ground, the proprietor gathers one hundred and fifty thousand lemons and forty thousand peaches, besides figs and olives. Unfortunately, lemons only fetch one halfpenny to a penny the dozen, and the finest peaches are only worth from three to four francs per thousand.

The ladies of Menton are charming; they do not, perhaps, possess the at once powerful yet delicate stamp, nor the ease, of their Nicean neighbours, but the clearness of their complexions is unequalled. They plait their hair in bands, and carry these behind the head, where they form an attractive feature. A flower behind the ear is their only ornament.

The character of the population of Menton is formed of an admixture of the Genoese and the Provencal. Manners, ideas, and language are less Frenchified than at Monaco, where the neighbourhood of Piedmont makes itself more sensibly felt.

Roquebrune is situated on the road from Menton to Monaco, half way up a hill, and immediately below a vast depression in the soil. Its old castle occupies the summit of a hill that denominates the village. Rustic buildings also crown the rocks above, which at a distance resemble great towers. Roquebrune is said to have stood in olden times some hundred feet higher than where it exists in the present day. It is said that land and village subsided, one fine day, down to its present position, without disturbing a plate of soup. We were not there, so cannot attest to the fact.

Menton and Roquebrune, in consequence of a local demonstration—a kind of Lilliputian revolution—have, since 1848, been relieved of all taxation, and exempted from all military service, although they took part in the provincial and divisional elections of Nice, and that while they did not contribute a farthing to the local budget. It will be quite another thing now, but then they are French!

The antithesis is admirable, and is, we have no doubt, duly appreciated by the unfortunate Mentonites and Roquebrunites.

ESSAYS OF A THINKER.

Cogito, ergo sum.

No. II.

THE field and the farm-yard are open places to the philosopher, and we need not wonder at the accuracy with which he notes down the progressive acts of the duckling as soon as it breaks its egg, or of the lamb as soon as it drops from its mother. Perhaps the chamber in which the human being passes the first four weeks of his existence is a sealed place, or we should not find the general remark, *tears and laughter belong to us from our birth*, put forward as a strict and literal truth. The monthly nurse knows better; she knows that the early cry, the mere instinctive effect of pain, is without tears, and that the smile never manifests itself till the term of her service is over. During this time the infant man is not a thinker: nor does he become one but by virtue of a fact that happens to him alone, and never to a brute creature. The fact must await a later statement. Meantime he shares so much (though it is very little) of the instinctive intelligence of other creatures as is indispensable, along with the continual anxious tendance he receives, to keep the little flame of life from going out; he no sooner receives the sensation which his mother's bosom occasions, than he seeks the nipple, opens his mouth, and imbibes the fluid with a force of suction that he can never equal in his ripe years of reason. My reader will observe, that in this case perception accompanies sensation—accompanies it so closely, that we may deem the sensation and the perception one and the same thing. With the intelligence of instinct and of habitude, it is always so; a brute at once perceives all that he is concerned to know: he sees, and hears, and feels, and smells, and tastes, the moment his senses are perfect for those ends. Not so with that being almost the whole of whose knowledge is to be derived from reason; in his first week of existence he has sensations from light and colours, but he sees not; from sounds too, but he hears not; from bodies rough or smooth; but he knows them not; neither does he know the substances that affect his senses of smell and taste. It was a fundamental error in Locke, in beginning his essay with sensations, to call them ideas; an error which he never effectually surmounts, although he makes admissions in treating of perception afterwards (see his second book, chapter ix. § 8), which, had he thoroughly weighed them, should have carried him back to a corrected statement of his early doctrine. Yet he only shares an almost universal error; we all take it for granted that perception is an original gift to man as to the creatures below him, and not, what I hope hereafter to make plain, that it is the effect, like human knowledge generally, of his rational understanding. True it is that the rational procedure always happens in that dark part of life which is a blank in recollection afterwards; true also that reason must no sooner have performed her part than she handed over to the intelligence of habitude the knowledge she had gained by her own power through the senses. But the intelligence of habitude, and the intelligence of original instinct, are

practically the same; and thus it is that, practically, there is no difference between perception in man and perception in brutes.

Returning now to the conclusion of my last essay, let me follow up the question it suggested.

As to physics, we proposed to include in their domain all the objects in nature—all that we perceive and conceive. But metaphysics bring us to a region that lies out of nature, to things which have no existence in time and place; and our inquiry was, Is there such a region? Are there such things? Whence and how do they exist?

My answer is, that they derive their existence from the peculiarity of our race to understand or know things not directly, not immediately, but relatively; that is, to know one thing only because we know another at the same time—to know red, for instance, only because we know blue, black, or yellow; to know darkness, only because we know light; and hard, only because we know soft. Metaphysical things derive their existence from this peculiarity, and they maintain their existence through that invention which is the result of the peculiarity, namely, through the instrumentality of rational language.

If, reader, in carrying our inquiry onward, I shall be obliged to deviate into tracks where we shall seek in vain the leading steps of ancient sages or modern interpreters, I hope you will not on this account refuse to keep me company. Of physical science it is confessedly untrue that, as it now exists, it is an accumulation of discoveries on the stores of antiquity; we have had to set aside almost all that was formerly taught in order to reach the facts which we now grasp. May not the same kind of renunciation be necessary to an incalculable extent in metaphysics? Let us first, if we can, disperse the clouds of mystery that hang round the region, and perhaps our way will not be very difficult to find.

"Metaphysical things are such as are free from the conditions of time and place." There needs be no mystery in this if it shall appear that even that which immediately answers to an ordinary proper name—David, for instance—is free from these conditions. *David at work in the garden* is a physical fact which we may perceive or conceive; but *David* without connexion or context, what does it mean? It is, in the first place, merely a label ready to be placed in baptism on any son of Adam to whom we may choose to give it. Let it then, in the next place, be the name by which the most intimate of our friends has been known from early infancy to the present moment; and I now again ask what does *David* mean separate from context or connexion? Does it mean David as we played with him years and years ago at trap-ball or marbles? Does it mean David as we saw him just now at work in his garden? Does it mean David, under any circumstances whatever, of his past or present existence, or any conceivable circumstances of his existence to come? It means none of these in particular till we specially limit it, and, while awaiting the limitation, it means David abstracted—separated—from all special circumstances of existence whatever. But inasmuch as David himself cannot be so abstracted, it follows that the abstraction has existence only in a certain act of the understanding; a temporary act, having no value but as a means to a special end, and to which, accordingly, we should attribute no higher value, did not an embodiment come to hand in the shape of a grammatical noun. Then comes mystery; even with a proper

name we might work a little mystery, for David abstracted from time and place is a very sublime Being, compared to David at work in the garden ; but the profundity deepens when we come to names of large indefinite extent,

Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
First fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute.

And we are completely lost, with a pretence, nevertheless, to have reached the highest point of speculation, when, having made our way to the limits of experience, and applied names as far as experience furnished objects, we try to look into the vast abyss beyond, and invent names for what we *cannot* perceive or conceive, in contradistinction to the things which we *can*. What we can perceive or conceive within the limits of experience, and even of fancy, are all of them things finite, dependent, contingent ; then by the law of contradistinction the things of that other world must be things infinite, absolute, unconditioned. If possible, there are mysteries still deeper. If existence abstracted from things existing be enough to plunge the brains of a Hegel into a sea of pondering, what shall we say to non-existence? What shall we say concerning such noun-substantives as *nothing*, *nobody*, *nonentity*? I leave you, my patient reader, to make the fitting answer, while I attempt to lay down a proposition or two as guides in our progress.

Every state of a rational intellect entertained distinctly—separately—abstractly—from the physical things that occasioned it, is a thing metaphysical.

Every word entering as a part into the construction of rational speech is, while separate from the other parts, the sign of a thing metaphysical. But a thing metaphysical having no existence in nature, can have no existence at all beyond the sign, and the rational understanding which makes use of the sign. And its use is, not to furnish a meaning in which we are warranted to rest, but to be instrumental to a meaning not yet attained. Employing the instrumental means for this end, the understanding holds itself in suspense, awaiting what meaning will flow from the union of part with part, such meaning being always less abstract than the meanings from which it is evolved, till we reach natural things, from the suggestions of which, as I hope to show hereafter, all metaphysical things take their beginning, and into which they all return, provided we avoid the abuse of language which lies at the bottom of all metaphysics assuming to be science of transcendental character in contradistinction to physics.

Under the light of these propositions, the truth of which I cannot help believing to be self-evident, I now repeat my former example.

David, the name, as we have supposed, of our very familiar friend, is, as grammar informs us, a *part* of speech. Accordingly, its meaning is suspensive: when we hear it, we wait to know what will be said with reference to David. No rational being would say "*David*," and neither say nor mean more than David. Yet it has an independent meaning: it is a sign of the knowledge I have of David apart from every special occasion that has contributed to my knowledge. By itself, it does not correspond to a thing physical—while in suspense, it avoids the inevitable conditions of time and place under which David must be perceived or conceived, as, for instance, David in his garden, or his house, or else—

where; David older or younger; well or sick; grieving or rejoicing; and so forth, with exhaustless variety of circumstance. Thus then it is, that David apart from some context into which it is to enter, is the sign of a thing metaphysical, for while the term is held in suspense, we are precluded from all conception of David as he must be in nature and even fancy; and so, for that suspensive moment, the name *David* is the sign of a thing metaphysical. Now if, as to a proper name, these facts and the appendent argument hold good, the argument and the facts must hold good of all grammatical *parts* of speech whatever, inasmuch as a proper name is, of all the grammatical parts of speech, the least abstract, or, at least, deemed the least abstract. Nor must the reasoning be questioned because some Aristotelians of the present day choose to call a general or abstract term a *concept*: I beg, reader, you will go with me in my application of the verb *to conceive*, and not discredit my facts because others choose (and I do not deoify their right of choice) to apply it differently.

On the point before us, then, I hope we are agreed, namely, that every *part* of speech is, if it have any meaning at all, the sign of a thing metaphysical; that it retains this meaning only so long as we keep it in suspense, and loses it, at least in some degree, the moment we join to it another part of speech, inasmuch as from the two there flows a special meaning, as in saying *David thinks*, or *David is-at-work*; expressions in which *David* is in some degree specialised by *thinks* and by *is-at-work*, as these latter are specialised by *David*. We may rest in this special meaning if we please, the verb yielding the permission by implying that the grammatical construction is complete. It would not be so if the verb did not carry this permission—if, for instance, we said *David who thinks*, or *David who is at work*—for now we await further specialisation, proceeding perhaps thus: *David who thinks favourably*—we still await a meaning not yet expressed; *David who thinks favourably of*—still we await; *David who thinks favourably of us*—we await still, till at length we get the proposed special meaning, perhaps in the following form: *David who thinks favourably of us, will be present*.

May I hope, reader, you will now join with me in the following conclusion:

As fast as we join parts of speech together to make meaning, they cease to have separate meanings; each part specialises the meaning of the other, till, the construction being complete, we have only one expression with one meaning.

All meaning, the moment we make it suspensive, is metaphysical, although, while it was conclusive, it may have been the statement of a physical fact. We may have such a fact before us (to repeat a former example) in saying *David is at work in the garden*; but this is only while we rest in the meaning. The moment, reader, that I utter and you understand it suspensively, it signifies our knowledge of the possible existence of such a fact abstractly from the fact itself, and we conclude or hold nothing further till the projected context is added. What special meaning will be yielded by the two parts, you know not till the union takes place. Suppose I say *David is at work in the garden, and*—I raise the clause which precedes the conjunction *and* from being the statement of a physical, that is, a perceptible or conceptible fact, into a

metaphysical abstraction of the fact—I hold my hearer in suspense for a meaning which he has yet to receive, which meaning will arise out of two premises, *David-is-at-work-in-the-garden* being one ; what the other will be the hearer for the present knows not, but the *and* lets him know thus much, that he is to hold what precedes it suspensively, awaiting some relation, as yet he knows not what, which will manifest itself between what is so far said, and what is to follow. Let us now complete the expression, the one expression for what will be one meaning: *David-is-at-work-in-the-garden-and-he-wants-your-help*; the unity of which communicated thought will be more evident if we drop one or two of the parts of speech which are used in constructing the expression for it, as *David-at-work-in-the-garden, wants-your-help*.

Thus much for the origin of things metaphysical in contradistinction to physical things. They are a consequence of the manner in which we gain our knowledge of things physical, namely, not by original instinct, nor by the superinduction of habit independently of a previous rational process, but by apprehending them in their relations to each other, always at the same time with relation to oneself. A brute knows immediately whatever it is necessary he should know; he knows it relatively to himself, but under no other relation. He cannot, therefore, hold his knowledge apart—separately, abstractly—from the occasions of it, and is blind by his inferior nature to metaphysical existence. I have to state this fact with more particularity hereafter, and to evidence it by that striking mark which separates man from all other creatures—the capacity for rational language. In the mean time, let us look a little more closely at these metaphysical existences, that we may know their just use, and how, like *ignes fatui*, they often dance before us only to betray us into depths in which the understanding is sure to be lost. The things defined in pure mathematics are things metaphysical, and they may be referred to as important examples of the just use of such things. We will begin our examination of them in the next essay.

THE BRIDGE OF COMMERCE.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

MIDNIGHT spreads its ebon wing
 O'er this bridge of wide renown,
 Standing like a hoary king,
 On the waters gazing down—
 Waters tide-wrought, swelling, gushing,
 Taint and blackness on their breast,
 Upwards sweeping, downwards rushing,
 As of very life possessed;
 Like man's passions troubled still,
 Reason warring with the will—
 Passions doomed to know no rest.

But the roar, the hum of life,
On this bridge the livelong day,
Toil and traffic, shouts and strife,
Like a dream have died away:
Sleep, perchance, hath wrapt the eyes
Of the late quick, hazy crew;
Towers and steeples hazy rise,
As night curtains round them drew;
And the forests of tall masts,
Bending not to sea-horn blasts,
Look as they were slumbering too.

Stillness—'tis a something strange
On this river-road of stone;
Yes, the eye can freely range,
And the spirit muse alone:
City, like a corpse, 'tis lying
'Neath the dun sky's mighty pall,
And the breeze is o'er it sighing,
And low clouds their tears let fall;
Soon will resurrection come,
Rise once more the deafening hum,
Lusty life again for all.

Hark! a sound is deeply swinging
From where towers a dome sublime;
Answering tongues the winds are bringing;
'Tis the beating pulse of Time:
Now 'tis gone—another hour
Quenched and vanished, like a spark
Struck by Time's strong hand of power,
On his anvil hard and dark;
Like a drop in thy round sea,
Greedy-mawed Eternity!
Like thought's passage none can mark.

Bridge, renowned in city story!
Bridge of commerce, bridge of woe!
Spanning now in dusky glory
Waves where star-beams strive to glow;
From thine arches, weak limbs quivering,
Want hath dashed into the tide;
And the maiden, pale and shivering,
Sought beneath her shame to hide;
Broken-hearted, and reviled,
Round she cast her glances wild,
Thought of home, and plunged, and died.

'Tis a solemn, wondrous sight,
London with its great heart still;
Hushed and covered by the night,
How much suffering, wrong, and ill!
Those dark waves beneath me sweeping
Tell of onward-rushing years,
Which, wild-eddying, never sleeping,
Vainly fret against life's piers;
Thousands rest around me taking,
Till again to toil awaking,
And a world of smiles and tears.

NATURAL HISTORY OF CEYLON.*

It is a long time since a more charming work of its kind has been published than the Natural History of Ceylon. It is true that the author is not a professed naturalist, but that is, perhaps, a gain to the reader. Such persons are often mere catalogue writers, and, at the best, liable, with their stilted efforts at scientific or scholastic accuracy, to be very dull. White of Selborne, and Audubon, were not professed naturalists, but they had that loving eye for nature which may be perfected by science but cannot be given by it. It is also true that a large portion of the present volume has already appeared in a more comprehensive work, but the author was not able to develop his plan or treat his subject with satisfactory fulness in the previous work; add to which, even if he had nothing further to say to the purport, the subject was in every respect deserving of a separate form of publication. It was a monograph of itself—a clear, comprehensive, and highly entertaining summary of the natural history of one of the most fecund and animated regions on the face of the earth.

Here troops of monkeys career in ceaseless chase among the loftiest trees. If there are no uran-utans or gorillas, there are large wanderoos, one of which, with its great white beard, resembles the (for a wonder) appropriately named *Silenus veter* of the Malabar coast, and there is also the little graceful and grimacing rilawa. Yet numerous as monkeys are in the forest, their bodies, strange to say, are never found defacing the eternal verdure: the remains of a monkey, it is said, are never to be met with in the forest. Then we have the graceful little loris, with its large intense eyes, used as charms and love-potions.

The multitude of bats is, like the multitude of all other living things, one of the features of the country, and the chief in what Sir J. E. Tennent terms "the evening landscape;" they not only abound in every cave and subterranean passage, in the tunnels on the highways, in the galleries of fortifications, in the roofs of the bungalows and the ruins of every temple and building, but as night approaches, and the lights in the rooms attract moths and flies, the bats sweep round the dinner-table and carry off their tiny prey within the glitter of the lamps. Flying foxes hang in such prodigious numbers on the lofty india-rubber trees that overhang the botanic gardens of Paradenia, that frequently large branches give way beneath their accumulated weight, and they fly in clouds as thick as bees or midges.

Animals of a more formidable character, as the Indian bear, most dreaded by the natives of Ceylon, luckily make the depths of the forest their habitual retreat, whilst leopards, which are the only formidable members of the tiger race in Ceylon, are neither very numerous nor very dangerous, as they seldom attack man. The jackal, on the other hand, hunts in packs in the low country of Ceylon; the mongoos, or ichneumons, help to keep down the superabundance of snakes, fearlessly and adroitly

* Sketches of the Natural History of Ceylon, &c. &c. By Sir J. Emerson Tennent, K.C.S., LL.D., &c. Longman and Co.

fastening upon the head even of the deadly cobra. Squirrels, of which there are a great variety, make their shrill metallic call heard at early morning in the woods; and when sounding their note of warning on the approach of a civet or a tree-snake, the ears tingle with the loud thrill of defiance which rings as clear and rapid as the running down of an alarum, and is instantly caught up and re-echoed from every side by their terrified playmates. We observe that Mr. Edgar L. Layard, who, we must suppose, is a "professed naturalist," has done Sir J. E. Tennent "the honour" to call a new squirrel *Sciurus Tennentii*. We do not precisely see where the honour lies, whether with the man or the squirrel. It reminds us of a tale told by old Geoffroy (not Isidore) Saint-Hilaire of a gentleman whom he once proposed to honour with a monkey's name, and the indignation with which the individual in question repudiated the distinction.

Among the multifarious inhabitants to which the forest affords at once a home and provender is the tree-rat, which forms its nest on the branches, and by turns makes its visits to the dwellings of the natives, frequenting the ceilings in preference to the lower parts of houses. Here it is incessantly followed by the rat-snake, whose domestication is encouraged by the servants in consideration of its services in destroying vermin—a truly pleasant alternative! The coffee-rats infest the coffee plantations in such swarms, that as many as a thousand have been killed in a single day on one estate. The pig-rat, or bandicoot, is retorted upon by being eaten, and is said to much resemble pork, while porcupines have been destroyed to the tune of twenty-seven per night for eating young cocoa-nut palms.

Ceylon has besides the deer but one other indigenous ruminant, the buffalo. "Deer," says the truthful old chronicler, Robert Knox, "are in great abundance in the woods, from the largeness of a cow to the smallness of a hare, for there is a creature in this land no bigger than the latter, though every part rightly resembleth a deer." The little creature which thus dwelt in the recollection of the old man was the musk-deer. The elephant and the wild boar are also the only representatives of the thick-skinned order. The latter, which differ somewhat from the wild boar of India, is found in droves in all parts of the island where vegetation and water are abundant. The elephant, the lord paramount of the Ceylon forests, is to be met with in every district on the confines of the woods, in the depths of which he finds concealment and shade during the hours when the sun is high, and from which he emerges only at twilight, to wend his way towards the rivers and tanks, where he luxuriates till dawn, when he again seeks the retirement of the deep forests. Never before has this animal been treated of so fully, so accurately, or so satisfactorily as by Sir J. E. Tennent. The portion of his work which is devoted to the natural history of this remarkable creature is, indeed, a perfect monograph in itself; with less colouring, it is far more genuine than anything in Buffon; but the praise bestowed upon it will be as calm and dignified as the matter itself, whereas Buffon was exalted by the academicians of the day to the very pinnacle of genius.

The dugong, with the rude approach to the human outline in the shape of its head, and the attitude of the mother when suckling her young, has given origin to as many stories of mermaids in the South as the seal has with its expressive eye in the North.

As to birds, their prodigious numbers, and especially the myriads of water-fowl, which, notwithstanding the presence of crocodiles, people the lakes and marshes in the eastern provinces, form one of the marvels of Ceylon. If they are surpassed in the glory of their plumage by those of South America and Northern India, and the melody of their song bears no comparison with that of the warblers of Europe, those wants or deficiencies are compensated for by singular grace of form, and by the rich and melodious tones of their clear and musical calls.

Reptiles cede in number to no other class of living things except insects; Ceylon is indeed one of their great natural strongholds. There are tree-snakes, water-snakes, sea-snakes, and even, as we have before seen, house-snakes and domestic-snakes. Lizards are met with at every turn and corner. It is as impossible to extirpate crocodiles as it is fish, which in Ceylon climb up trees, travel across the country, and survive the hot sun of a dry season!

In 1833, during the progress of the pearl fishery, Sir Robert Wilmot Horton employed men to drag for crocodiles in a pond which was infested by them in the immediate vicinity of Aripo. The pool was about fifty yards in length, by ten or twelve wide, shallowing gradually to the edge, and not exceeding four or five feet at the deepest part. As the party approached the bund from twenty to thirty reptiles, which had been basking in the sun, rose and fled to the water. A net, specially weighted so as to sink its lower edge to the bottom, was then stretched from bank to bank, and swept to the farther end of the pond, followed by a line of men with poles to drive the crocodiles forward. So complete was the arrangement that no individual could have evaded the net; yet, to the astonishment of the governor's party, not one was to be found when it was drawn on shore, and no means of escape for them was apparent or possible except by their descending into the mud at the bottom of the pond.

Ceylon has long been renowned for the beauty and variety of the shells which abound in its seas and inland waters, and in which an active trade has been organised by the industrious Moors. The eastern seas are also profusely stocked with radiated animals, and aculephæ are equally plentiful—so much so, indeed, that they occasionally tempt the larger cetacea into the Gulf of Manaar; and lastly, that no representatives of living things should be wanting, owing to the favourable combination of heat, moisture, and vegetation, the myriads of insects, spiders, myriapods, millipeds, crabs, and leeches in Ceylon form one of the characteristic features of the island. The ravages of ants are incessant and fearful. They are a perfect plague. No less so are the mosquitoes and other noxious creeping things. Then there are ticks, and mites, and centipedes, calling-crabs, sand-crabs, painted-crabs, and paddling-crabs. There are land-leeches, that advance in battalions, or rather in swarms, to the assault of the unfortunate passer-by; and there are things at the extremity of the animated scale that will not consent to be killed, certain rotifera and paste-eels having, it is averred, the power or rather property of re-vivification. It was an herculean task to co-ordinate such a mass of materials, to sort out and describe all these moving things that pullulate in a land teeming with animal life. Sir J. E. Tennent has achieved the task, and that too, as before said, in a far more agreeable and instructive manner than many a "professed naturalist" would have accomplished it.

THE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

II.—FROM LOUIS XIV. TO THE FIRST REVOLUTION.

THE reign of Louis XIV., the most brilliant epoch of the military fasti of France, opened with a victory. Five days after the death of Louis XIII., the formidable infantry, of whom the Austrian House was so proud, succumbed to the French on the plains of Rocroy. This unexpected victory was the first of the uninterrupted triumphs that distinguished the reign of the new king up to the peace of Riswick, and made him for a while the master of continental Europe. The king's minority, which naturally augmented the hopes and attacks of the enemy, led to a great increase of the army, but Mazarin limited it to the enlistment of foreigners, and appointed himself colonel of the Italian regiments. The peace of Westphalia in 1648 relaxed for a time the fury of the foreign war; but, as if the soldiers were not to be allowed breathing time, the civil war was re-kindled. The Fronde, generally represented as a burlesque of war, for all that gave rise to terrible combats. The battle of the Faubourg St. Antoine, in which Condé and Turenne fought under the opposition banners, and displayed all the resources of their genius, was a blood-stained episode in it, and the army had a glorious apprenticeship in the difficult street fighting. In the mean while, the war with Spain still went on with varying phases, but Turenne's victory on the sand-dunes of Dunkirk put an end to it, and the peace of the Pyrenees, consolidated by the marriage of the king with the infanta Maria Theresa, at length gave France rest after forty years of continuous war.

During this long period of fighting there was but little room for improvement. The general adoption of the improved musket, trials of the first flint-locks, the invention of the bayonet, and, as a consequence, the abandonment of pikes and breastplates, are nearly the sole changes made during this period of incessant war. The peace of the Pyrenees, however, soon proved the necessity of diminishing the state burdens, and Louis reduced the hundred and fourteen infantry regiments to forty-eight, which included the French and Swiss Guards, and a Scotch, a German, and an Italian regiment: all the rest were disbanded, with the exception of twenty-seven reduced to garrison companies. The most remarkable thing in the young king's decrees is the preponderance he strove to give to the infantry and artillery arms, which had hitherto been despised. Louis XIV., the haughty monarch, who proudly assumed the ensign of the lustrous sun, casting to European nations the motto, "*Nec pluribus impar*," became in time colonel-general of the infantry, and simple colonel of the Royal Artillery. The nobility still preferred entering the cavalry, and old prejudices, which were still very lively, kept them from joining the infantry. Moreover, the aristocratic gendarmes of France had an old renown, which the rising reputation of the infantry did not yet equal. Commissions in the cavalry flattered the love of independence characteristic to the sons of great houses, and offered them more frequent occasions for individual prowess. Hence, during the first two-thirds of the seventeenth century, the proportion of cavalry in the French army re-

mained very large. At Rocroy, the Duc d'Enghien had 7000 horse out of an army of 22,000, while Turenne, at the battle of the Dunes, had only 9000 infantry, with 6000 horse.

Cardinal Richelieu, who dealt such rude blows to the adventurous and independent spirit of the nobility by creating cavalry regiments, reduced the captains of gendarmes and cheveu-légers companies to the rank of subalterns, and thus their position lost much of its importance. Mazarin followed another plan to attain the same result: he gave all those who wished for them commission as cavalry mestres de camp, and allowed the poorer gentry to raise companies. The result was that both were ruined. In order to give the scions of the nobility—who were reduced to beg for the crumbs that fell from the royal table—employment which did not offend their pride, Louis XIV. placed his military household on a colossal footing quite disproportionate to the effective strength of the army. This household brigade was composed of 10,000 men (3000 cavalry and 7000 infantry), exclusive of picked men, allowed to join at the beginning of a campaign, provided that they possessed the qualification either of birth or wealth. Of this brave phalanx it was said, "A town is not captured until the citadel is held, nor is a battle lost till the king's household has given way." Among the horse guards, the four companies of the guards du corps, splendidly attired, formed an effective strength of 1600 men. One of these companies, through a reverence for historical traditions, still retained the title of the Scotch company, though it was only so in name. Their arms were a cuirass, helmet, sword, pistol, and, when on guard, a demi-pike, with a triangular blade. Their standards bore a sun dazzling the world, and their master's motto.

The company of gendarmes, armed cap-à-pie, 215 in number, had for their motto, "Quo jubet iratus Jupiter." The 295 cheveu-légers, with scarlet pourpoints and white facings, armed with sabre and pistol, bravely bore their motto, "Sensere Gigantes," and obtained the favour of not being reckoned among the gendarmes of the king, in consideration of the glorious recollections attaching to their institution. The two companies of musketeers had especially distinguished themselves in the sieges of the preceding years. Like the dragoons, they served on horseback or on foot, according to the nature of the soil. They were distinguished as the "Grey" and the "Black," from the colour of their horses. Their arms were a musket, pistol, and sword. The first company bore on its standards a mortar discharging a shell against a besieged town, with the motto, "Quò ruit est Lethum," while the second had round a bundle of darts, "Alterius Jovis altera tela."

The infantry of the king's household was composed of the regiment of Gardes Françaises, the company of the Hundred Swiss, created in 1478, and the regiment of Swiss Guards. The regiment of French Guards, created in 1503, and composed of thirty companies (3340 rank and file), kept as its motto the following eulogium of an enemy hostile to France: "It has justly acquired the title of the first regiment in Christendom." Among its privileges was the right of choosing the post of honour in action, holding the sap heads in sieges, and being the first to enter a captured town. Among the marshals of France who emerged from this glorious band were Guébriant, Foiras, Vauban, Montesquiou, La Feuillade, and Catinat. The regiment of Swiss Guards, created in 1567,

consisted of twenty companies (3400 rank and file), it had precedence of all other troops of that nation in the French service, and had as motto, "*Invictis Pax.*" The fidelity of the men could be depended on so long as they were regularly paid.

The Grenadiers were created in 1667. The first hand-grenades had been thrown at the siege of Arles, in 1536, and since that period the dangerous office was entrusted to volunteers called *enfants perdus*. Louis XIV. wished to employ the spirit of glory that animates the French soldier under difficult circumstances, and to secure men who combined skill with intrepidity, by instituting in each company four picked men, whom he called grenadiers, and paid highly. This creation produced a marvellous effect, and the men who were the subject of this choice distinguished themselves in the campaigns of Flanders and the Franche Comté by deeds of extraordinary daring. Hence the grenadiers rapidly multiplied: in 1670 the regiment of the king had one entire company of these picked men. The measure was soon extended to the thirty senior regiments, and eventually to the whole of the line. At the outset, these men were armed with an axe and a sword: in 1671 they received the fusil, and they also carried twelve to fifteen hand-grenades in a small pouch. A decree of February 25, 1670, which regulated the uniformity of the armament, and threw the expense of it on the state, abolished the pikes and partisans, and, at the same time, reduced the depth of formation. The general adoption of fire-arms at the close of the seventeenth century reduced the depth from ten to four deep, and this rendered the evolutions in the field far more easy.

Another important creation, that of the Fusiliers of the King, took place in 1671. Hitherto, the artillery had fared much like the infantry. The nobility, in their haughty ignorance, despised the artilleryman's profession as a mechanical art, which could only be practised by men of low birth. It would have been derogatory for a gentleman to cultivate his mind, study mathematics, drawing, and the natural sciences. The establishment of this corps is in itself a great event, which marks precisely the moment when the kingly power had attained its apogee, and when the mere expression of his will checked all chivalrous prejudices. Louis XIV. was colonel of the new regiment, which he armed with the terrible bayonet and uniformed magnificently. At first, some difficulties were raised against the new organisation, but so soon as the royal colonel gave handsome pay to those officers who were fit to command companies, and the artillery was suspected to be a road to court favour, the nobility altered their tone. Even the privates, ever ready to model themselves as their chiefs, would have fancied it dishonouring to lay down the pike or musket and take up the cannon. As M. Charpentier tells us:

Up to this time the guns had been served by artisans appointed by the grand master of artillery, as gunners, bombardiers, and workmen, under the direction of certain engineers called commissaries of artillery. These men were not regarded as soldiers, but, in return for certain advantages they enjoyed, they were in a state of permanent requisition, and in a position bearing some analogy to that of officers of marines. In the field, the guard of the ordnance and ammunition was confided to the infantry, and generally to the Swiss were there any with the army.

Such a state was no longer in accordance with the improvements made in the ordnance, and the part it was destined to play on the battle-field. Louis XIV., therefore, determined to render the artillery military, and inaugurate this innovation in a brilliant manner, which fully manifested his idea. The men who formed the new regiment were selected from among the best of the old corps, and the officers taken from the guards.

In spite of all these reforms and improvements, it must not be assumed, however, that things went on for the best. In spite of Colbert's probity, the pay did not always reach its destination, and the healthy discipline which the inflexible Louvois had introduced was too often broken through. The generals, too, so skilful in leading the troops in the field, were ignorant of the art of forming them or preparing them for war. With the campaign of 1674 various measures were taken in this important matter, and in the camp before Besançon a great number of officers were cashiered because "their company or regiment was in a bad state of drill, discipline, and instruction." But for all that the French troops fought magnificently, even while they were too inclined to make no distinction between friend and foe when plunder was concerned.

The Dutch war, terminated in 1678 by the peace of Nimeguen, raised the power of Louis XIV. to its apogee. While the peace was being negotiated the king was completing the constitution of his troops; he doubled the cadre of general officers, created eight Marshals of France, and prepared to continue the war with more energy than ever. An army organised in a manner so superior to that of other European armies, and led by Turenne and Condé, must perform prodigies. But Condé retired, and his rival in glory, Turenne, fell at Salzbach. The successors of these great men, whom Madame de Sévigné cleverly called "Turenne's small change," had talent but little genius. Luxemburg alone, misunderstood at that period, was destined to maintain the glory of the French army intact.

The Seven Years' War had increased the army by several regiments, principally foreign. Some survived till the Revolution, but no sooner was the war over than a considerable reduction took place, and the infantry was reorganised at sixty-eight regiments. The peace was of short duration, for the other European powers took the alarm at the king's unbounded ambition, and formed the league of Augsburg. The French army was hastily increased, and in 1684 thirty new regiments were added, levied under the name of so many provinces. These regiments were especially employed to relieve the old battalions, which henceforth took the name of service regiments. Permanent camps were also established for the triple object of always having an imposing force under arms, drilling the troops, and preparing them to endure fatigue. It was then for the first time that the army was employed on grand works of public utility, the fortification of towns, making the Maintenon and Briare canals, on the works at Marly, &c. During the ensuing years fresh corps were raised, so that when the war seriously broke out again in 1688, the number of regiments was more than doubled. As the wealth and strength of France sensibly diminished in contending against her numerous foes, all means were considered good. In order to deceive the enemy, Louis XIV. employed a subterfuge which was imitated under the first Empire. He formed out of poor garrison troops, and even

militia, corps that assumed the titles of the most celebrated regiments, and which served in the covering armies. Thus, while the regiments of Picardy, Champagne, &c., were fighting in Flanders and on the Rhine, there were on the Alps and in Catalonia battalions of the same name, which had nothing in common with the old corps save the title. After the capture of Philipshurg, the coalition became more menacing than ever, and it was found necessary to have recourse to an extraordinary measure. The militia—that is to say, the ban and rear-ban—who had been slumbering ever since the legionaries of the sixteenth century, were called out. The decree of November 29, 1688, produced one hundred regiments, each of a single battalion, called out in turn to garrison the strong places. Towards the close of the war, the weakening of the regular army compelled the enrolment of militia regiments, and at the peace of Ryswick these men were arbitrarily incorporated with the permanent troops instead of being allowed to return home.

The Catalonian war caused the renewal of an experiment tried many times before, but which the methodical tactics of that age prevented completely succeeding. The armies that served on the Pyrenean frontier had been obliged, during previous campaigns, to fight against the Spanish guerillas. These bold scouts, taking advantage of their knowledge of the mountain passes, gradually crushed the armies by cutting the convoys and massacring rear-guards and stragglers. Maréchal de Noailles, who commanded the Catalonian army in 1689, therefore, had the idea of opposing to them troops trained in their own fashion. Hence he raised in Roussillon a regiment of French scouts, who became celebrated under the name of the Mountain Fusiliers, and did great service. This innovation was soon appreciated as it deserved, for on all the frontiers the nature of the ground favoured that partisan fighting known as "*la petite guerre*." All the armies soon had corps of light troops organised on the pattern of the "*Miquelets*," and who bore the name of Border Fusiliers.

Owing to the successive creations that took place up to the peace of Ryswick, the main body of the army, the infantry, comprising the militia, consisted of 252 regiments, the cavalry of 72. The reforms made in 1698 reduced these exorbitant amounts to 142 for the infantry and 45 for the cavalry. The colonels, whose regiments were disbanded, or incorporated with others, were attached to the regiments as supernumeraries till their services could be employed. In order to get rid of this dead weight, the king also took two measures which were perfectly just, but aroused the anger of the nobility. The first was the creation of the order of St. Louis. Hitherto France had possessed but one military decoration—the blue ribbon and cross of the St. Esprit. It was very rarely granted, and the recipients must be men of the very highest birth. By the advice of Vauban and D'Aguesseau, Louis XIV., by a decree registered on April 10, 1693, founded this new order, which, instead of demanding nobility, conferred it. In order to become a knight, the recipient must be an officer of not less than twenty-eight years' standing, or have distinguished himself by some brilliant action. The other measure was entailed by the abuses occasioned by noblemen possessing regiments, and the impossibility in which the king often found himself of promoting brave but poor officers. The lords, who owned regiments,

derived enormous profits from them, and refused to sell them save at so disproportionate a price that even marshals of France would remain colonels of regiments, to the great detriment of the service. The only remedy the king could find for this crying abuse was that all general officers should give up their regiments. This measure temporarily lowered the price, and allowed some of the colonels made supernumeraries after the peace of Riswick to be re-established.

In the early part of 1698, after sending to their garrison towns the remains of the old regiments, Louis XIV. announced that, so soon as the fine weather occurred, he would assemble at Compiègne a camp of 60,000 men. It was, he stated, for the instruction of his grandson, the Duke of Burgundy, and he proposed to be present with the whole of his court. Nearly every year, indeed, Louis XIV. spent a few weeks under canvas, and his presence among the troops produced a noble emulation. Owing to this enthusiasm, the army was as fine as it had ever been when the War of the Spanish Succession broke out in 1701, and it was capable of curbing all Europe once again; but the king had aged, and, as often happens to old men, he had his weaknesses, and flatterers who knew how to take advantage of them. His obstinate attachment to men who had been boys with him, and in particular for Maréchal de Villeroy—the singular aversion he felt from competent ministers, and which made him select Chamillard, the most honest but most insignificant of his secretaries of state—and, lastly, his excessive complaisance towards Madame de Maintenon, were the principal causes of the misfortunes that signalled the War of the Spanish Succession, and all but ruined France eternally.

At the outset of the campaign, it is true that a sensible measure was taken. A decree of January 26, 1701, ordered the levy of fifty-seven battalions of militia volunteers, intended to raise all the existing regiments to the strength of two battalions each. It is indubitable that this was a good step, for the recruits, mingled with the old troops, would have obtained some idea of discipline. Unfortunately, the king yielded to the intriguers, and ordered the raising of one hundred new regiments, each of one battalion, and granted commissions to officers, who raised them at their own expense. This step consummated the ruin of the army. Seven thousand officers, who must be gentlemen, but need not know anything of military matters, had to be appointed, and the result was that while the soldiers were formed in a single campaign, the officers remained as they were, and constantly paralysed—by their want of discipline, vanity, and ignorance—the good-will and courageous efforts of the troops. Blenheim, Ramilies, and Turin offer sufficient proof of this fact.

The campaigns of Flanders, Italy, and Germany finished the exhaustion of France, and the dismemberment of all the constitutive portions of the army. Any means were considered good, and the most scandalous abuse took place in the dépôts. The army of the North still remained a fine body of men, but in order to compose it all the best men were withdrawn from the reserves: it amounted to ninety thousand soldiers, with eighty guns, and an immense *matériel*, and the whole of the king's household served with it. It was this army which had the honour of saving France by gaining the victory of Dénain, which broke up the coalition, and enabled Louis XIV. to sign a peace the terms of which were, at any rate, not dishonourable.

The reforms effected in the French army, after the peace of Rastadt, by reducing the number of battalions by more than one-half, allowed the surviving regiments to be raised to their full strength with veterans who had gone through fifteen years' service. Hence, on the death of Louis XIV., the army, though small, had the immense advantage of possessing a complete and thoroughly French organisation. Still there were many defects that required amelioration, and the question of precedence among the regiments gave rise to constant heart-burning and quarrels.

The army was divided into several distinct classes. The regiments raised before the peace of the Pyrenees, or prior to 1659, were regarded as veteran troops, and their chief privilege was to form the head of the column, and not to be reduced so thoroughly as the other battalions when peace was made. Another class, composed of the *six vieux* and the *six petits vieux*, formed the élite of the infantry. The glory that accrued to them in the seventeenth and eighteenth century wars was avowedly greater than that of the guards, for the latter generally formed part of the army commanded by the king, and he did not select the spot where the most fighting went on. While the troops under the king's orders were carrying on sieges in Flanders, the others held the enemy in check on the Meuse, or repulsed his attacks on the Moselle, the Rhine, in Italy, or Catalonia. From this the old bands were engaged in constant quarrels with the guards.

In addition to these two great classes, there were also in the army the royal regiments, the regiments of the princes, the gentry, and the provinces—a painful division, which produced inequalities between the state of the corps, and formed an abyss between a king's regiment and the provincial regiment. Lastly, privilege was visible under other shapes, and was even found in matters essential to the soldiers' existence. There were regiments *à prévôté*, and others supplied with *Fustensile*.

The former were those who had the right to form a council of war in their own body, and try all offences of insubordination and all infractions of military regulations. Their staff included, for this purpose, a provost, a squad of archers, and an executioner. The corps that did not enjoy the right of *prévôté* were subjected to the justice of the provost-marshal of the army, which was generally extremely expeditious. These were very old regiments—as, for instance, Poitou, which did not possess this privilege. Under the name of *Fustensile* were comprised all the articles necessary for bivouacking and cooking, as well as the horses and carts required for transporting them. The king only paid the expense of them in some regiments which had obtained this favour as a reward.

All such privileges established a marked inequality between the corps, and severe discipline was necessary to put down the murmurs, and force regiments not so highly favoured to be satisfied with their modest part on the battle-field, to accept bad quarters, and everywhere yield to the privileged corps as to superior beings.

The proportion of officers to the rank and file, fixed at one to fifteen by Louis XIV., was diminished at the beginning of his successor's reign. This number of officers was altogether disproportionate to the effective strength of the regiment, and it was a source of expense to the state that offered no return, for the strength of the officers could only be maintained by taking a good many scamps. Simultaneously with the diminution of the officers' roll, the number of companies per battalion was reduced from

fifteen to nine. The next step undertaken was one that had long occupied the mind of Louis XIV.—namely, putting the soldiers in barracks. In January, 1692, barracks had been begun for the French and Swiss guards in the suburbs of Paris, which were not finished till 1716, and a decree of the council prescribed simultaneously that similar establishments should be built, under the surveillance of the state, but at the cost of the people, in all those towns which were ready to incur the expense. Most of the towns obeyed most willingly, for they were only too glad to get rid of the troublesome system of billeting. In 1719 the militia were established in a permanent manner, which would prevent any further abuse. They were divided into as many battalions as there were line regiments, excepting the guards and the king's regiment, and in the event of war each of these battalions would double the strength of a regiment. The same year was also remarkable for the establishment of a special corps, intended to garrison the colonies, the guard of which had hitherto been left to the local militia and a few free companies kept up by the governors.

In 1720 the hussar regiments were first organised under the command of Major Berchini, and the government was so pleased with them that there were more regiments eventually raised. At the same period, the squadrons of *cheval-légers* that followed the regiments were detached, and formed six separate corps, under the name of *chasseurs*. Lastly, as the improvement in fire-arms had rendered the use of hand-grenades too dangerous, the grenadiers became of no further service. They were at first employed as sharpshooters, but it being soon perceived that this duty would be better performed by shorter and more active men, the regiment formed two *chasseurs*, the first company of whom appears to have been raised in 1725 experimentally.

In these minor details the regent employed the rest which lasted from 1713 to 1733. Europe breathed again after a century of warfare: twenty years of peace had done France good, but it was instinctively felt that the prolonged calm was about to expire. The death of Augustus of Poland caused it to do so. King Stanislaus, father-in-law of Louis XV., already crowned King of Poland at Warsaw, in 1705, was re-elected in 1733. The emperor Charles VI., foreseeing a declension of his influence in the north through this election, caused it to be annulled, and the son of the deceased king, Frederick Augustus II., to be elected in lieu of Stanislaus. This conduct of Austria towards France led to a rupture between the two crowns.

The army of Louis XIV., improved by the care of the Duc d'Orléans, went through the campaign in a brilliant manner, and its organisation was already so powerful that it was not found necessary to have recourse to new levies, as had been the case in all the preceding wars. It passed from a war footing to that of peace with the same facility, without any diminution of the *cadres*. Louis XV., in 1740, had but one more regiment than he had at the death of Louis XIV., the Royal Corsican, raised in the previous year, on the first occupation of that island by the French. The War of the Austrian Succession, which broke out in 1741, suddenly carried the French army to the heart of Bohemia, an entirely new country for it, and a greater distance from its own territory than any in which it had hitherto acted. The good-will of the King of Prussia and of Saxony had been trusted in, but they made a separate peace with

Austria, and the French, left to themselves in a country they had ravaged, were compelled to shut themselves up in Prague, where they were closely invested by the troops of Maria Theresa.

Demoralisation seized on this army, whose ranks had been filled up with militia, led by force to Bohemia, and the severity of the winter of 1742 added to the misery of a war already so disastrous. This is what the *Maréchal de Belleisle* wrote to the minister of war a few days before that famous retreat which constitutes his chief claim to glory: "The desertion increases with the sickness, and the ill-will of the officers is beyond all expression. I would not dare to give you particulars that disgrace the nation."

In 1743 the army remained on the defensive along the Rhine, and during this campaign a unique opportunity offered itself. At *Dettingen* France was on the point of taking her vengeance for the battle of *Poitiers*. The King of England, surrounded with his army in a defile, had no possibility of escaping; but the want of discipline among the French officers, the disobedience of a lieutenant-general, and the weakness of a marshal of France, caused the most skilful combinations to fail. The defeat was as disgraceful as it was complete. The evil was at its height: in addition to the ordinary influences of misery and demoralisation over armies, the French soldiers had been spoiled in Germany by coming into contact with those brigands called *Pandours* and *Croats*, and, following their example, gave way to every sort of excess. Such a state of things must be remedied at any cost.

A powerful and daring minister was at this moment at the head of French military matters—it was *D'Argenson*. In order to carry out the reforms he meditated, the new minister required a military chief who understood him, and who had in his head and heart the strength necessary to carry out his plans. As this man was not to be found among the French general officers, *D'Argenson* fixed his attention on an illustrious stranger, who alone had managed to make his troops fight, and had obtained some successes. This general was *Maurice, Comte de Saxe*. Educated in the strict though somewhat minute principles of the German school, *Maurice de Saxe* entered the service of France in 1720, and had immediately obtained from the regent the ownership of *Sparre's* foreign regiment. He busied himself in introducing that perhaps excessive regularity and mathematical precision which already distinguished the Prussian army. His example was followed by the colonels of the German regiments, and it was at the head of a division composed of these corps that the *Comte de Saxe* rendered himself remarkable during the campaigns of 1742 and 1743. After the rout of *Dettingen*, the minister placed the relics of the army under the orders of *Maurice de Saxe*, who set to work without relaxation to restore order and discipline. His efforts were crowned with success, and preserved France from the invasion menaced by the *Archduke Charles*.

At the beginning of 1744, *Louis XV.* was at open war with England and Austria. He sent into Italy an army under the orders of the *Prince de Conti*, one to the Rhine, under *Maréchal de Coigny*, and two to Flanders, commanded by *Noailles* and *Maurice de Saxe*. The king himself went to direct the operations in the North, and renew the glories of the campaigns of 1666 and 1672. Appointed marshal of France, the

Comte de Saxe devoted the whole of this campaign to the moral education and military instruction of his troops assembled at Courtrai, and it was this army which, in the following year, won the battle of Fontenoy, in which the king's household lavishly shed their blood to decide a victory that remained undecided during eight hours. Rancoux, Lanfeld, and the capture of Bergen-op-Zoom, and Maestricht are exploits due to the same chief and the same army, and France fancied for a while that the glories of the last reign were returning.

The Austrian War of Succession entailed the permanent establishment of light troops. Hitherto the Roussillon militia had been called out during war, and opposed to the Miquelets of the Pyrenees and the Barbets of the Alps. This corps was re-established, but for the last time, on February 12, 1744, when the flames of war, in their gradual spread, reached Savoy, and compelled the French to send an army to that frontier. But in the preceding year a new corps of light troops, established on a different basis, had been formed in Germany to combat the Pandours, who had done so much to demoralise the French army by their attacks on its flanks and in detachments, and by intercepting the communications. This corps is the one which became so celebrated under the name of Fischer's Chasseurs.

John Christian Fischer, a simple servant, began to make himself known towards the end of 1742, during the investment of Prague by the Austrians. He placed himself at the head of his armed comrades, who went to find their masters' horses on the islands of the Moldau, and repulsed the attacks of the Austrian hussars, who forded the river to cut them off. The bravery and intelligence displayed by Fischer in various affairs attracted attention to him, and as brave men were then wanted, and no questions were asked whence they came, he was authorised to organise his small band, and left at liberty to direct it as he pleased. The services Fischer rendered in 1743, and the protection of the Comte de Saxe, caused all prejudices to be overleaped, and on the 1st November, in the same year, the squadron of courageous domestics took rank in the army under the name of Fischer's Chasseurs. This corps, and a few others created on the same model, enabled men of no rank who enlisted in them to make their fortunes rapidly, and hence they flocked in. Towards the end of the war, Fischer had under him four hundred chasseurs à pied, two hundred à cheval, and a few workmen. He gained an illustrious name in this campaign and in that of 1757, and to him dates back the origin of those thoroughly French troops, the chasseurs à pied and à cheval.

A decree of 1749 produced fresh modifications in the constitution of the French army. Eighteen regiments, native and foreign, were suppressed, and incorporated in those older corps which were composed of but one battalion, and henceforth had two. The creation of a special corps of chasseurs, or sharpshooters, sent the grenadiers once more into the ranks. They were employed in detachments for bold strokes, and this new character, which so well suited picked troops, by supplying them with opportunities to render signal services, proved the utility of a general having under his hand energetic and trustworthy troops at the decisive moment of an action. They became what they still are, the reserve of the regiments, and at the close of the war, in 1749, the grenadier com-

panies of the suppressed French regiments formed the regiment of the Grenadiers of France, which took rank from the date of the creation of grenadiers in 1667.

The French army, including the foreign corps, had in 1750 an effective strength of two hundred and fifty thousand men. The six following years of peace were employed to improve the elements of instruction and discipline which *Maréchal de Saxe* had introduced, and to carry out all the ameliorations which the internal organisation of the regiments required. At the moment when the Seven Years' War broke out, all was ready, and the army was as good and fine as it could be from its mode of recruiting. In 1756 it began in a brilliant manner by the capture of Port Mahon, and in 1757 by the battle of Hastenbeck, which was followed by the rapid conquest of Hanover. But matters were not destined to go on so pleasantly. Unfortunately for France, the most serious affairs were discussed in the boudoir of *Madame de Pompadour*, and the command of the army was always given to a favourite of hers. Moreover, the French army was commanded by four or five generals, all jealous of one another, and had for allies the Austrians, whose slow and methodical way of fighting is most opposed to the prompt and audacious genius of French soldiers. The commanders, compelled to seek counsel before fighting at *Versailles* and *Vienna*, had to contend against the great *Frederick*; and that illustrious captain, sole judge and master of his actions, had transported to his own tent the entire fortunes of Prussia. As *M. Charpentier* justly observes :

The defeat of *Rosbach* was the most striking fact in this long campaign; at the close of which France was reduced to sing the heroism of a simple captain of infantry, who preferred death to dishonour. The cry of "*D'Assas!*" that cry which thousands of French chests have uttered on a hundred battle-fields, is the only glorious reminiscence left to us of that unhappy Seven Years' War! No one dared to speak of the rock of Mahon, so boldly escalated, after the day when that conquest had to be surrendered to the English. The victory of *Hastenbeck* was effaced by the rout of *Rosbach*; the heroism of *Montcalm*, and his handful of braves, remained buried with the bones of those noble sons of France on the banks of the *St. Laurence*, because it would have been necessary at the same time to speak of Canada.

France, habituated to the great events of war, which might sometimes be fatal, but ever glorious to her arms, uttered an immense cry of reprobation against the generals and the army. The revolutionary storm, which was to sweep away all institutions, was already agitating the minds. The popular thought was no longer expressed merely in pamphlets and satirical songs, as in the days of *Louis the Great*; it burst forth boldly and terribly, confounding in the same menace the men in authority and royalty itself. The disaster of *Rosbach* especially produced a general murmur in Paris; the *Versailles* cabinet was sharply criticised, and the whole of the army, both those who fought bravely and those who fled, were exposed to the same universal derision. In truth the French army, it must be confessed, had never been commanded so badly as in that deplorable war. Discipline only existed nominally; in vain did the *Maréchal de Belleisle*, the war minister, fill the dungeons of the *Bastille* with officers; in vain did he write threatening letters to the commander; the evil came from too high a quarter, and the ignoble

conduct of the sovereign was followed in the army by repeated acts of insubordination, and the most ignoble conduct possible.

On the march, in the camp, and even on the battle-field, all was confusion and disorder. When marching, the generals allowed profligate women to follow the army in their carriages, while in the camps there were orgies and banquets, at which the most brilliant luxury was displayed. No less than twelve thousand waggons, belonging to merchants or sutlers, followed the army, commanded by the Prince de Soubise. The newspapers of the period tell us, that after the defeat of Gotha, where Seydlitz's hussars put to flight nine thousand of Soubise's grenadiers, very few soldiers were made prisoners; but, to make up for it, a great number of women, regimental chaplains, valets, cooks, and even comedians, were captured. In the baggage-train of the generals might be seen entire chests of pommade, essences, any quantity of hair powder, parasols, dressing-gowns, and parrots. In the camps balls were given daily; and it was not rare, even on the eve of a battle, for a general to leave his post and go and dance a minuet in a neighbouring village. In Clermont's army, the Comte de St. Germain, afterwards minister of war, who commanded a corps of ten thousand men, abandoned his post, merely writing to tell his chief where he had left his troops. Such cowardly desertion, which would in our day be punished by death, was then called "handing in one's resignation," and no one paid any attention to it.

As for the soldiers, they remained as they had ever been, brave, patient, and devoted. The army of Hanover, an author tells us, reached the banks of the Rhine in a deplorable state, covered with rags, and exhausted with fatigue and hunger, but their good humour did not desert the troops; on the contrary, they sang, and seemed to feel much more deeply the want of gunpowder than of food. Well commanded, the French soldier has ever effected prodigies; when badly commanded, and without confidence in the military merit of his chiefs, he disgracefully took to flight.

During the Seven Years' War, and especially after the peace, numerous reforms were instituted, but unfortunately they were restricted to details, and did not attack the root of the evil. For instance, on January 1, 1757, the royal artillery was augmented by a battalion, and to each battalion of infantry a company of picked men was attached, under the name of *Chasseurs à pied*. All these were discharged at the end of the war. On May 5, 1758, the engineers were separated from the artillery, and the battalions of the latter corps received the name of brigades. Another decree soon after laid down that the different ranks of officers should be distinguished by epaulets. This novelty was very badly greeted, and the epaulet, which men have since been so proud of wearing, was called *Choiseul's rag*. Finally, at the peace, the army, whose generals had been beaten, was fearfully cut up. Still, these reforms, though they might be bitter to those who were the victims, were excellent.

A decree of November 25, 1792, disbanded six French and a similar number of foreign regiments. The French corps handed over their picked men to the regiment of the Grenadiers of France, while the others were sent to reinforce the colonial troops. After the loss of Canada, the necessity was felt of keeping the other foreign possessions, and for this

purpose the last twenty-three French regiments were told off for colonial service; while three new brigades of artillery were created and sent out. By a decree of December 10, 1762, the composition of the French army was thus regulated: 100 regiments of infantry, of which 65 were French; and 55 of cavalry.

The regiments of the gentlemen took the titles of the provinces, and all the corps bore on their buttons the number, indicating their rank according to seniority. The price of the regiments was equalised, and shameful abuses thus prevented. The oldest French regiments, excepting those of the princes, which were not sold, were valued at 40,000 livres; and the colonial regiments at only 20,000. The internal administration of the regiments was taken from the captains, and given to paymasters; this was a wise measure, and put a stop to many abuses, especially that of bearing fictitious men on the regimental strength and appropriating their pay. The rank of ensign was suppressed, and each regiment received the requisite number of sub-lieutenants. Lastly, a decree of August 13, 1765, transformed the seven brigades of artillery into so many regiments, which took the names of the seven schools where these regiments were garrisoned at the time. These regiments were placed under the orders of a permanent inspector-general.

These improvements, which do honour to the ministry of M. de Choiseul, were continued in the following years. The corps of Grenadiers of France, in spite of the services it had rendered, was suppressed on August 4, 1771. It was noticed that the reuniting of this corps exhausted the regiments; and the chevron and high rate of pay for veterans were instituted as a compensation. Considerations of the same nature, and besides the trouble in maintaining the troops detached to the colonies, caused the twenty-three colonial regiments to be recalled in 1772. Their place was taken by eight special regiments, and, at the same time, a royal corps of marines was instituted. This corps also consisted of eight regiments, which were consolidated into one on December 26, 1774.

The disasters of the Seven Years' War, which French generals attributed to the superior instruction of the Prussian troops, and not to their own faults, produced the notion of assembling annually a portion of the army in a camp of instruction. From the year 1765, the camp of Compiègne received most of the regiments in turn, but, unfortunately, the main thing was forgotten for the sake of accessories: the commanders seriously imagined that Frederick's armies owed their victories solely to their mode of marching and the cut of their coats. The result was that this expensive system was a failure, for the German pedantry was most unsuitable for the genius of Frenchmen.

A few reforms were also effected during the fifteen years separating us from the Revolution. Under the short ministry of Maréchal du Muy, another step was taken towards uniformity. A decree of April 26, 1775, doubled eight regiments, formed of four battalions, and suppressed at the same time five French junior, and three Irish regiments. The number of regiments thus remained the same as before. The same decree created lieutenant-colonels and chefs de bataillon in all the corps. The Comte de St. Germain, who succeeded Maréchal du Muy, disbanded the provincial troops in 1776, and by a decree, bearing date March 25,

1776, completed the work of his predecessor. The old corps were doubled and each formed two regiments of two battalions each. The legions of light troops were at the same time dissolved, and their squadrons distributed, under the name of chasseurs à cheval, among the dragoon regiments, while the companies of chasseurs à pied were divided among the infantry battalions. The regiments formed permanent brigades and divisions, after the Prussian system.

On January 30, 1778, when the American war broke out, the provincial troops were called under arms again, and received a new organisation. Of the hundred and six united battalions, eighty formed what were called garrison battalions, while the other twenty-six were converted into thirteen new regiments. Lastly, the grenadiers of the eighty garrison battalions also composed thirteen regiments of royal grenadiers. These important modifications, of which the infantry were mainly the object, were completed in 1788, by the definitive formation of the light infantry, who were formed into twelve battalions of chasseurs à pied. This general organisation of the army left but little to be desired: those abuses which sprang from early prejudices had disappeared, and equality prevailed throughout all the regiments. Strict regulations fixed the armament, equipment, and dress of the various corps, and all the requisite documents were collected to draw up a definitive treatise on the exercises, evolutions, and service of the army. The Comte de St. Germain, and after him Maréchal de Segur, the minister of war, established promotion by seniority, and put a stop to the scandal of commissions obtained by purchase. The Comte de St. Germain, during his ministry, tried to remove many abuses, and even manifested an admission to bestow commissions on a certain number of sous-officiers. Unable to conquer the obstacles he met on his path, he retired from office, saying, "I cannot be present at the funeral of the army." Still, his memory has remained unpopular, for he introduced into the French army those corporal punishments customary in Germany. The minister, who had served a long time in Germany, and who yielded to the general mania of the age, was mistaken on this point, for he misunderstood the proud and susceptible temper of the French soldier.

We have reached a great epoch in the history of the French army, which will occupy a following paper.

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